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IN SEARCH OF A CLIMATE.

Liliuokalani

IN SEARCH
OF
A CLIMATE.

BY

CHARLES G. NOTTAGE, L.L.B., F.R.G.S.

WITH

THIRTY PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS,

DESIGNED AND PRODUCED IN PHOTOMEZZOTYPE

BY THE

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PREFACE.

THE book which I am about to inflict on a hapless community may, or may not, be the result of a dinner-table conversation I had, shortly before leaving England, with a young physician. Having informed me that he had just recommended a patient in the first stage of consumption, to spend the winter in Nice, I ventured to remonstrate with him for doing so, on the ground that Nice possessed, in my opinion, one of the most treacherous climates to which I had ever been introduced. He seemed surprised at this; but my astonishment surpassed his, when I found that he had never been out of England, and knew nothing whatever of the place to which he had doomed his unhappy victim.

The conversation then turned on various places to which consumptive patients are usually sent by English physicians, and my young friend seemed astounded at my description of some of them. He opened his eyes when I told him of a snow storm I had experienced at Cannes; of a month's cold winds I had shivered in at Hyères; of the cold weather to be found during January, February, and March, at Monte Carlo; of icicles, as thick as one's arm, I had seen reaching from roof to the foot-boards of railway carriages at Marseilles; of a fall of snow which had disgusted me at Algiers; and, of shivering for five days at Malta.

"Why do you not tell the world of these things?" he enquired. My reply to his question was simple enough. To write a book, it seemed to me, called for some literary experience, of which I had had none; besides, it meant hard work—at that time I *thought* it did, I now *know* it—and I did not propose to make myself a slave of the pen.

But, somehow, the suggestion must have taken root, for although I drove it from me whenever it cropped up, when I found myself in the midst of rather stirring events in Honolulu, I made up my mind to jot down, in an unconventional manner, the incidents of the trip. Thus, is the young doctor avenged for my criticism of his professional advice.

On re-reading what I have written, I am reminded of a lecture I was taken to hear when a boy. It was given by the father of the present Mr. George Grossmith, and called "The Dark Races." It was exceedingly comic; the point of the joke being that we never had a word about "The Dark Races" until the lecturer found it was too late to deal with the subject.

Amid roars of laughter, he said he feared he must now postpone his remarks on "The Dark Races" to some other evening. The discursiveness of these notes recalled the above incident. If I were asked to review my own book, in the papers I mention, I should do so, much in the following way, and should the press handle me no more severely than I criticise myself I shall be satisfied.

> "'In Search of a Climate' is a book in which the author assures us that he lays no claim to literary merit. After having perused this somewhat bulky volume we are glad to be able to agree with him, at least, on one point. To attempt to disarm criticism in this way is not new. Formerly globe-trotters were content to keep diaries which they inflicted only on their own family circle, but now a species of *cacoethes scribendi* seems to possess them, and one bad book follows another at the shortest of intervals. Of 'In Search of a Climate' we can only speak, as Sir Julius Benedict once did when invited to express an opinion on the playing of a young lady who aspired to become a professional pianist, but whose execution was atrocious. The fond mother who was waiting eagerly for the verdict was told 'My Dear Madam, your daughter's playing is beyond criticism.' The good lady went away ignorant of what Sir Julius really meant, quite believing he was paying her daughter the highest compliment. Although, as a book, it is of the tamest possible description, we

consider it to be one of the best illustrated works on travel we have seen for some time, and on that account recommend its purchase."—*The Leviathan.*

"We have read a book called 'IN SEARCH OF A CLIMATE,' and are forcibly reminded of the entry in the Tichborne claimant's pocket-book, 'Some men 'as money and no brains, others 'as brains and no money, them as 'as brains and no money should live on them as 'as money and no brains.' It is only on some such principle as this, that the author, who must have more money than brains, could have expected the public to buy a book which has nothing to commend it except its cover and a number of excellent photomezzotypes. In one point we thoroughly agree with Mr. C. G. Nottage, and that is as to the unnecessary discomforts the public put up with on board steamships, and if he, by his plain speaking, is able to bring about any improvement, 'IN SEARCH OF A CLIMATE' will not have been written in vain."—*Daily Telephone.*

"Amongst recent publications we have had submitted to us is one with the promising title of 'IN SEARCH OF A CLIMATE.' We were in hopes, previous to its perusal, that it might be a work of value to the profession. Before, however, we had read the first half-dozen pages we became assured of the frivolous nature of the book. Had the author (who seems to put half the alphabet after his name) entitled the volume 'Jottings,' it would have been less misleading. His foolish remarks about the profession, we treat with the disdain they deserve. That a physician should be unable to diagnose so clearly marked a disorder as Emphysema, is, of course, ridiculous. In calling the attention of the public to the cruelty of sending their relatives abroad to die, when in the third stage of Phthisis we fully endorse all Mr. Nottage has to say. We also find interesting the temperature tables relating to the climate in Honolulu, and know of no more equable spot than this."—*The Scalpel.*

"After reading 'IN SEARCH OF A CLIMATE' one is more than ever inclined to enquire, 'Why does not the cobbler stick to his last?' As the owner of two most successful racing boats, the author is already well known. But it is only too apparent that with the pen he is far less at home than with the tiller; and although we should have been only too pleased to praise, had we felt we could honestly do so, we really are quite unable to pronounce the book other than a very mediocre work. From what we know of the author we are convinced that it is not want of patriotism which induces him to speak in such terms of praise of the N. G. L., and which leads him to make unfavourable comparisons between some of our leading S.S. companies and a foreign line.

We agree with the author as to the absurdity of sending passengers a voyage of 12,000 miles without a drawer or a wardrobe in their cabins in which to stow away their belongings. It is only another instance of what the public will calmly submit to.

That portion of the book relating to the revolt in Hawaii, is interesting; and so also is the similarity the writer shows to exist between certain portions of our Bible History and the myths of the natives of those Islands."—*The Meadow.*

"The style in which 'IN SEARCH OF A CLIMATE' is written makes it easy to believe the author is a novice. In a chapter on 'Religion and Rum' he will undoubtedly offend many of the goody-goody class.

From an extract published from our own columns, it would appear that Mr. Nottage shares our views as to the duties of Missionaries, that they, before spreading themselves over the world generally, should use up the British Empire first. From what he tells us, Annexation at Honolulu was looked upon as a *fait accompli* previous to Cleveland's taking office. We can quite understand the author's elation at finding that subsequent events bore out his impression, that the whole business had been instigated by a few sugar-planters, backed by the American Minister. Though the book would have been more satisfactory had it been half the size, we can safely recommend it to those who like pretty covers."—*Veracity.*

HONOLULU PAPERS.

The Pacific Scrutiniser—(The Annexation Organ).

"Probably of all the Islands in the North or South Pacific, none have had more books written about them than ours. Not only do those visiting our shores for a few days write volumes as to our history and customs, but some have actually had the presumption to describe this group after a four-hour's sojourn. One of the most amusing works we have yet seen has just come to hand. It is entitled 'IN SEARCH OF A CLIMATE.' Its author, if we remember rightly, was out here during a critical period in our history.

That he really *was* here at that time, is difficult to believe—so full of inaccuracies is his description of what actually transpired.

We consider his remarks on that most impartial of men—the ex-American Minister—to be in grossly bad taste. The chapters on the 'History of Hawaii' he gives us, contain nothing new, and much the same sort of thing could be found in any one of a score of books on the shelves of our public library. To any resident we should certainly advise a perusal of this last work on our Islands, for the numerous pitfalls into which the author tumbles cannot fail to amuse. In fact, a more thoroughly stupid book we never read."

The Medical Announcement—(Opposed to Annexation).

"By yesterday's mail we received a book called 'IN SEARCH OF A CLIMATE,' by Charles Nottage, LL.B., F.R.G.S. We strongly recommend this book to our readers. Not only does its author seem, whilst amongst us, to have taken a correct estimate of the political position, but he also gives a most interesting account of his stay in these Islands. It is difficult to realize, from the way in which the book is written, that the author spent barely two months in Hawaii. We can quite understand our 'morning contemporary' objecting to 'IN SEARCH OF A CLIMATE, &c.,' for it would, doubtless, prefer that all those schemes and lies it tended to promulgate (about the time the Queen was deposed) should be forgotten.

We can only say in conclusion, that everyone should furnish himself with a copy of what we consider to be one of the best and most unconventional books which has, as yet, appeared upon the Hawaiian Revolt."

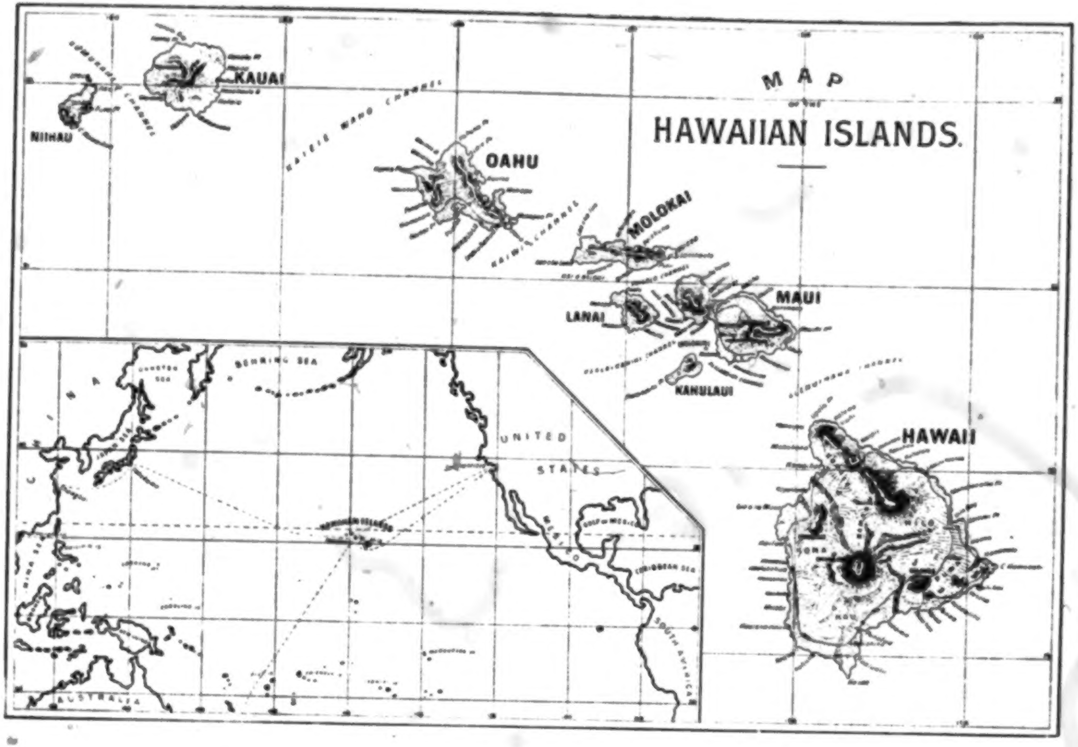
The Enemy—(The Religious Organ).

"To tackle a subject of which one knows absolutely nothing is at all times dangerous; but to write a book without properly studying the question one professes to write upon, is simply an insult to the intelligence of possible readers. Rarely has a more unpleasant task fallen to our lot than that of reviewing a book called 'IN SEARCH OF A CLIMATE,' by Mr. C. G. Nottage, LL.B., F.R.G.S. We understand that the author is the son of Lord Mayor Nottage, who died during his year of office (1885). It is sad to find that so thoroughly respected a man should have a son capable of scoffing at serious subjects. We have neither the space nor inclination to refute the nonsense in the chapter headed 'Religion and Rum.' We cannot understand why Mr. Nottage thinks the descendants of the missionaries should not have all the good things in the land. Does he require us to remind him of the text, 'Is not the labourer worthy of his hire?' or does he expect us to follow the example of the Papists and forego the feathering of our own nests? Apart from this, the scoffer, who has dared to criticise the prayer we offered that our (revolutionary) commission to Washington might be crowned with success, shows throughout the whole volume a spirit of levity which we entirely disapprove. We would advise those of our male readers who do read this book, to carefully keep it out of the way of the lady members of their families. The author we fear is only pandering to a depraved taste in quoting what he does from Sir John Lubbock and other authors, in his attempt to prove that morality is only a matter of convention, and that on the question of morality, Pacific Islanders should not be judged by the same standard as white people."

With these anticipatory remarks I will now proceed to the task I have assigned myself; merely asking the more robust of my readers to skip the introductory chapter, which dealing with myself and my ailments, is more likely to be of interest to the invalid.

C. G. N.

LONDON, *July*, 1893.



MAP of the HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

KAUAI
NIIHAU
KAIEIE WAHO CHANNEL
OAHU
MOLOKAI
LANAI
MAUI
KAHULAUI
HAWAII
HILO
KONA
BEHRING SEA
UNITED STATES
SOUTH AMERICA
AUSTRALIA

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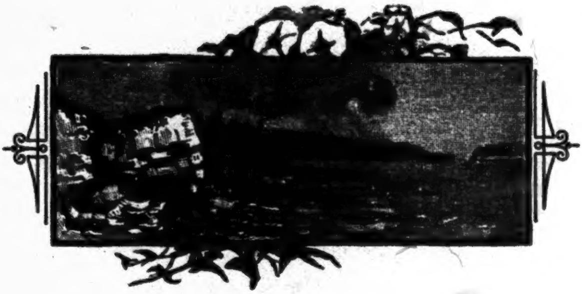

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

A PERSON who bores others with a list of his or her ailments is an intolerable nuisance. I want to steer clear of that rock, though, at the same time, it is necessary, if these notes are to be of any service to others, that I should say in what way I am afflicted.

About six years ago I suffered from a bad fit of coughing in the mornings, and noticed that I was gradually growing more breathless, and for the last two or three years have been almost unable to ascend a flight of stairs, though to all outward appearances, being in the best of health. I went to doctor after doctor, but none of them seemed to understand the case.

For the mere sake of amusement, some four years since, I went to three of the leading medical men in one week. No. 1 told me that the first bad cold I had would carry me off, that I had œdima of the lungs, and must leave England at once. The second said the case was a strange one, and he could not understand it. The third, who was very deaf, saw no reason why I should not live to 90, though he agreed with the first as to the disease. None of them prescribed for me, as all said, medicine could do no good.

A year or so later, a friend introduced me to a physician, who said that, if I would remain in my room for six weeks and let him do just what he wanted, he would stake his reputation he could cure me. Of course a drowning man will catch at a straw, so I agreed to all he proposed.*

I then went to Madeira, which I consider to be by far the most beautiful climate within a short distance of England. By the new boats of the Castle Line and Union Co., it is but a three and a half day's journey from Southampton. It is never really cold in Funchal, and, in my opinion, the climate is immeasurably superior to that of the Riviera or Algiers. Of course, however, there is a "but" about it, in fact there are several drawbacks. Strange as it may seem, the landing from the steamer has to be done in small boats, anything but an agreeable matter for elderly or nervous persons. Another drawback is that there is only one road in the Island of any length, and that only runs for about five miles. After riding, driving, or walking daily along this one road for a week or so, it is apt to become monotonous. There are endless cobble-stone paths up to the mountains, but there is not much pleasure in riding in such break-neck places, and walking is out of the question.

Again, the mails are so timed that the outgoing and homeward bound usually miss each other. Whilst I was there, also, two of the guests in our hotel died of consumption, and this did not tend to make my sojourn more cheerful. Much as I appreciated the beautiful climate, I was anxious to get back to the Riviera to join my boat, for the regattas.

Of the Canary Isles I know nothing, except that some of my friends, who are familiar with them, say that they prefer them to Madeira. Madeira, I think, is one of the cheapest places that I have stayed in, my bill, at the principal hotel, being but 15s. a day for myself and servant. During the whole of my stay, my bedroom window remained open, and the thermometer registered 65 degrees night and day.

From what my friends tell me, the Santa Catalina Hotel at Las Palmas is a really comfortable place, and thither I intend to trace my steps next winter in continuation of my search for a climate. The hotel belongs to an English company, entitled "The Canary Islands Company, Limited," and the directors are English gentlemen who, it is said, know how an hotel should be run. The climate is said to be more bracing than that of Madeira. The medical report below may prove of interest to invalids wanting a warmer climate than that of the South of France, or to those weary of Algiers, Cairo, and Monte Carlo. Four days from England is indeed a short time to effect such a climatic change. The only objection I know of is that it cannot be called a beautiful spot—there is none of that luxuriant foliage that is one of the charms of Madeira:—

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* The proposed process was rubbing tartarised antimony on my chest and constant poulticing; a doctor will know what a painful process this is. After awhile my relatives called in a lung specialist, who in polite language pronounced my doctor's attempted treatment as having been abandoned 30 years ago, and ordered its immediate discontinuance.

"The table below gives the monthly averages of the shade temperature and amount of sun, rain, and humidity observed by myself daily at Santa Catalina during the winter, 1890-91:—

1890-91.	Shade Temperatures.				Bright Sunshine, Hours (per diem).	Rain. (Inches).	Humidity (100—Satn.)	No. of days any Rain fell.
	Mean Max.	Mean Min.	Mean.	Range.				
October	73.4	65.8	69.6	7.6	5 hrs. 30 min.	3.23 in.	73 °/o	7
November ...	70	61	65.5	9	5 " 15 "	2.40 "	72 "	10
December ...	67	56	61.5	11	5 " 2 "	2.33 "	70 "	15
January	64	54.5	59.2	9.5	4 " 45 "	·53 "	68 "	10
February......	65	53	59	12	6 " 22 "	.78 "	69 "	4
March	68	57	62.5	11	6 " 46 "	.19 "	68 "	3
April	69.6	59.3	64.5	10.3	7 " 24 "	.18 "	69 "	4
May............	69	59.7	64.6	9.3	6 " 36 "	.10 "	68 "	4

The following table gives the mean temperature during the winter 1889-90, and the sunshine, rain, and humidity, for the two winters 1888-90:—*(Dr. Cleasby Taylor.)*

Date.	Shade Temperature.				Bright Sunshine (Hours), 1888-90.	Rain (Inches) 1888-90.	Humidity, 1888-90.
	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Range.			
November	71.5	63.3	67.4	8.2	5 hrs. 50 min.	1.28	67 °/o
December	66.8	58.6	62.7	8.2	4 " 18 "	2.05	67 "
January	67	57.5	62.2	9.5	5 " 18 "	1.2	67 "
February.........	66.9	57.8	62.7	9.1	5 " 30 "	.70	65 "
March	64.7	55.6	60.2	9.1	5 " 15 "	1.56	68 "
April	67.8	60.1	64	7.7	5 " 25 "	.18	66 "
May	69.4	63	66.2	6.4	6 " 50 "	.67	66 "

The figures will be better realized with a few words of description. The average mean temperature from November to May at Las Palmas may be put down at 63 degrees. During the colder months the day temperature is usually 65 degrees, and the night 55 degrees. It is as warm as in England during the summer months, and much more equable and dry. There is less humidity in the atmosphere. The yearly rainfall is usually under 10 inches.

The average daily amount of sunshine for the last three winters has been 5 hours 45 minutes, more than 55 per cent. of the greatest available amount.

There is as much difference between the winter temperature of Canary and the Riviera, as between the Riviera and Devonshire. The average temperatures at Las Palmas are ten degrees warmer than at Mentone, and the equability is far greater.

MEAN MONTHLY TEMPERATURES.

	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	March.	April.	May.	
Torquay	45.5	43.5	42.4	42.8	44	48.3	—	—
Mentone	55.4	50.6	49.5	50.0	51.5	58.1	64.4	3 years.
San Diego (S. California)	56	56	56	58	55	57	60	—
Las Palmas	66.5	63	61	61	61.5	63.5	66	5 "

Grand Canary is situated only 120 miles from the mainland of Africa, opposite to the Sahara Desert, and thus its climate more resembles a dry continental one like that of Upper Egypt than the moister, sedative climate found in Madeira, the Azores, and those of the Canaries which are situated more westward and under the influence of the Gulf Stream.

The greater dryness, while it lessens the luxuriance of vegetation, imparts a more buoyant and bracing character to the air in Canary, and the close, damp hot-house feeling, so common in oceanic islands near the tropics, is a rarity.

I have had some personal experience of the climates of Egypt, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, California, and Colorado, and, beautiful as they are, I doubt whether any of them are so consistently pleasant and suitable for invalids as what I have seen in Canary during the last three years.

The stimulating, warm, dry, sunny climate of Las Palmas is suitable for several classes of invalids. First of all, and most important, comes pulmonary consumption. Unfortunately, there is no climate or other combination of circumstances which will do other than mitigate an advanced case of consumption, but, in the earlier stages, during three winters' experience, I have seen most hopeful curative results following residence in Canary for the winter.

First stage cases do excellently in a climate where it is possible to live nearly all day and every day out of doors. They almost invariably gain considerably in weight and lose their symptoms, crepitation and adventitious sounds in the lungs meanwhile disappear. In second stage cases there is usually a general improvement in condition and lowering of the fever. Third stage cases are almost as hopeless as they are elsewhere, though they sometimes come down one or two degrees in evening temperature.

Laryngeal cases, and perhaps those with severe hæmorrhage, do better in a moister and more sedative climate than they do in the bracing one of Las Palmas. Cases of tuberculosis of the intestine should not be sent to the islands, they are usually aggravated.

The climate has proved very beneficial in cases of chronic bronchitis, and in the lung complications of heart disease. Spasmodic asthma should not be sent, on any account, to any of the coast resorts, as in the great majority of cases it seems to be particularly aggravated by the large amount of ozone in the air, caused by the break of the surf.

Owing to the extreme dryness of the air and soil, particularly good results are obtained in cases of acute and in chronic rheumatism; also in convalescence from acute and in chronic Bright's disease. Several cases of neurasthenia and mental worry through overwork have done well.

Those wintering in Las Palmas had better arrive in October, and leave in June. Quite as warm clothing is necessary as in England during the summer. When driving, especially in the hills, a cover coat should always be taken.

The Santa Catalina Hotel is the only hotel in the islands where the drainage is on absolutely modern English principles, and as it stands in its own grounds of eighteen acres, it is not liable to outside contamination, as it is not connected with any common sewer, but the main drain carried at once out to sea. The system was designed by J. MacLaren, Esq., and laid down by Wenham and Waters, Sanitary Engineers, and comprises all the most recent accessories, including three automatic flushing tanks. The main drain is carried at once to the sea with frequent manhole interruptions, and with a fall of 1 in 42, and velocity of 7½ feet per second. Sir Henry Acland, M.D., a decided authority in these matters, who has examined the system, expressed himself as highly satisfied with the arrangements. Mr. Mark Hovell, who has also examined it personally, characterised it as an excellent system. All the drinking water used in the hotel is carefully filtered through Maignen's "Filtre Rapide."

Another irreproachable and particularly pleasant drinking water much used is a natural Soda Water known as Firgas Water, which is brought down in bottles from a mineral spring 15 miles away in the mountains in the beautiful Barranco de la Virgen.

There have only been four deaths at the Hotel during the three years it has been open, all from pulmonary consumption, patients who arrived in a hopeless condition, and died in a few weeks.

The Recreations at Las Palmas are briefly: Riding and driving, which are universal. Mounted paper-chase. Hill picnics. Tennis and Golf are the great outdoor games. There are two exceedingly good grass Courts at Santa Catalina, on which the Canary Lawn Tennis Tournament has been twice played. The Golf Links are immediately behind the Hotel grounds. Bowls have been a good deal played the last two seasons. A Cricket Match when a British man-of-war calls. Bathing may be indulged in daily by the robust during the entire winter from the fine sandy beach opposite the Hotel grounds, on which a bathing box has been erected. The mean temperature of the sea is 64 degrees.

BRIAN MELLAND, M.Sc., M.B. (Lond. Univy.), M.R.C.S.

P.S.—Although 13,000 beds were made up in the Hotel during the season of 1891-92, only one death occurred. This was from consumption on January 1st, 1892."

Of course, I cannot speak authoritatively as to what complaints the climate is most likely to prove beneficial in; but for beautiful, warm sunshine, I know of no place to surpass Madeira. Even in San Diego, which is the best climate in Southern California, a fire during the winter months is necessary, whereas, I never saw such a thing in Madeira, neither was it ever disagreeably warm. Of course ideas vary considerably as to what a climate should be. I know a man who revels in a cold north-east wind in London, and is fit and happy when everybody else is reviling the weather. This individual feels suffocated on a summer's day, when I am beginning to think that life may, after all, be worth living. In this scientific age, it seems extraordinary that someone does not invent a thermometer that should be some guide to one's actual feeling. The instrument we are content to use may be useful enough in some ways, but it is most unsatisfactory in many respects.

Some few years back, I spent a portion of a winter in St. Petersburg. The weather was intensely cold, sometimes as much as 50 degrees below the freezing point (Fahrenheit)* being registered. Usually there was not a breath of wind, and the sun shone, nearly the whole time I was in the city. It was difficult to realize it was so cold, and one felt almost inclined to go sleighing without a great coat. On my arrival in London, in February, the thermometer was 52 degrees warmer than when I left the Russian Capital, and registered 34 degrees (or two degrees above freezing). There was a cold wind blowing with a fall of rain and sleet, and we all shivered and felt chilled to the bone.

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* To convert Centigrade readings to Fahrenheit multiply by nine, and divide result by five, then add thirty-two.

I have also spent part of a winter in Canada, and, except when there is a wind, and then it is terrible, one scarcely feels the cold, in fact, in the still air it is not noticeable. The common thermometer is equally unsatisfactory about heat, ignoring the humidity, which is the factor affecting us most. Men can work in the full heat of the sun in Australia the whole day long without any ill results, though the thermometer reading would be so high that an Anglo-Indian, unless he knew the different conditions, would pronounce hard manual labour an impossibility for Europeans.

At Fresno, in California, occasionally in summer, the shade temperature goes to 110 and 112 degrees. Hot as it undoubtedly is, the people do not feel it half as much as they would in Madras at 90 degrees, one being a dry and the other a moist heat. Therefore, it is well to remember, that the thermometer cannot be relied upon to indicate the effect of a given number of degrees of heat or cold upon the human being.

During the first week of the "World's Fair," some Canadians, who had spent the winter in Ontario, told me they felt the cold in Chicago more than they have ever done through the whole winter, though the thermometer there was 10 degrees above freezing, and they had been used to weather 60 degrees colder.

But let me return to Madeira; another charm about it is that there is not that horrid sunset chill we find in the Riviera. The natives in the South of France guard against it far more than do the visitors. In '91 I was lying in Monaco Bay, the day was lovely, and at four o'clock I put the thermometer on deck in the sun, where it registered nearly 90 degrees. In two hours and a half it had fallen to 40 degrees, by no means an uncommon occurrence.

I much regret that I am not able to write in the humourous strain I could wish, for, if I could only properly describe my visits to various physicians, it would be funny enough to make a Scotchman laugh without anything approaching a surgical operation. If this should fall into the hands of an invalid, let him take heart if his doctors do give a bad account of his particular disorder, for, it is as likely as not, they are wrong. After returning to England, I thought I would give them a few more fees, so I consulted three other leading men in London. I like three opinions, as you can then shake them all up and take the mean. The first one I consulted to please a friend, who every time he met me said: "Ah, if I could only induce you to see X, I am sure he could cure you. What he did for my grandmother's aunt's cousin you would scarcely credit."

I had endured nearly enough by humouring friends, for it was to satisfy some one else I once placed myself in the hands of the man who had tortured me during six weeks for nothing. However, after all, two guineas isn't much, and there is a good deal of amusement to be got out of it,—if you don't let them go beyond an opinion—so, to save further worry, I made the visit. I could see Dr. X was fairly puzzled with the case, and the only thing I could gather was, that my lungs were in an extraordinary state, "but," and he kept on repeating it, "the heart is as sound as a bell, which is most fortunate."

The next, I went to see at the special request of my sister. He was neither in Wimpole Street nor Harley Street, my usual hunting ground, but in the neighbourhood of Manchester Square, and he made, what I now know, to be the correct diagnosis, viz., that my disease is Emphysema, or what the uninitiated would call, chronic asthma.

Being in such good humour, I promised to oblige another friend, who said his pet physician had cured him of chronic catarrh, and could do the same for me. Dr. Peter (this is not his name) of Wimpole Street, is a leading throat specialist, and my interview with him was cheap at the price, though, from the satisfaction I apparently gave him, *I* ought to have been the recipient of the fee. After looking down my throat and through my nose, which he pronounced all right, he next sounded me. He appeared deeply interested, and remarked "most extraordinary!" After he had finished he spoke as follows, "Well, Sir, I have been practising as a physician just twenty-five years, and you have now proved to me I know nothing of my profession. The noises I hear in your lungs are such as I have only heard in people *in extremis*, and I should think, did not your looks prove to the contrary, that you could not live four hours."

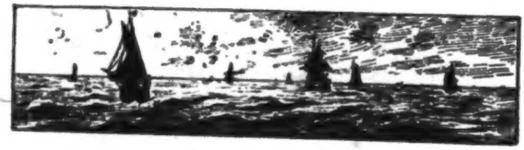
I like plain speaking, but it might have made a person more nervous than myself, feel rather down. Before I left, he begged me as a personal favour, to call on him again some morning, when Doctors X, Y, and Z would be invited to inspect so interesting a case. I was to pay no further fee, all he was anxious for, was, that his *confrères* should have the opportunity of seeing that which he pronounced to be "the most interesting case he had ever met with in the course of his whole life." One's good nature must draw the line somewhere, and, glad as I am at all times to oblige my own friends, I did not see why I should make an exhibition of myself to please his.

I gave a turn to Cavendish Square next day to oblige another man, who had been pestering me for months to see *his* tame physician. This one, a Brompton Hospital doctor, said, all the others were wrong, and all that was the matter with me was, that there were some old adhesions, and recommended the Cape. I then asked whether I had not Œdima or Emphysema, and was told that he was sure I had neither. Four in a week one would think enough for any ordinary Christian, but happening to meet my Colonel I told him of my wholesale consultations. The result was disastrous, for it turned out that he, too, had a pet physician, who was not only one of his personal friends, but one of the best known of the London doctors. A letter of introduction was then and there written to this medico, and I was ordered off to see him. Poor Doctor X, who was so pleased that the heart was sound, now came to grief, for almost the first thing told me was, that the apex of the heart was all wrong, and that I had as clearly defined a case of Emphysema as it was possible to come across.

I have had this opinion endorsed since, by German doctors, who seem to know much more about Emphysema than do their English *confrères*. It is a somewhat rare complaint to find in men of my age, and it is just possible "Dr. Peter," who thought I was *in extremis*, had not heard the peculiar crackle before.

I feel I owe the reader an apology for writing so much about myself, but it may be a source of satisfaction to some person, who has been told he is very bad, to learn that, by changing the venue often enough, he can have as many conflicting and contradictory opinions as he likes to pay for. Barring German doctors, only two physicians, out of the ten or twelve I have consulted, agree as to the complaint I am suffering from, viz., Emphysema. If this is so evident to German doctors, how is it that only two of all the crack London men I have visited, were able to correctly diagnose it?

Unfortunately, it is an incurable complaint, but one is no worse off with it than if one's limbs were crippled. If this should meet the eye of anyone knowing of a cure, or means of obtaining relief, I shall be most grateful if he will communicate with me, at the Royal Thames Yacht Club, Albemarle Street, W.



CHAPTER II.

OUTWARD BOUND.

I SO dislike being tied down to any set route, that, when I left England, I had not decided whether I should spend the entire winter in Egypt, or, after a short visit, proceed to the Sandwich Islands and Southern California.

All the P. & O. boats were full up, and, as it subsequently turned out, it was well they were, for of all things I abominate an over-crowded ship.

The Orient Line I found unamenable as they would not promise a cabin to myself. I wanted to book through to Australia, with the option of remaining in Egypt, and to have the difference in passage money refunded me, if I elected to winter in the land of the Pharaohs. This they offered to return me less fifty per cent., which was ridiculous. I then tried the North German Lloyd which runs from Southampton to Sydney. They treated me most liberally, offering me a through ticket to Australia, but, if I should decide to remain in Egypt, they agreed to return the difference less ten per cent. Moreover, they promised us large and comfortable cabins to ourselves. Our party consisted of myself, Miss A (a trained nurse), and my yacht steward, as valet. One voyage is usually much the same as another, though this particular one, in the *Karlsruhe*, I shall always look back upon with pleasure. We left Southampton for Egypt on October 2nd, 1892. There were but few passengers, owing to the cholera scare. The officers were a most pleasant lot of men, and the Captain, finding I was half a sailor, gave me the run of the bridge; and having brought my nautical books and sextant with me, I found plenty to do in improving my navigation, and in picking up wrinkles from the German way of working.

The weather was simply perfect. Mark that, ye scoffers, who, before you have finished reading this book may remark, "Pooh, the man grumbles at everything!" and note that I *can* praise a good thing. From the time we left Gibralter to our landing at Ismailia, the thermometer seemed glued at 80 degrees. No wind, only a gentle air, calm sea, and a beautiful sky. Just, in fact, what the Mediterranean is supposed always to be, but which, as a matter of fact, it so rarely is. At Genoa we were quarantined, owing to the cholera at Antwerp, at which port the *Karlsruhe* had touched. None of us were allowed ashore, but, as I had been there several times before, this was no great deprivation.

Lovely as the weather was, the gentle heave proved too much for the nurse who was continuously ill. I was so thoroughly happy on this most comfortable of ships, that I should like to have continued the voyage to Sydney, but had arranged to give Egypt a trial. It was more like a yachting trip than anything else. The living was excellent, the attendance perfect, the cabins large, comfortable and lighted by electricity.

Usually I am not a beer drinker, but the German beer supplied on these boats is simply delicious in warm weather, cooled as it is to a refreshing temperature. Unlike English boats, where the hocks are invariably dear and bad, on the

North German Lloyd's a thoroughly sound and pure Rhine wine is sold at 2s. a bottle. I would gladly give 5s. for the same wine, if it could only be bought on our English lines. Their passengers can also purchase a good and sound claret at reasonable rates.

I shall refrain from mentioning the name of the particular Company I am about to allude to, but it is one of our leading English lines. That its chairman possesses a palate, I am in a position to *know*, for not only is he a member of one of my clubs at home, but I have frequently lunched next him at the celebrated Ciro's Restaurant at Monte Carlo. If, therefore, he were made to drink some of the awful, vinegary hock retailed throughout their numerous fleet at 5s. a bottle, I will engage to say, we should soon have an immediate revision of the wine list. Why too, because a director of the same Company happens to have a brother in the preserved fruit trade, should passengers be forced to eat second-rate things when they are entitled to Crosse and Blackwell's?

How stupidly blind to their own interests are directors of some steamship companies. They are full of zeal in seeing that their ships are in every way up to date, and yet they just stop short of making their passengers really comfortable. On the line that I allude to, the Perrier Jouet is good and cheap, the rest of the wines undrinkable and dear. If the Chairman doubts it, let him order and test himself a sample of each wine, and I am quite satisfied he will agree with me.

These are the advantages I find in the ships of the North German Lloyd:—

First.—The cabins are larger than those found on most English ships. Further, more than two passengers are never put into a cabin, and, if the ship is not full, an entire cabin is given to each person.

Secondly.—The attendance is much better than on English boats, the stewards are more numerous, and far less indifferent to the comforts and conveniences of passengers.

Thirdly.—The living is much better, both as to the variety of the food supplied and the cooking. Here is a luncheon menu:—

Soup Rossolnik style.
Beef-broth.
Boiled Beef with horse-radish.
Roulade of Veal with fried Potatoes.
Fried Liver.
Egg Plant.
Chicken and Steaks to order.
Fruit Pie.

Apart from this excellent hot luncheon, all the boats of this line provide each day the following:—

COLD DISHES TO ORDER.

Potato Salad.
Herring Salad.
Sardines.
Sardels.
Salmon smoked.
Salmon preserved.
Celery Salad.
Salad al'Italienne.
Anchovies.
Eel in Jelly.
Lobster-mayonnaise.
Lobster preserved.
Smoked Eel.
Russian Caviar.
French and English Pickles.
Spanish Olives.
Westphalian Ham smoked and boiled.
Cold Mutton and Veal.
Cold roast Beef.
Sablath and Liver Sausages.
Beef Tongue.
Swiss Cheese.
Green Cheese.
Edam Cheese.
Kronen Cheese.
Roquefort Cheese.

There are also all sorts of rolls, black, white and rye breads.

Fourthly, and this is, I think, the most important of all.— The Directors of the North German Lloyd realize the fact that on a voyage to Australia the passenger is entitled to have some place in which to stow away his belongings. Does it not seem incredible that directors can year after year build ships, with every modern improvement, and yet overlook this point? Some of the old boats, in fact, are much more comfortable than the more modern ones, though none of the state rooms on English vessels, unless one pays a large sum for extra accommodation, will compare with the new boats of the Messageries-Maritimes. In fact, that line, the Hamburg-American, and North German Lloyd are beginning to be a serious thorn in the side of English S.S. Companies. From the table I give below, it will be seen that the Germans have ousted us from our pride of place, and that a German Company carried more passengers across the Atlantic in 1892 than any English line.

Line.	Port of Departure.	No. of Trips.	Cabin.	Steerage.	Total.
Hamburg-American	Hamburg	113	9,476	58,131	67,607
North German Lloyd	**Bremen**	**129**	**17,768**	**65,051**	**82,819**
White Star	Liverpool	53	14,095	29,995	44,090
Red Star	Antwerp	62	7,772	30,390	38,162
Cunard	Liverpool	61	16,065	26,528	42,593
Inman	Liverpool	48	14,069	19,943	34,012
Generale Transatlantique	Havre	44	6,735	20,954	27,689
Netherlands	Rotterdam	57	4,852	23,410	28,262
Anchor	Mediterranean	29	72	13,025	13,097
Guion	Liverpool	42	7,539	14,517	22,056
Anchor	Glasgow	47	8,410	12,980	21,390
Fabre	Mediterranean	18	20	11,480	11,500
Compagnie Nationale	Mediterranean	9	9	7,247	7,256
Netherlands	Amsterdam	24	606	6,985	7,591
Thingvalla	Copenhagen	24	1,225	12,460	13,685
Florio Rubatino	Mediterranean	18	110	7,618	7,728
Allan State	Glasgow	52	3,641	6,544	10,185
Union	Hamburg	20	2	5,422	5,424
Baltic	Stettin	16		3,923	3,923
National	Liverpool				
North German Lloyd	**Mediterranean**	**23**	**1,800**	**7,670**	**9,470**
Miscellaneous			963	4,213	5,176
Generale Transatlantique	Cherbourg	8	3,240		3,240
Hamburg-American	Southampton	8	2,522		2,522
		957	120,991	388,486	509,477

At the time of the launch of the Orient Line S.S. *Ormuz*, we were thinking of going to Egypt. After reading an account in *The Times* of the numerous perfections of this ship, we decided to go out in her, but some of us thought we would first run down to the docks on a tour of inspection.

In the way of saloons, music and smoking rooms, she left nothing to be desired, but the cabins were not big enough to swing a kitten in, and there was not a drawer, cupboard, or wardrobe in which to stow away a single thing. Whether it is, that having spent the greater part of the last twenty years on yachts, makes me miss the comfort of drawers I cannot say; but it seems cruel that directors should condemn fat and plethoric old gentlemen and sea-sick women to drag out their heavy portmanteaus every time they want a clean garment. Why, even some of the boats trading round the coast of England, on which one only has to pass a night, are better fitted in this respect.

We gave up the *Ormuz* after viewing her accommodation, and went out in the P. & O. S.S. *Tasmania*. I left her at Malta, but my people went on to Egypt. She was one of the comfortable type of the P. & O. vessels, having good, roomy cabins fitted with drawers and a wardrobe. My friends liked both the ship and Captain Perrins so much that they booked their passage back from Egypt by her. A week before she was due, they got some idea into their heads that the Strait of Bonifacio was very dangerous, and changed into the *Paramatta*, which took the other route. For once, a presentiment came off, for the *Tasmania* was lost on the Monachi Rocks in these very Straits, and poor Perrins—it was to have been his last voyage before retiring—was drowned.

But to return to the N. G. L. *Karlsruhe*. The Captain told us it would be very hot in Egypt, and he was right. Ismailia I found to be anything but the hole I have usually heard it called. In fact, we liked it so much that we stayed there for three days, sailing and fishing in the lake. The only thing that seems to have made any permanent impression on my man during the whole of our tour round the world happened at Ismailia. Amongst our luggage are two of the largest overland portmanteaus and a "Saratoga" trunk. In England, three porters would be required to move them. At Ismailia, Cook's native porters passed a rope round the three pieces, one of their number then stooped down while the others hoisted the things on to his back, after placing a pad under the rope round his forehead to prevent its cutting the skin. He then marched off with the lot, carrying it half a mile, to the wonder and surprise of my own retainer. I believe it was a mere bagatelle to what these porters can carry when necessary, as this load was only about a quarter of a ton!

We were the first arrivals at Shepheard's, at least of the tourists, and the other hotels had as yet no one at all. The

heat was similar to that I had once before experienced at the change of the monsoon in Bombay. It was moist and clammy and the mosquitoes were maddening. I met an old English dentist, who told me he had lived there twenty-five years and never remembered feeling it so hot before. For some time the Nile had not been as high, and the muggy, unpleasant weather was owing to its late subsidence. Of what we did, I do not propose to give any account, as everybody does pretty much the same when visiting Egypt.

My donkey-boy's name was Hassan, in fact, they are all Hassan or Mahomet Ali. He told me he had been to the Paris Exhibition, at "the street in Cairo," and was going to Chicago, as was the donkey I was riding. So six months later, when at the Chicago Exhibition I went to "a street in Cairo," and found several old friends, both men and donkeys, they were so pleased to see a face they knew that they forgot to ask for "backsheesh," I mean the men, not the donkeys.

It was too hot in Cairo to sleep; while the myriads of hornets that came into the room during the day almost compelled one to keep the windows shut. Thinking to escape some of the discomforts, I arranged, through a well-known dragoman, for the hire of a Dahabeah; but, after we started, I found I was out of the frying pan into the fire. The boat we chartered was a large Dahabeah, built, goodness knows, how many years ago, and capable of accommodating a dozen persons. It possessed none of the modern appliances, such as wire-gauze windows, or other necessaries to one's comfort. Instead of escaping from hornets and mosquitoes, we came in for far worse. Before we had been many days on board, we discovered that we had a large tribe of Norfolk Howards, and a brace of kittens, the latter of which lived under the boat's floors and only came out at night. The hornets drove us out of the cabin by day, and as soon as they went to roost, out came millions of mosquitoes far worse than in Cairo.

However, the dragoman did not escape scot free, and, with tears in his eyes, he came to show me his arms which were much swollen with mosquito bites, and begged permission to take the train back to Cairo so that he might consult his doctor. I, of course, knew what his little game really was, namely, to catch an incoming batch of tourists and arrange for another job after his engagement with us had terminated, though he undoubtedly was very much concerned about his bites.

Our trip only lasted a fortnight, for, on riding back from Helouan about sunset, my nurse caught a bad touch of Nile fever. Having had so much to do with doctors, I am half a doctor myself, and knew how to treat the case till I could get proper aid. Her temperature went to 104½, and it was some days before we could get back to Cairo from Helouan, where we had taken up our quarters at the hotel. The Dahabeah I gave up, and should advise anyone else to keep to Cook, for none of the discomforts I had to contend with, would have been met with on a modern boat.

In the way of catering, our dragoman provided for us most liberally, and although he doubtless had the best of us somewhat, he was a pleasant fellow and I forgive him.*

I then decided to continue my voyage to Australia, as the heat and worry had made my cough very much worse. The boat following the *Karlsruhe* was a sister ship, the *Oldenburg*. This vessel was almost full, but, owing to the civility of the Company's Agent at Port Said, we again managed to secure two deck cabins and embarked at Ismailia.

Having fallen so thoroughly on my feet on the previous vessel, I hardly expected to do so again, but, before I had been on board twenty-four hours, I found I was just as comfortable as I had been before. The Captain knew my old yacht, the *Deerhound*, quite well, and he, also, was good enough to allow me the run of the bridge. All the officers were most kind in rendering me any assistance I required in navigation. The wonderful weather we had enjoyed on the *Karlsruhe* we took with us all the way to Australia, the thermometer not varying six degrees from the time we left Gibraltar till we neared Cape Lewin. Amongst the passengers was a most kind and entertaining old gentleman,

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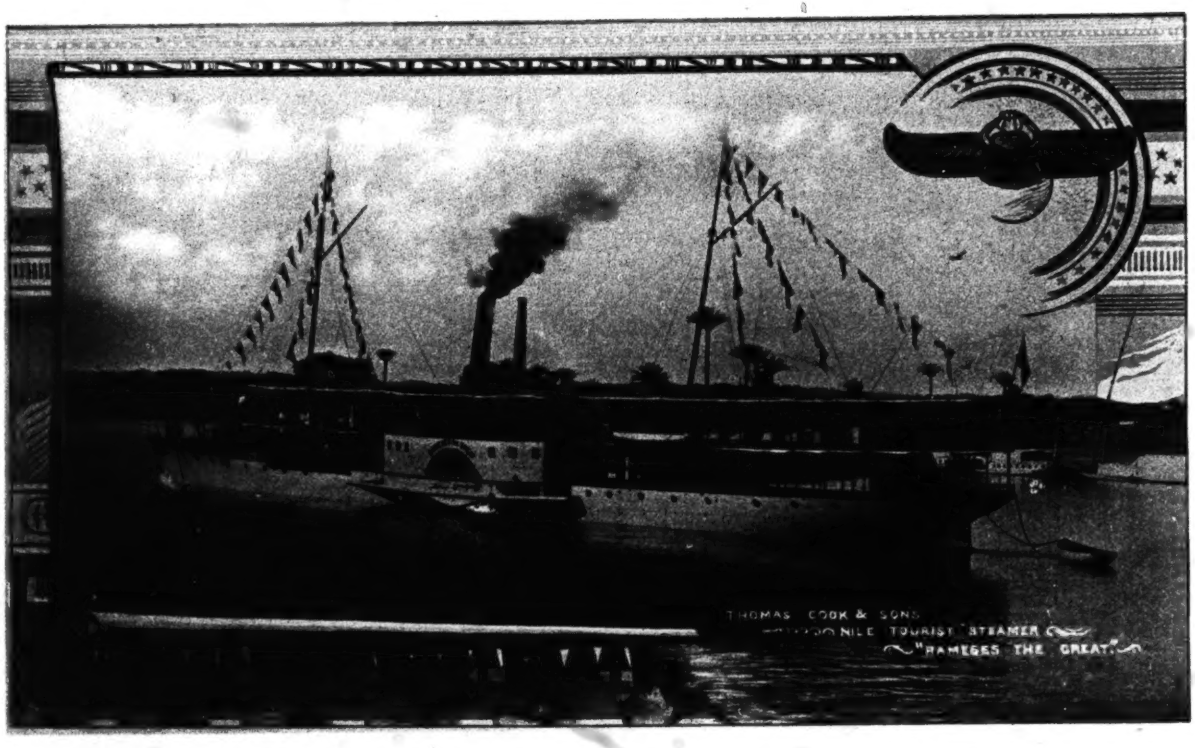
* The dragoman I met later on at Messrs. Cook's Exhibit in Chicago, as being "ours" was in reality our own dragoman's "understudy," who took us out for short drives and other minor excursions.


THOMAS COOK & SONS
NILE TOURIST STEAMER
"RAMESES THE GREAT."

who had lived in Sydney all his life and swore by the Australian climate. Midsummer, as everyone knows, comes at Christmas time in Australia, and is supposed to be exceedingly hot and trying. As we neared the coast, the thermometer dropped from the steady 82 degrees it had stood at so long, to 50 degrees. It came on to blow a gale, accompanied by rain, and everyone felt the sudden change. Our benevolent friend always had his thermometer hung up on deck, and had to undergo a lot of chaff about the climate he had been praising so highly. As we neared Adelaide, some of the more frolicsome of the party, iced his thermometer down to 40 degrees, and then casually remarked to him that the wind was very cold. This sent him trotting off to see what the thermometer had to say. Forty in midsummer quite flabbergasted him, till he accounted for it by its being in a cold current of air.

I had been warned about the folly of reaching Melbourne in the height of summer, my friends telling me the heat would be unbearable. Instead of that, we experienced a piercingly cold wind all the time we were there, and the ladies walked about the streets in furs and winter dresses. I wore my thickest clothing, and even then felt cold. In the houses and clubs we had fires, and, unless we had been told it was midsummer, I should have fancied myself in London on a cold March day. And this is the lovely climate, doctors are so fond of sending patients to as a last resort!

In Sydney I only stayed a week, as I had spent some months in Australia not many years before, and had had quite enough of it. The cold stuck to us all the way, though we learnt in Sydney that, during the cold weather we had experienced in Melbourne, they had had a spell of the hot winds which make the place unbearable.

The quarantine system in Australia is simply ridiculous. Imagine the *Oldenburg*, allowed at Southampton to land her passengers without any quarantine interference, and, without any case of sickness occuring during the voyage, being quarantined at the other side of the globe!

Whether the following letter, which I sent to the *Sydney*

Daily Telegraph, worked the oracle or not, it is impossible to say, but the North German boat which followed the *Oldenburg* was allowed to enter at once.

"*Sydney, N.S.W. December 23rd, 1892.*

THE *OLDENBURGH* IN QUARANTINE.

To the Editor of the "Daily Telegraph."

Sir,

In the same way that familiarity is said to breed contempt, so can use blind one to an absurdity that may exist under one's very eyes. A stranger, however, to whom such a state of affairs is a novelty, cannot help being struck by the glaring anomaly to which I would now call your attention. I have just arrived by the North German Lloyd S.S. *Oldenburg*. On this vessel's arrival at Southampton from Antwerp she was at perfect liberty to land passengers, &c., and was untrammelled by any quarantine restriction. At each port we called at we left with a clean bill of health, which the Captain took the precaution of getting endorsed by the British Consul. On the voyage out we had no single case of sickness; in fact, the health of all on board was singularly good. On our arrival at Adelaide, we were duly inspected and passed, and our passengers landed without delay. On reaching Melbourne, the health authorities fumigated our hold; but allowed passengers to land at once. On arriving at Sydney early last Sunday morning, the culminating point was reached, for, instead of immediately landing and joining our friends on shore, we were kept at the quarantine station until Monday evening. Here our luggage had to be opened, and our clothing placed in hot-air chambers to kill any possible germs we might have brought with us. As to the wisdom, or otherwise, of this action on the part of the Health Department, I do not propose to enter. A proclamation, it may be remembered, was issued by the German authorities on November 1st stating that the Cholera was at an end in Germany. Now, sir, the glaring anomaly of which I spoke is this: Let us assume that the Health Departments at Adelaide and Melbourne are a set of incompetent old women, and that the New South Wales authorities were perfectly justified in fumigating us, &c., in which case, I would ask, how can they effectually have guarded the inhabitants of this Colony, if we were all at liberty to have left the ship at Adelaide or Melbourne, and come here with all possible dispatch by mail train, together with our germs (if any)? Further, what makes the whole thing more of a farce, is that the *Orotava*, which was lying quite close to us at Melbourne, was visited by our passengers and *vice versâ*. This vesssel, which left a day after us, discharged her passengers in Sydney some hours before we were released. The *reductio ad absurdum* would have been reached had she been quarantined too, though it would have been quite consistent to have done so. One word in conclusion. I would suggest that so long as this order remains in force, the Agents of German Companies in Sydney should advise passengers, by wire, at Melbourne, to come overland and escape these inconveniences, thus rendering harmless the orders of the Health Department.

Finally, have I not said enough to prove that some federated scheme of quarantine seems, at least to a stranger, absolutely necessary? Then these anomalies would cease to exist, and the tourist would no longer suffer from the evils of red tape. In common fairness let me add that, whilst we were at the quarantine station, we were shown every possible kindness and civility by the superintendent and staff, who, although they did not say so, seemed to deplore having to carry out orders which their common sense told them were ridiculous.

Yours, &c.,
Charles G. Nottage.
London."

I believe most people are glad to leave a ship, for my part I am almost always sorry to do so, if I have had a good time on board. The *Oldenburg* was the best managed vessel below I have ever been on. The chief steward knew his work thoroughly, and the confectioner turned out cakes and pastry which Rumpelmeyer could not surpass, in fact, that man was an artist and too good to be afloat.

Between Ismailia and Colombo, we had, as a fellow passenger, one of the directors of the N.G.L. line. He appeared most anxious that everything possible should be done to please the English. Good as the confectionery and cakes are on these vessels, in *biscuits* they are not up to English form; and, although in many things other nations are surpassing us, I think, as an American would put it, "Huntley and Palmer" can still "lick creation."

I have no doubt my readers will think, before they have finished these notes, that I am a regular gourmand, but, that I certainly am not, for, unless I can get palatable food, I go without. *Gourmet* I may be, and that is why I like travelling on lines where there are lots of nice little things to eat. A year or so back, Lord Randolph Churchill called down a lot of abuse on his head by criticising the fare on a steamship line by which he travelled. I thoroughly agreed with him in all he said, for on my voyage out to Madeira and back I thought the catering horrible. Next time Lord Randolph has some superfluous energy to work off, let him attack the poor accommodation provided in the state rooms. His pen will carry more weight than mine and he may be able to convince the managers of the various S.S. Companies that passengers spend, on an average, at least fourteen to sixteen hours out of the twenty-four in their own cabins—many are sick, others like to read, write or sleep. To make the state-rooms thoroughly comfortable in every way, is of far greater importance than to provide sumptuous ladies' and music saloons, which are only used now and again.

If this should meet the eye of the manager of any of our leading S.S. Companies, let me commend the following to his notice, if it is the desire of his Company to endeavour to please those travelling by their line. On English ships the tinned provisions are not to be compared to those they give on these German boats. The tinned asparagus is the best I have ever eaten, and preferable to most that is fresh. The strawberries are whole fruit and delicious. Let me take this opportunity of thanking both Captain Kessler of the *Karlsruhe* and Captain Gathemann of the *Oldenburg* for all their kindness.

Some of our passengers left us at Melbourne and went to Sydney by rail. In Melbourne, the weather during our three days stay, although it seemed much colder, was usually about fifty degrees at noon. From a daily paper, we learnt what those who went overland dropped into, on arriving at Sydney: "Heat, wind, and dust make up the sum total of existence nowadays. In town, depressed-looking flags and unlighted Chinese lanterns about the arcades, with a liberal display of cotton wool sprinkled with alum in the shop windows, indicate the determined persistency with which we cling to the traditions of the typical snowy Christmas of the Northern hemisphere. No doubt the good people who provide these gratuitous decorations for our benefit mean well, but surely in temperature registering 89 degrees in the shade, with a

BOTANICAL GARDENS SYDNEY

burning wind dashing straw and dust and grit in our eyes and faces and mouths, these attempts at a jovial hilarity supposed to befit the occasion are a distinct addition to the many and various annoyances of the season. It seems just now as if everyone's chief desire is to get away from it all."

To send a poor consumptive out from home to a country capable of jumbling up winter and summer in this happy-go-lucky way is criminal. Of course the people in Melbourne excused their arctic weather in midsummer in the usual way, and said such a state of things had not occurred before in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, but this, I find, I am always told in extenuation of anything extraordinary, wherever I go!

I suppose if everything were *couleur de rose* in this world we should lose our power of appreciation. I had been warned that I had a bad time before me, and it proved even worse than I had anticipated. After ten days in Sydney, we continued our journey. It had been my intention to remain a short time in Samoa, but the departure of the boats did not enable me to do so. I once spent a few weeks in the Fiji Islands, which I thoroughly enjoyed. Whilst staying there, I went from Levuka in a small boat belonging to the late King Kakabau's nephew, to call upon the King, and we had a very narrow escape from drowning, but that is another yarn.

The ship in which we left Sydney was called the *Mariposa*, and I am never likely to forget her, for she was, in several ways, the most uncomfortable boat I have ever travelled in. The cooking was the worst I have met with, the food pitched on the table anyhow, and the stewards!—well, if there had been an Anglo-Indian on board there would have been murder. You had to do one of two things; look at it from its amusing side, or risk giving yourself a fit of apoplexy, by going into an ungovernable rage. After a few days, you shake down and become reconciled to the fact that the stewards are your lords and masters, that the meal hours are fixed for their convenience, and, unless you keep a civil tongue in your head, you won't get anything done for you at all. The purser, we discovered, was a nice, kindly man, but a nonentity. The chief steward "bossed the show," and had full command below. He had made "his pile," and was a real estate holder in Honolulu, and didn't care a straw whether the passengers were comfortable or the reverse. I thought, perhaps, we were spoilt through having just come off a most comfortable ship, but it was not so, for even the Australians, whose palates are not highly cultivated, growled at the food and the insolence of the stewards. One gentleman asked the steward at breakfast for a tea-spoon, which the man handed him, taking it from his trousers pocket!

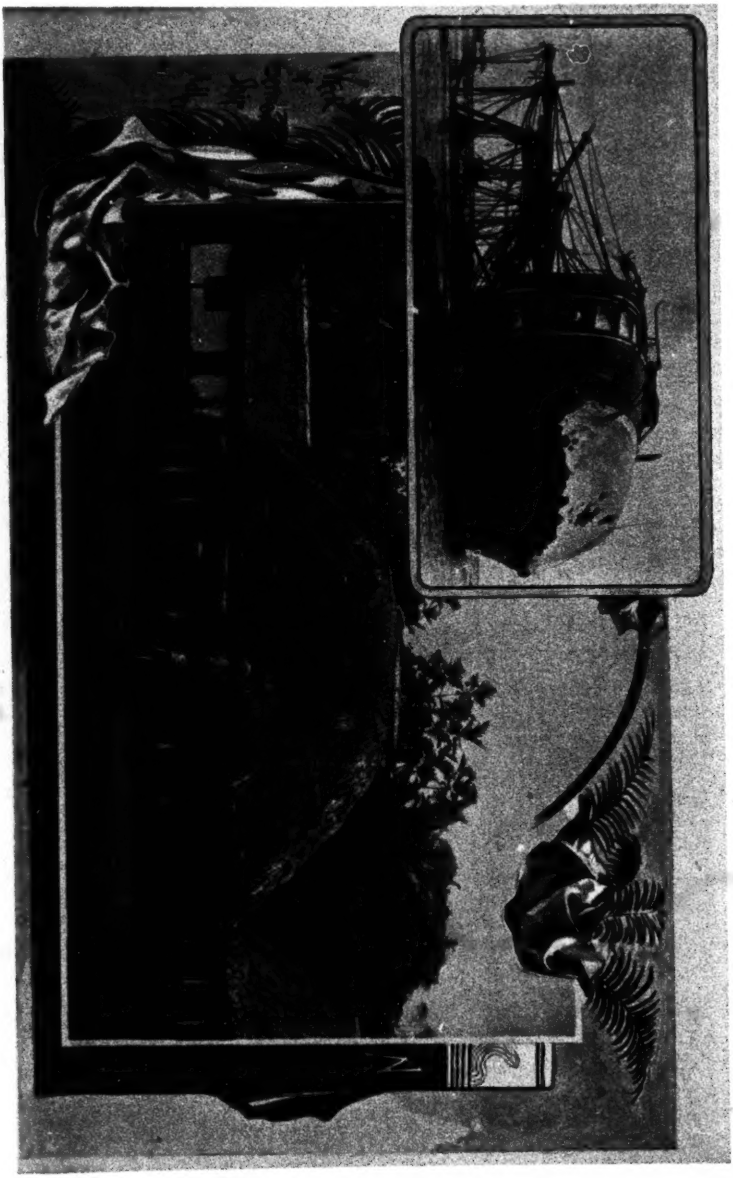
I was sitting in the saloon before dinner the first day, when two stewards came and sat down on either side and commenced a friendly chat across me. I, of course, fell in with the joke, as I found it was the way of the ship. So touchy are some people, that one of the Australians got quite huffy over the following trifle: One of the stewards was sitting in the saloon writing a letter, when the Australian came below and asked another steward for ink and pens. His reply was, "You can't have it now, that gentleman is using it," indicating with his head the other steward. On another occasion, we were playing whist in the smoking room, and I was annoyed at a young steward standing behind me watching my cards, but, of course, said nothing. My partner ordered a lemon squash, to which my onion eating young sprig replied, "I guess you had better ring the bell, I'm off duty!" The following letter is very different to that which I actually wrote. I suppose the Editor did not wish to offend a Company probably spending a considerable sum annually in advertisements. It appeared flabby and tame after the starch had been taken out of it:—

"A passenger by the *Mariposa*, on her last trip, writes to us with regard to that vessel. He says:—'For the last twenty years I have been travelling about the world, and have made passages in the ships of most of the leading Steamship Companies of various nationalities. I mention this fact to show that I am fully qualified to form a correct opinion on what I am writing about. Some of the rules and regulations in force on American steamers form an interesting relic of the past. Everyone on board grumbles at the bad cooking and irksome regulations now-a-days. Breakfast on first-class steamers is always a meal at which a good deal of latitude is given. Personally I am in the habit of breakfasting at 9 to 9.30. Here, I must be down at 8.30 or go without. The dinner is served at the extraordinary hour of 5.30. Another matter I find most uncomfortable is that there is neither drawer, wardrobe, nor cupboard in the state-room I occupy, though I pay an extra charge for it. I maintain, to make comfortable state-rooms is the first duty of those catering for the travelling public. Social halls, elaborately decorated music rooms, and saloons should only rank as secondary considerations (the directors of the Orient Steamship Company might also take this to heart). The regulation to which I most strongly object, is, that the electric light is cut off all through the ship at 11 o'clock, after which, except for an oil lamp in the saloon, the whole vessel is plunged in Stygian darkness. I never remember spending a more uncomfortable night than the one on leaving Sydney on December the 26th. The weather was very unsettled, and towards evening it blew a moderate gale with high beam sea. This caused the vessel to roll very heavily, and needless to say nearly all the passengers were sick. I noticed I had the electric light in my cabin, and thought naturally I could turn in when I liked, and was, therefore, fairly caught by a regulation I thought dead and buried. However, the discomfort to me was trivial (as I am never sick) compared to what it was to the ladies who were ill and nervous. Is not the charm of the electric light the ease with which it can be switched on and off? On the electric light thus suddenly being turned off, some of the ladies rang, begging to be allowed a lamp or candle, but were sternly told it could not be permitted without the doctor's orders; others searched in vain trying to find the bell. Of the *cuisine* I will say nothing, except that the table kept is better than I was led to believe. An Englishman travelling on an American boat for the first time, possessing any sense of humour, will find much to amuse him in studying the cooks and stewards and their ways. He must, however, come on board with no pre-conceived notions of the duties of master and servant, but must be prepared for a general system of topsyturveydom. In that amusing book "*Vice Versâ*," it will be remembered the boy is changed into the father, and the father becomes the boy. Here we have a similar metamorphosis except that it is real and not fiction. Here the servant is the master and the master takes a back seat. For instance, tea is served from 8 to 9, and last night three of the passengers, who had forgotten to advance their watches, went down to get their tea at 5 minutes past 9, ship's time. They were told it was too late and that they could not have any, and remonstrating, received the reply that the steward, whose particular business it was, had gone to play cards or some other game with the barber, and that they must go without, which accordingly they did. We have passengers on board who have crossed in the *Monowai*, and they tell me the staff below are as willing as these are the reverse. In justice to the purser let me add he does his best to pour oil on troubled waters. That the machinery is modern and first-class, and that the executive officers are all that could be desired there is no question. It is therefore unlike the proverbial cuteness of brother Jonathan to be blind to his own interests, and thus spoil the ship for a h'apporth of tar.'"

Just before leaving New York, I read an announcement that the Canadian Pacific have now put some of their magnificent new fleet on this service, so I imagine this will give the Oceanic Steam Ship Co. the *coup de grace.*

Our first stop was at Auckland, where we found it nearly as cold as in Melbourne, but from Auckland to Samoa the weather was again perfect. Unfortunately our stay at Apia (Samoa) was a very brief one. The terrible hurricane which sent so many American and German war vessels to the bottom in the harbour, some year or two since, will be in everyone's memory, together with the wonderful escape of the *Calypso.* Some of the hulls are still visible. It is the most wretched port imaginable, and quite unfit for a fleet of war vessels to lie in, in fact, during the hurricane season they no longer risk it. Previous to my departure, I had sent my servant to the London Stereoscopic Company in Regent Street, to be instructed in taking photographs. I was, myself, too busy to spare the time, but purchased a camera and a whole lot of paraphernalia, which came home just before I left. Having already more luggage than I cared for, I was obliged to leave it behind, which I have never ceased to regret, as there were lots of scenes I should have liked photographed.

The Stereoscopic Company have done so much to popularise photography, by giving exhibitions of amateur work and offering free instruction to the purchasers of apparatus, that they deserve the support of the amateur. I am very sorry I did not myself master the business before going to China and Japan. In the latter country, I made a walking tour into the interior some years ago, and might have, had I but taken a camera, brought back a splendid collection of pictures. Also in Fiji, amongst the Maories in New Zealand, and the Laplanders in the North of Europe, I had opportunities, which will never again recur, of forming a collection of photos.



There are two ways in which one can be an amateur photographer. You can know just enough to focus and properly judge the exposure, leaving the development of the plate or film and the printing to others; or you can go in for it thoroughly, and do the whole business from start to finish. The former will be all I shall aspire to, for it is the pictures I want, not the bother of manipulating them. The pleasure of a cruise is doubled if you bring back a series of views taken by yourself, for the various groups of passengers you take, tend to remind you of people you might otherwise forget, and the pictures of natives and any object of interest one meets and has a shot at, will bring back afterwards many pleasant reminiscences.

I should have liked, had I received the necessary instructions from the Stereoscopic Company before my departure, to have photographed the man who rowed us ashore at Apia. He was a bronze Apollo, his skin shone like satin, and the play of the back and arm muscles beneath the skin, would have made a sculptor's heart glad.

On landing, we asked him to come with us and show us about. His stock of English was limited, but his manners were charming. Without being servile or obsequious he was most respectful and polite. After walking a little way, he plucked two small red flowers, which he stuck behind his ears, pen fashion. This, too, is a favourite way for carrying cigarettes. He then picked more flowers, which in the most graceful way he presented to Miss A. With regard to their muscular development all the boatmen were equally fine, but our man struck me as being more of a native gentleman than the others.

The Americans here, as elsewhere, with their ridiculous notions of the value of money, have spoilt the place for the English. Some people paid three natives 16s. for rowing them to and from the shore, and to this the natives were legally entitled, though it was enough to keep them for the next two months. If this had been in India, where the Americans do not come and spoil things, a native crew would have thought themselves well paid by the gift of a rupee (about 1*s*. 4*d*.).

After reading "South Sea Bubbles" I always wanted to visit the Society Islands, but, though I once nearly managed to do so, just as I was concluding the arrangement at Auckland, I received a cablegram which compelled me to give up the trip. If the Tahitians are a pleasanter lot of people than the Samoans they must indeed be worth knowing.

The triple protectorate of the Samoan Islands does not appear to be a success, the two kings are longing to be at each other's throat. A month or two after my visit, I read that the king, who is run by the protectorate, had not latterly received his monthly salary of 25 dollars with any regularity, and that he had been forced to let his wife take in washing.

Religion also seems to have set them all fairly by the ears. The Tutuila natives, at the time of my visit, were settling, with clubs, a knotty question as to the value of their respective creeds, in fact, showing themselves little inferior to their Protestant and Catholic brethren in western countries in former days.

It is not long since our papers at home rang with the fearful atrocities the natives of Uganda committed upon one another, the whole cause of the trouble being the bone of contention we had introduced, as to whether the Protestant or Roman Catholic was the true faith! As if it were not enough to puzzle their poor brains with two faiths, we fill their poor bodies with inferior drink.

Truth, in speaking of the increased imports of the Oil Rivers Protectorate, gives the following statistics. It is a nice cheering thought for any philanthropist to know that, as *Truth* remarks, the bulk of the income of the Protectorate comes from supplying the African with a million and a half gallons of spirits:—

"The satisfaction which these figures may evoke, however, should be somewhat qualified by the following suggestive details of dutiable imports:—

	Quantity.	Value.
Gin and Geneva	835,574 gallons.	£87,038
Rum	512,177 "	34,586
Gunpowder ...	665,785 lb.	10,931
Guns	62,272	4,520
Lead	90,982 lb.	711

Tapa Making
Samoa
Apia
Kava Brewing

The bulk of the gin and geneva came from Holland and Germany, the former country contributing 526,376 gallons; the rum came chiefly from Germany and the United Kingdom. The gunpowder is exclusively supplied by ourselves. Ale, brandy, whisky and liqueurs are also imported, but in comparatively small quantities, the inference apparently being that they are chiefly destined for consumption by the European element in the settlement. Allowing to Europeans, besides this, 100 gallons of rum and gin, our Protectorate has derived almost all its income by supplying Africans with 1,427,751 gallons of spirits. Sir Wilfred Lawson or Mr. Caine should call attention to this result of an African Protectorate."

Roughly speaking, about five-sevenths of the people of Samoa belong to the London Missionary Society, the balance being Roman Catholics or Wesleyans. From the very commencement of missionary work in these Islands, the Samoans have not formed a happy family. Not only has there been a constant feud between the Catholic and Protestant sections, but the Protestants have been divided amongst themselves into two or more factions. Compacts were made between the various sects, but the London Missionary Society claim that the Wesleyans broke faith. In order that neither might spoil the other's pitch, the London Missionary Society agreed to give the Wesleyans the sole run of the Friendly, or Navigator, Group of Islands, on condition that the Wesleyans were to keep out of the Samoan Group. This, it is stated, is precisely what the Wesleyans have not done, and hence the recent troubles. The *Auckland Star* gives the following account of the troubles:—

"There was not only a feeling of bitterness engendered between the agents of the two Missionary Societies, but the effect was to produce disunion amongst the natives themselves."

In many small villages in Samoa the absurd spectacle is witnessed of two antagonistic Protestant native congregations worshipping in churches within a stone's throw of each other. Each missionary party is naturally eager to add to the number of its adherents, and, in some places, the natives oscillate first to one side and then to the other. Sometimes the whole population of the village, with the native preacher at their head, will secede from the London Missionary Society to the Wesleyans, on account of a supposed grievance, and *vice versâ*. Such a state of things cannot but loosen the bonds of discipline. The existence of two Societies, where one is ample for the spiritual requirements of the population, not only involves a useless expenditure of strength and money, but it gives the Roman Catholic missionaries an opportunity, which they do not fail to improve, of descanting upon the evils inflicted on the missionary work by the contention of rival Protestant sects.

The present religious disturbance is said to be caused by the mutual jealousies of Catholics and Protestants. The London Society Missionaries have arrived at a certain degree of cordiality with their Wesleyan fellow-workers, but they have never held out the olive branch to the Romish Party. If we may adopt military language, there is, at the best, but a state of armed neutrality. The Protestant Missionaries have done their best to arm their flocks for conflict with "Romish errors." The former gloat over a translation of Fox's Book of Martyrs, and are strengthened against falling into errors respecting transubstantiation and invocation of saints by sundry little pamphlets, in which those subjects are discussed in theological language *a la* Samoa. The Roman Catholics, in their turn, fortify the souls of their hearers by rosary and scapula, and impress upon them in suitable language, the enormity of schism and heresies. It is not easy to suppose that the Samoan mind grasps all these fine distinctions sufficiently to realize that the missionaries are merely enthusiastic over their respective forms of belief. The most ignorant people are usually the most fanatical. The fiery Crusader, who fought knee-deep in blood, might not have been able to give any reason for his belief, that would have satisfied an intelligent mind, but he was no less enthusiastic on that account. The idea of Samoans getting up a religious war is necessarily associated with a smile, but the importance they attach to their respective creeds is the natural outcome of the training they have received.

The following account, from the *Samoan Times*, of a little misunderstanding between Messrs. Saofaina & Levi, two natives, show a state of religious acrimony one might have expected to have found further west, and in other times :—

"FIGHTING.—Levi and Saofaina, charged with fighting outside the Catholic Church on Christmas Eve, pleaded guilty. Saofaina is a devout Catholic and Levi is a Protestant, and this fact lay at the root of the trouble. Levi went inside the door of the church, while service was being conducted, and, according to his own statement, gently asked Saofaina to let him pass further in. Thereupon Saofaina, recognising Levi as a heretic, seized him by the collar and pushed him out of the building. Levi then invited him outside and challenged him to fight. Some preliminary skirmishing took place, when George Scanlan's stalwart form loomed up from the surrounding darkness, and the combatants were separated, and a crowd of about 200 people dispersed. Saofaina acknowledged the correctness of the latter portion of the story, but stated that when Levi was endeavouring to press into the church, he expressed his intention of 'taking the Lord,' i.e., partaking of the Sacrament. Knowing Levi's religious belief, Saofaina regarded this as an impious insult, and, therefore, quietly seized him by the collar and walked him outside. Levi denied having used the expression imputed to him. The magistrate remarked that, so far as the disturbance (if any) in the church was concerned, he could not deal with the matter, as both men were sober, and it was only in case of intoxicated people disturbing public worship that he had power to punish. It was rather an anomalous position, but it was one of the results of the mutilation of the Police Offences Ordinance. For the disturbance outside, the defendants were fined 2 dollars each, or 4 days imprisonment."

I was not sorry we had arranged to cut short our stay at Samoa, the weather was of the Colombo type, hot and moist, but, of course, not as bad as at Ceylon. The accommodation is poor, and the rows among the natives and squabbling amongst the whites do much to spoil what otherwise would be a charming place to stay in. Between Samoa and Honolulu the voyage passed without incident, and, as a set-off against the discomforts of this most unpleasant vessel, I found the Captain to be an agreeable man, with whom I had many a long chat on navigation. We compared our workings, and he made what otherwise would have been a wretched voyage, quite bearable.

CHAPTER III.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

FROM the time we left Samoa, till our arrival at Honolulu, we neither sighted land nor sail. In fact, to sight a ship on this route is an exceedingly rare occurrence. I knew the Captain meant to get in by daylight if he could, as he had a cargo of bananas to take in, which he was in a hurry to get on board and proceed with to San Francisco. During the last two days, however, N.E. trade winds blew fresh, and it was eight o'clock before we were alongside the quay. There was a good deal of speculation on the runs and, oddly enough, I came out a loser. I say oddly enough, as I was taking observations. About this part of the Pacific the currents seem to run anyhow, and, until the noon sight is obtained, no one can fix the vessel's position with any degree of certainty, as usually the latitude by dead reckoning taken for the morning sight was either too great or too small. Had I worked double altitudes, as shown in that admirable little book of Johnson's, I could have won every pool, but this would have been "playing it rather low down" on the rest. I made it a point always to show my figures to the smoking room coterie, so that they could not say I took an advantage. It was a disappointment to us all not to get in by daylight, as the approach to the island is very beautiful. As we arrived, the *Oceanic* left for Japan. In her day, she was the crack boat crossing the Atlantic, and still keeps up her reputation of being a most comfortable ship. The favourite old *Scotia*, under the command of Captain Judkins, the last of the paddle wheel boats to cross the Atlantic, is, if one may so speak of a ship, still alive and well, and was in Sydney harbour last year. I don't suppose her dearest friend would know her now, as the huge side-wheels have disappeared, and she has a propeller. She is now used as a cable ship. I never hear the name of her old Captain, Commodore Judkins, without thinking of that time-worn Atlantic joke. I must, I fear, be getting very aged, for these old jokes I see constantly being published as new. Only recently the Judkins story was served up as a fresh dish in the *Sporting Times*, whereupon I wrote to Mr. Corlett, telling him that, a few years ago, any man who had told that story on an Atlantic liner would have been slain and dropped quietly overboard. If I have been told it once, I have heard it forty times. Corlett's reply was good, his exact words I forget, but they were to this effect:—Do you think, because you are getting into the sere and yellow, all the jokes you heard in your remote childhood must be kept to yourself and your contemporaries. No, give the rising generation a chance. For the benefit of the rising generation I give the joke.[*] I did not think much of it twenty years ago and don't now, but it "caught on."

There were a number of natives on the quay to meet the boat. The women wear a loose gown, called "Holoku," falling straight from the shoulders. Many are enormously fat, and they present a quaint appearance with their huge corporation. This is said to be brought about by the large amount of Poi they consume. Poi is a concoction looking something like starch, tasting strongly of nothing. It is eaten by sticking the fingers in a bowl and then sucking them. It was too late to get our luggage passed through the Customs, so, taking our handbags only, we drove to the Hawaiian Hotel. In connection with it—like chickens nestling round a hen—are a number of little wooden cottages with a verandah running round them. The arrival of the mail boats is quite an event, and the band plays in the evening to the passengers, and also goes down to the quay and plays them off. This band was a great surprise, and is admirably trained; it consists entirely of natives, and is under the direction of a Prussian army band-master. So good is it, that, in a competition amongst bands west of Chicago, the Hawaiian band came out at the head of the lot. Arrangements were being made for them to visit Chicago this year, where they are sure to be a great success. In the programme, besides the usual band music, they gave us a second half, consisting of native singing and negro melodies. One well known song they received a lot of applause for, by the substitution at every fourth or fifth Hawaiian word for an English one. I had heard so much about the Sandwich Islands being an earthly paradise that I was quite prepared to be disappointed. I was certainly not dis-illusioned the first evening, on the contrary, our first impression was, that we had dropped into fairy land.*

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[*] SCENE.—On the deck of the *Scotia*, thick foggy weather on the banks of Newfoundland. Captain Judkins, who had been without an observation for days, was pacing up and down the deck in an inward fume, when he was addressed by an old lady as follows:—"Oh, Captain Judkins, do tell me—is it always foggy like this in these parts?" To which the worried Captain replied, "How the —— can I tell, Madam? I don't live here."

The band stand was lighted by vari-coloured electric incandescent lights; the foliage in the gardens was beautiful, and the temperature perfect. A young Englishman, of whom we had seen a good deal on board, was so charmed with the place that he went back to the steamer the following morning, got off his luggage, and cast his lot in with ours. Honolulu is not the name of an island, as many seem to think, but is the chief town of Oahu. There is no other town in the group approaching it in size and importance.

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* I give the following from a pamphlet, issued by the Hawaiian Bureau of Information, and do not consider it contains much exaggeration.—"Away off on the bosom of the broad Pacific Ocean, far removed and isolated from the main land on either side, with more than 2,000 miles of water between it and the continent of America, and more than 3,400 miles separating it from continental Asia, lie the famous Hawaiian Islands—a little empire in itself—with a climate which is simply perfection, a soil of extreme productiveness, and scenery of almost unparalleled beauty and grandeur, one of the loveliest spots on this mundane sphere, and to which the terms 'Earthly Eden' and 'Paradise of the Pacific' have been practically, but justly applied. Every conceivable comfort and luxury are here obtainable, and there is a soothing, restful, strength-restoring influence in the very atmosphere; a few weeks spent in which, together with the exhilarating effects of the sea trip, cannot but be of wonderful potency in restoring to a healthy condition the overtaxed mental and physical functions, and in imparting to life a roseate tinge usually unknown to persons whose lines are cast 'mid the strife and turmoil of commercial life."

The pamphlet I have quoted, in writing of the group, says:—

> "These island gems are situated between the 19th and 23rd parallels of north latitude, and extend from the 155th to the 161st degrees of longitude west from Greenwich. They are some 2,100 miles from San Francisco, 3,810 miles from Auckland, 4,484 miles from Sydney, 3,440 miles from Yokohama, and 4,803 miles from Hong Kong. The chain or group is made up of eight inhabited islands, upon five of which, viz., Oahu, Hawaii, Maui, Kauai and Molokai, is the bulk of the population, and where the principal industrial and mercantile enterprises are found. The eight inhabited islands combined have an area of 6,740 square miles, of which Hawaii, from which the group takes its name, contains 4,210 square miles; Maui, 760; Oahu, 600; Kauai about the same, and Molokai 270 square miles.
>
> The Hawaiian Islands are near the middle of the largest piece of water on the globe, and are the farthest from any land worth mentioning of any group of islands in that or any other ocean. Fortunately, the broad expanse of salt waves, whose monotony Hawaii so cheerfully and grandly breaks, is a most quiet and peaceful one. Peculiarly so is this North Pacific, to which the typhoons of Japan and the hurricanes of the South Sea isles are alike unknown, and over whose bright and breezy surface even gales of any violence are rarely let loose."

The Island of Oahu is 46 miles long and about 25 miles across at the broadest point; but, though it ranks as the most important island of the group, it is dwarfed by Hawaii, which is nearly seven times the size of Oahu. The other six islands are Maui, celebrated for its extinct volcano, Haleakala; Kauai, or the Garden Island; Molokai, known so well at home by the publicity given to it by Father Damien's death at his post on the leper settlement; Lanai is the sixth, and is in size about equal to the Isle of Wight. Here it was that Gibson acquired land for—as he said—the Mormon Church. At present there are only 200 inhabitants. Kahoolawe has but a few people, and adjoins Maui; whilst Niihau, the last, is the property of Mr. Sinclair, and is used as a cattle ranche. These islands have been much advertised lately. Mark Twain once said of the Hawaiian Islands: "No alien land in all the world has any deep, strong charm for me but that one; no other land could so lovingly and beseechingly haunt me, sleeping and waking, through half a lifetime, as that has done. Other things leave me, but it abides; other things change, but it remains the same. For me its balmy airs are always blowing, its summer seas flashing in the sun; the pulsing of its surf-beat is in my ear. I can see its garlanded crags, its leaping cascades, its plumy palms drowsing by the shore; its remote summits, floating like islands, above the cloud-racks. I can feel the spirit of its woodland solitude—I can hear the plash of its brooks. In my nostrils still lives the breath of flowers that perished twenty years ago." I now quote from an exquisitely prepared little pamphlet called "The Paradise of the Pacific and Inferno of the World." This little book, which I picked up at Messrs. Cook's in Auckland, is beautifully illustrated, and is in a cover of French grey with its title in gold letters. If there is one thing more than another in which the Americans excel us, is in the manner they produce their magazines and illustrated pamphlets. Our wretched processes are far behind the times—Railway and Steamship Companies still being satisfied to advertise their wares by wood-block process, whereas Brother Jonathan throws his hook much more skillfully baited. Also, the letterpress in the pamphlets issued by the various competing companies is more pithy and to the point than anything we publish at home, although, it is true, our magazines and illustrated papers are rapidly improving.

To return, however, to the band and first impressions of Honolulu. Paradise as it seemed, it was not long before I found there were two big "buts," in fact can a place be found where there is no "but" about it? Our "but" here was, the mosquitoes; and they simply spoil one's enjoyment. Needless to say, this fact is carefully suppressed in the pamphlets I have spoken of, and I do not remember noticing anything about them in any of the various books, though Miss Bird, twenty years ago, wrote thus of these islands:—"The annoying thing is to be told that these pests have been imported, and that forty years ago mosquitoes were unknown here." The other drawback to one's perfect enjoyment is the hard, metallic voices of the American women—I say women and not ladies, as under the latter title the sex in America advertise for washing, or situations as scullerymaids, &c. However, we are almost as ridiculous as they are in this respect. I remember once, my skipper coming to me in the cabin and asking, whether it was convenient to me that the "gentleman" who had come to mend the skylight should go on with it. On another occasion, hearing a woman's voice on deck I rang for the steward to enquire who was on board, and was told, "Oh! it's only the lady with the washing." Once after seeing some friends off, who had been staying on board, one of my crew came to me and said, "Please, sir, the gentleman says as your friends has not paid him enough." Not having the faintest idea what he meant I asked, "What gentleman?" and he replied, "The gentleman up there on the quay," indicating a licensed porter who had helped to carry some of the luggage to the station. I suppose it is very ungallant of me to take exception to the strong nasal twang; but to hear a lot of women talking at once at the top of their voices seems sadly out of harmony with one's peaceful surroundings. I had been told by a gentleman in Egypt, whose name is almost a household word, that, though Honolulu was a charming place, he was sure I should not like it. On asking him why, he replied that it was spoiled by the Americans. This is, I think, true to a certain extent only; for, objectionable as this type of tourist may be, it would take more than that to spoil such a lovely spot. If this book should fall into the hands of the better class of Americans, I must ask them to understand that I am only speaking of the class of American one meets there. The majority of them come from the Western States, and are, for the greater part, ill-bred and vulgar. Although Honolulu is far from being a "dressy" place, there was a lady there who came to dinner each night in the most ravishing of costumes, with as much paint and powder on as would suffice for two burlesque actresses. Her gowns were from Paris, and she came to dinner in frocks suitable for the opera, her husband and the rest of the men being in morning dress. She was smothered with diamonds, and half the time toyed with her hair to display the number of rings she wore; and, although forty, tried to look eighteen. She was said to be the wife of a rich Californian, who had made his pile in silver mining. There is, of course, as much difference in the stamp of American visiting these islands, and, say, Newport, as there would be in Europe between those frequenting Margate and Homburg.

Unfortunately, it is not only by jarring on one's nerves that the Americans spoil the places they visit, but they ruin them in other ways. It is, of course, a truism to say money in America has a totally different value to that which it has in Europe. When one visits Jonathan's Continent, one is prepared to pay exorbitant prices for many things. That they should, however, make these islands as dear, or dearer, than the States is severe on other nationalities. A dollar in Honolulu is about equivalent to eighteen-pence at home in its purchasing capacity. One need be a millionaire to drive in carriages, though there seemed more of them about than there can possibly be a demand for. When I say that for a one-horse carriage off the rank for one hour, the driver is permitted by his tariff to charge from four to six times the amount I paid in Cairo for a like period, a good idea may be formed on the subject. Cairo is not usually considered a cheap place, and yet Shepheard's supply a carriage and pair of good horses, with coachman in undress livery, for 8 francs an afternoon, or 15 francs the day. In Honolulu, if the three of us wanted to drive to the Pali and back (one of the places one has to see) we had to pay 50 francs, though the distance there and back is only 14 miles. For a little drive into the suburbs taking one hour, viz., to Kapiolani Park and back, the authorized tariff is 4 dollars=sixteen shillings, or twenty francs.

OFFICIAL LIST OF FARES.

	dol.		£	s.	d.
Carriage fare per hour, one passenger	1 50	=	0	6	0
" " " two passengers	2 00	=	0	8	0
For each additional hour, 50 cents for each passenger, when more than one.					
Specially for the Pali, one passenger each way............	3 00	=	0	12	0
Specially for the Pali, two passengers each way	4 00	=	0	16	0
Specially for the Pali, three passengers each way	5 00	=	1	0	0

OFFICIAL LIST OF FARES.—*Continued.*

	dol.		£	s.	d
Specially for Kapiolani Park, one passenger each way ..	1 00	=	0	4	0
Specially for Kapiolani Park, two passengers each way	1 50	=	0	6	0
Specially for Kapiolani Park, three passengers each way	2 00	=	0	8	0

The above rates are for between the hours of 5 A.M. to 11 P.M. At other hours the rates of fare are doubled. No driver is compelled to take a single fare for the Park or the Pali, except by special bargain. When two or more offer, the regular rate must be accepted.

Good saddle horses may be engaged by the hour at one dollar or less, according to length of time desired.

I have no doubt this cavilling at such a matter will seem ridiculous to an American, but I am quite sure it will not appear so, to a fellow countryman. Fortunately for the Anglo-Indian, the American does not visit India in sufficient numbers to affect it, were it otherwise, he would soon find the depreciation in the value of the rupee was not the only evil he had to put up with, and the wages of the native servants, and everything else, would soon alter. Why it would make an American unhappy to be able to engage a first-class dak gharry and pair by the hour for less than he pays for a cigar. To obtain the services of a good native valet and factotum at 12 to 14 rupees (3 dollars) a month (the man finding himself) would seem, allowing for the depreciation of the rupee, so ridiculously small, that with falsely acquired notions of the value of money, he would think he was doing hardly by the man, and not feel happy until he had paid him 8 dollars, and then flatter himself that he was getting a ten times better article than he could get in the States at four times the price, forgetting the while that he was spoiling the market for the poor Britisher, who has a fixed income with which he strives to do the best he can. Many things are as cheap in Honolulu, and also in America, as one could possibly wish; it is in buying odds and ends one finds how much smaller the purchasing power of money really is. At the Hawaiian Hotel, the price for a capital cottage is three dollars per diem, each person, including board. As this includes a sitting room and bath room, it is certainly as cheap as one could wish; yet take a little drive and you are charged for one hour, four shillings more than for a whole day's hotel expenses. At the other hotels in the town, viz., the Arlington and the Eagle House, the charge is only two dollars a day, so, as in America, there is the strange anomaly of dearness and cheapness side by side. I should advise anyone going there to hire a furnished bungalow, engage Chinese servants, and, if given to riding, buy horses. Of course, if the visitor is only staying a few weeks it is hardly worth while, but for anything over a month it certainly is.

Horses can be bought very cheap, and even if you don't get as much as you gave for your gees, it is much cheaper in the end than hiring, which, though not so expensive as carriage hire, is pretty stiff. In course of time, things must, I presume, become cheaper, since the community is feeling the pinch of bad times; the sugar industry is almost knocked out, and only a few of the more modern of the mills are paying. In the palmy days of the past, some of the planters were making nearly cent. per cent., but thirty to forty per cent. was an average profit. The riding horses here do not seem to have altered since the time of Mark Twain, whose book, "Roughing It," gives a most amusing account of their ways. Of course, you may be fortunate in getting a well behaved quadruped, but the probability is you will not. A day or two after our arrival, a young Englishman who rode with us to Waikiki was given a good-looking bay horse; the animal was very fresh, and on our return bolted and ran four miles. The bridle eventually broke, and my friend came to grief. When we got back we found he had been picked up insensible, and, presuming he must be staying at the hotel, had been brought back. We found out afterwards, the animal had been sent out with a wrong bit. Fortunately no ill results followed the fall, but it does not follow that one would always come off so luckily.

Life in Honolulu presents little variety; there is hardly any society, at least amongst the English. The English Minister, Major Wodehouse; the Consul, Mr. Walker; the Bishop, Rev. Dr. Willis; a Mr. Allen Hutchinson, an English Sculptor, and a Mr. English (who informs each fresh arrival that he is an Oxford graduate), with the Curate and the Doctor comprising almost the lot. I believe amongst the Americans there is more going on, and that if one seeks for a mild form of gaiety, it might be found by fraternizing with them. For one thing I shall always feel grateful to the inhabitants of Honolulu, and that is, they give you no trouble about refusing their hospitality, in fact, they leave you completely to yourself, which is exactly what I wished. At the same time, it is not singular, judging from the class of people one sees at the hotels, that they should do so. I understand that at the ranches and sugar plantations they will always put up a stranger, but to Honolulu itself this hospitality does not appear to have spread. I found also the greatest difficulty in collecting statistics, but this may be in a measure attributable to the excited state people's minds were in about the Revolution and the political aspect generally. There was a prevalence of topsy-turveydom about society generally. Some little time back, before the Queen was deposed, she gave a state ball; an Englishman, who was present, told me that amongst the guests was the barber who shaved him and the barman who served him with drinks!!

As a rule, if one has heard a place lauded up to the skies one is apt to be disappointed, and I quite expected the Sandwich Islands would prove no exception to the rule; but, as I have said, I was agreeably surprised to find it otherwise in this case. The islands certainly possess the most perfect climate I have ever known. I asked an inhabitant how it was I heard so many people coughing and constantly clearing their throats. He replied, "Well, you see, we are having such bad weather now, and lots of them have colds." If that was their bad weather, it beats the best of most other countries. It was winter, though the difference in temperature between winter and summer is only a few degrees. Unlike the south of France, there is no sunset chill, and the day and night temperature vary but little. I give a table of readings taken for the year 1891, and some remarks by Hon. W. R. Castle,

ON THE CLIMATE OF HAWAII.

"Are you about to travel? Going to stop off at Hawaii for a short trip to the Volcano? You can stop over two weeks or four or longer just as you please. Whether you will remain longer depends on the climate, you say. If that is so, you will want to stay longer and longer yet, for Hawaii has one of the very few nearly perfect climates. Nearly perfect and perfectly healthy. These are two rare combinations, but they exist and are combined at Hawaii. Perhaps you can hardly believe it, and don't understand how it can be, for you are sure that Hawaii is in the tropics. Yes, it is just barely over the line. If the line were an actual thing, it could be seen from the north shore stretching across the world of blue water. Look at your isothermal map of the world and you will see that the climate of Hawaii averages with countries far north of it during the summer, and south during the winter, or perhaps, it will be better understood, to say, that in summer, Hawaii moves away from the equator, and in winter moves towards it. But, perhaps you will say, a climate with a mean average of 75 degrees might have great extremes of heat and cold. Very true, but it is not the case with Hawaii. Here, it is rarely as high as ninety, never as low as fifty. This is in the country bordering the ocean. Go inland, rise to whatever altitude you please up to 14,000 feet, and by and by you will reach a frigid zone. At the great volcano with an elevation of 4,000, it is cool enough to make a fire comfortable at night, and the exertion of climbing or walking by day is a delightful recreation. Comparatively, small changes in altitude vary the climate considerably. All of the islands are high and thus each has a delightful range of temperature.

Why this moderate and delightful climate? Because Hawaii lies in the track of a great ocean current which rolls out of the Arctic Ocean, down the west coast of North America, and then crosses the Pacific to lend its moderated chill to the Paradise of the Pacific. With this vast ocean river is the ever delightful north-east trade wind which blows most of the year. This is why Hawaii has so nearly perfect a climate, and why it so attracts that they who go there for a brief sojourn become permanent residents. This is why the European or American family is born and reared in Hawaii, which has excellent schools, and is not, as in India, China and other hot countries, broken up, that the children may avoid the enervating effect of heat and miasma. Even diseases feel the softening influence of this gentle climate. Sometimes contagious diseases are introduced from other countries, have a run and die out. Physicians have noted the decrease in violence and fatality of such epidemics. It has been so observed and noted with small-pox, measles, whooping cough, diptheria, and perhaps one or two others.

Upon the north-east, or windward sides of the islands, the rainfall is heavy, sometimes reaching a hundred inches in a year; elsewhere it is light, not often aggregating thirty inches per annum. The leeward shores are naturally the warmest. Honolulu, the capital and largest city, is on the south-west side of Oahu. It is a beautiful town, well watered by an excellent water works system. The weather record for 1891 is appended. It was a fair average year."

1891.	Thermometer.			Wind Record. Days.			Rain.	
	Max.	Min.	Aver.	Trade.	Variable.	Calm.	Days.	Inch.
January	81°	60°	71	18	9	4	8	1·19
February	77	57	68	10	13	5	12	4·84
March	76	54	68	14	14	3	7	·69
April	71	63	72	27	2	1	9	·92
May	83	64	73	26	4	1	6	·23
June	88	67	77	13	10	7	7	·33
July	87	72	79	30	1	...	6	·58
August	86	72	79	30	...	1	7	·62
September	87	69	78	29	1	...	3	·47
October	87	67	75	25	5	1	13	3·52
November	83	65	74	5	20	5	7	·39
December	79	61	72	22	6	3	9	1.40
Average for year ...	......	......	74	249	85	31	94	15·18

Apart from the natural beauty of the place, what strikes one most is the "up to date" air of the whole town and surroundings. I suppose there are millions of people who believe Honolulu to be a benighted and uncivilized spot. The general aspect suggests wealth; the roads and other public works are in the highest state of perfection. Fortunately, though horribly Americanized, the hideous architecture ot the new Western State city has not been introduced. Bungalows of every conceivable size and shape, standing in beautiful gardens, are to be seen on each side of the road. What pleased me so much was, the exquisitely kept lawns; such lawns as one rarely sees at home, and which out of England, I have never before met with. To do justice to the place is far beyond me, so I shall not attempt it. Those millions I allude to, would be surprised to learn that, though Honolulu barely possesses 30,000 inhabitants, it has all the latest improvements in the way of telephones, electric lighting, &c. In Honolulu I had an electric light by my bedside, and was able to read inside my mosquito-curtains in peace and comfort. Often have I blessed the hotel authorities for this boon, for, when the mosquitoes became more than one could bear, one could turn in and defy the pests. The only thing in the way of an eyesore I noticed about the town was the miles of wires running on somewhat ugly posts. I should think there is no other spot in the world where there is so much wire overhead in proportion to the number of inhabitants. Although there are not 30,000 inhabitants there are said to be 11,000 instruments—which seems almost incredible. Even "John," one's washerman, has one fitted in his laundry. From your hotel you can transact all your little bits of business with the greatest ease and celerity. In a few minutes, I telephoned to the newspaper office to know why my paper had not been sent; then to the steamer office to know if there were berths vacant in the *W. G. Hall*; after that to the livery stables to order the horses; to a man's office, asking if I might change the date of a dinner; and lastly, to Waikiki to say I was riding out there and wanted lunch ready by twelve o'clock.

They have good tramways running through the town and into the suburbs. There appears to be no gas, and the suburban roads, like those in town, are lighted with arc lights. Of these suburbs it is difficult to say which is the more beautiful. Waikiki is a charming ride or drive, and is some three or four miles out.

In the neighbourhood, there are a few beautiful residences. Amongst others, that of Mr. C. R. Bishop, which came to him through his wife—Mrs. Pauaki Bishop. It was before that the residence of her cousin, Princess Ruth, by whom it was left to her. Princess Ruth's birthplace is also given amongst the illustrations to show what a change a few years have made in the native style of living. To Waikiki one would have thought numbers of people would have flocked. It is a bathing-place, and looks inviting enough to attract anyone into the sea. We read in the guide-book: "Waikiki is the seaside resort of Honolulu—its Long Branch, its Brighton, or its Trouville!" Such an utterly mendacious statement I never read before, as, with the exception of a few unpretentious cottages, there is not the remotest sign of its being a watering-place. A wooden shed, in which one can undress, is called, so the guide-book assures me, "The Long Branch Baths." After this little flight of fancy, the writer once more gets down to the simple truth, but comes an awful cropper at an attempt at French: "The sea-bathing is simply perfection; the water is never chilly, and yet it is most healthful and invigorating. The bottom is of nice smooth sand, always warm and pleasant to the feet. There is no fear of undertow or of any finny monsters. Not only is it pleasant to bathe here during the day, but by moonlight bathing is indulged in. This is really charming, and anyone who has not experienced its delights has a joy to count, be he never so *blaze*." *(Sic.)*

Whilst on the subject of guide-books, why is it that they should nearly always write in a misleading strain? Or, if of the higher class like Murray or Baedeker, be so aggressively severe that one seems to lose all interest in reading such a dry, even if correct, statement of facts? Is there no middle course, or must it be one extreme or the other? The "Tourist Guide," from which I give the above statement, is not so bad as one might think; as the writer does not indulge in such flights as comparing a few cottages without an hotel, to the Brighton of Honolulu. A really funny book is "A Trip to Hawaii." This little book I have referred to as being beautifully illustrated; but it has been written to "boom" the islands and induce tourists to visit them. This is severe on the islands, which are beautiful enough without being lauded to this absurd extent; and if anyone were so simple as to believe implicitly the statements of the writer, he would, in coming to Hawaii, be sure to be disappointed. Speaking of the voyage from San Francisco to Honolulu, the writer remarks:—

> "In the tropics at last. Such a flat, oily sea it was then; so transparent that we saw great fish swimming about 'full fathom five' beneath us. A monstrous shark swam lazily past, his dorsal fin glistening like polished steel, and now and again cutting the surface of the sea like a knife, his brace of pilot fish darting hither and thither like little one-legged harlequins. Flat-headed gonies sat high on the water, piping their querulous note as they tugged at something edible, a dozen of them entering into the domestic difficulty. One after another would desert the cause, run a little way over the sea to get a good start, leap heavily into the air, sail about for a few minutes, and then drop back upon the sea feet foremost and skate for a yard or two, making a white mark and a pleasant sound as they slid over the water. The exquisite

Nautilus floated past us with its gauzy sail set, looking like a thin slice cut out of a soap bubble; the weird anemone laid its pale sensitive petals on the tips of the waves and panted in ecstasy. Down dropped the swarthy sun into his tent of cloud; the waves were of amber; the fervid sky was flushed; it seemed as if something splendid were about to happen up there in the heavens, and that the secret could be kept no longer. The purplest twilight followed, wherein the sky blossomed all over with the biggest, ripest, goldenest stars; such stars as hang like fruits in sun-fed orchards; such stars as lay a track of fire in the sea; such stars as rise and set over misty mountains tops and beyond low green capes, like young moons, every one of them."

You might have thought the lyre (no pun intended) was exhausted after such a flight as this, but a few pages on, in writing of Honolulu, I lighted on this:—

"The marvellous temperature, which is never hot and never cold, 70 to 90 degrees Fah. all the year round, with a few extra showers to emphasize the winter months; the rich and variable color; the fragrance so intense after a shower, when the ginger and the Japanese lily seem to distil perfume, drop by drop; the tinkle of gay guitars; the spray-like notes dashed from shuddering lute-strings; the irreproachable languor of a race that is the incarnation of all these elements, this is quite as much as man wants here below (Lat. 21 degrees, 18 minutes, 23 seconds; Lon. 157 degrees, 4 minutes, 45 seconds), and all this he has without the asking."

I am glad, for though, as yet, I have not heard "the tinkle of gay guitars," I will keep a listening ear. As to the "spray-like notes," that I listened to whilst writing this, unfortunately for the sake of poetry, they were not "spray-like notes dashed from shuddering lute-strings," but were caused by a heavy downpour of rain, which dashed against my window.

One of the very finest views in the Island of Oahu—in which Honolulu is situated—is to be obtained by visiting the Pali, about seven miles from the town, and towering over 1,200 feet above sea level. Unfortunately, on the day we visited it, we were wet to the skin before we reached our destination. We had had no rain in Honolulu for weeks, and yet the road to the mountain was in such bad condition that our horses floundered up to their knees in places. It is supposed to be a carriage road, though I hardly think, in wet weather, a carriage could possibly manage it. The ascent is a gradual one;

if, however, one wants to descend to the other side of the Pali, by the road which zig-zags down the side of the precipice, it can be done; though how carriages can do this I don't know, but the guide-book says they can.* Apart from the really magnificent view one gets here, the place has an historical interest, for it was at this spot Oahu's great chief made his last stand in defence of his island. When Kamehameha I. landed from Hawaii he gradually drove the people up the valley, and, it is said, thousands were forced over the precipice. To quote the advertising historian, "skulls and bones can still be found at the foot, relics of the unfortunate warriors who fell fighting for the independence of their island." What a lot one misses through not having a poet's instinct!

On my return I looked at my pet book to see what the writer had to say about the Pali trip, and found he was quite equal to the occasion. The worst feature about poets is, they are not a bit like ordinary mortals.

> "Thus having quit the town, we slowly ascend the cool green valley where the rapid streams gurgle in the long grass by the roadside, and the valley walls grow high and steep and close; where the convolvulus tumbles a cataract of blossoms at our feet, and the creepers go mad and swamp a whole forest under billows of green; where there are leafy hammocks to swing in, and leafy towers to climb in, and leafy dungeons to bury one's self out of sight in. We drink copious drafts of delicious mountain water; we rejoice mightily; even a shower of shining rain doesn't dampen our ardour—no one seems to heed it here."

Apart from meeting creepers that had gone mad and other startling adventures, our friend seems to have taken delight in copious draughts of water. I only found that I got a lot of mountain rain water down my back, which I found the reverse of delicious, though some whiskey I had taken with me, on the off chance of wet weather, did deserve this adjective.

Another day, whilst riding to Tantalus, to my surprise we put up a pheasant. On my return, I made enquiries on the subject and learnt that pheasants were far from numerous, though more so on some of the other islands than on this. Ducks are fairly plentiful, though the best shooting near Honolulu is in the hands of the shooting club. Wild turkeys are common, but it is hard work getting them, as they are found in places where walking is very difficult. To anyone fond of mountaineering, an expedition can be made after wild goats. It is almost needless to say, the only chance of a shot is in the most inaccessible of places, and that the sportsman with his native guide will have to camp out. In Hawaii, wild cattle and hogs are to be had, and from all accounts there is a certain spice of danger in wild-hog shooting in the jungle. There is, of course, no big game shooting, neither need one bother about snakes, for there are none in the Islands. Centipedes and scorpions exist, but are not numerous. The mongoose is now on the increase; and, like the rabbit in Australia, is an importation which the people would fain be without. They were first brought into the country to keep down the rats. As to fresh water fishing, I can hear of none; fish ponds are to be found everywhere, but these are merely reservoirs in which to keep fish. Sea fishing is very good indeed, and you can amuse yourself fishing for mullet, or by accompanying a native in his canoe on a fishing expedition. Octopi seem fairly plentiful, and I saw three brought in, caught by natives amongst the rocks at the bathing place. If a shark is the height of your ambition, you will have no difficulty in gratifying it. There are any number of these monsters outside the reef. Some two years back, a balloonist made an ascension from Honolulu, but unfortunately came down in the sea. The car fell just beyond the reef, and, before the eyes of the spectators, he was seized by a shark. I am always glad when we catch one of these cruel looking brutes. The captain and mate of the steamer *W. G. Hall*, on which I travelled, caught one, took its inside out, and threw it back again, when it swam about apparently as well as ever. A cruel thing apparently, but it is said that a shark is devoid of feeling. I suppose it would die at sunset, for they continue to quiver until then, however much they may be hacked about. On the whole, Hawaii cannot be called a sportsman's paradise, though, there are plenty of ways in which an easily contented person may amuse himself.

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* The usual plan is for the occupants to get out, and the passengers either ride down on a native horse or walk.

At Pearl Harbour, inside the reef, capital fishing and boating may be had, and there are also some small yachts for hire. Recently a new eight ton racing boat, by Fife, has come out and swept the board. Surf-riding is a native sport which it is interesting to watch. This, from time immemorial, has been a favourite pastime with the natives, and is spoken of repeatedly in their legends—since to be an extra good surf-rider carries a certain amount of *kudos*. The piece of wood which they use for the purpose is something like a coffin-lid, and to see them borne along at fifty miles an hour on the top of a big curler is a very novel sight, and it is difficult to understand how they escape destruction.

The antiquarian and anthropologist would find themselves in their element, and would, as I so repeatedly hear the Americans say, have "a lovely time." There are ancient temples, old burial places, and stone idols, over which they could revel; whilst there are, for the anthropologist, all manner of delightful curios to be found in the almost inaccessible caves, of which I shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

Although, on the whole, I was far from satisfied with the Hawaiian hotel, still I was so pleased with the quality of the coffee they gave us that I made enquiries from whence it came, and learned it was of native growth. Until quite recently, sugar alone seems to have engaged the attention of capitalists in these islands, and little was done towards encouraging any other industry. It appears, it has been known for years that the coffee grown on Hawaii (known as Kona coffee) was quite equal to that grown elsewhere. Kona is the name of one of the principal coffee districts of Hawaii; but coffee is said to grow equally well in any portion of the group. Lately, however, some attention has been given to coffee-growing, although not enough is, as yet, raised to supply the home demand and only a few bags have been exported. Coffee has been grown in a small way for the past thirty years, but it has never received scientific attention, nor has any attempt been made to grade the coffee. The result has been a mixture of all kinds of berries, good, bad, and indifferent, which has not tended to improve the quality. Several companies are now being formed to cultivate the berry, and a strip of land eleven miles long and two miles wide has been secured by those interested in this venture. Plantations are being prepared, and in four or five years the amount of Hawaiian coffee available will be greatly increased. There is suitable land enough in the islands to raise an annual coffee crop equal to that of Ceylon; and, as the sugar industry is having a hard struggle on account of the American tariff, it is possible that the culture of coffee will, in time, become the leading business of the Archipelago. The soil is volcanic; and coffee grows wild all over the islands. The wild coffee appears to have a flavour equal to that grown under cultivation, and some wild coffee trees have produced ten pounds of coffee in one year. It seems to improve with age; and some I have tried that is over twenty years old is simply delicious, but it requires to be used immediately after roasting. Now-a-days, when it is so difficult to know "what to do with our boys," it may be that growing coffee in the Sandwich Islands is worth looking into. Land is at present to be had cheap, but how long it will remain so is a question.

The district between Hilo and the Volcano House—where the plant is being cultivated—comes in for an enormous rainfall. Desiring to obtain reliable statistics on this question, I wrote the following letter to the *Pacific Advertiser*. From the leaderette it seems to have found favour with the Editor:

"HAWAIIAN HOTEL, HONOLULU, Feb. 3, 1893.

MR. EDITOR: For many years I have been globe trotting, looking in fact for a place where one could winter in a perfectly equable climate. In this search I have visited Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and the South Sea Islands, and failed to find what I wanted.

Before leaving England, some medical men of my acquaintance begged me on my return to publish a book, giving an account of the result of my search during the last few years, with as much data as I could collect, as to the temperature, immunity from disease, &c., of the places I had visited.

Having heard the Sandwich Islands so much extolled I was quite prepared to be disappointed, as realization almost invariably falls short of anticipation. For once, however, I have met the exception to this rule and can honestly say (notwithstanding three consecutive wet days) the climate is the most perfect I have yet met with. Such being the case, I am surprised so few of my fellow countrymen come here. In the Volcano House register of visitors I only found the word 'England' after three names during the last twelve months. This seems a very poor return for the amount of money that must have been expended in advertising the islands and volcano. Shortly after my arrival, I endeavoured to find the office of the 'Hawaiian Bureau of Information, Ltd.,' but, although I enquired at the leading bank and elsewhere, no one seemed to know of its existence, This struck me as somewhat singular, since the bureau is so extensively advertised abroad that the tourist is led to look to it as a guide, philosopher and friend.

My object in seeking the bureau was to obtain information on a variety of matters. Amongst others, I wanted statistics on health questions; what special form of ailments the climate is best suited to, &c. Perhaps amongst your readers there may be some medical man who has been here many years, who can furnish me with this information for my book, the title of which will be 'In Search of a Climate.'

Details respecting the hiring of schooners and auxiliary vessels for English yachtsmen I had also promised to send home. There are many yacht owners in England who have a great desire to cruise amongst the islands of the Pacific, but do not consider it advisable to send out their own craft so great a distance. I understand that, for six months out of twelve, many of the vessels employed in sugar carrying, are laid up. Could these, for a few hundred dollars, be made suitable for carrying passengers? and would their charter be reasonable for these slack six months?

The 'Bureau of Information' (during Mr. Thurston's absence at least) being *non est*, I shall esteem it a favour if your readers will forward me the information I seek. I should also like some particulars as to the growth of coffee. Never have I tasted coffee with a finer aroma than is given us at this hotel. In character it appears to me like the choicest growth of Mocha—a coffee rarely met with now. I am leaving in the next Australia, but, before doing so, shall send samples of it to some friends in London.

CHARLES G. NOTTAGE.

P.S.—In case the 'Bureau' should 'resurrect,' it is not my wish that this eulogy on the climate should be republished in its pamphlets."

"*Pacific Commercial Advertiser, Feb. 4th, 1893.*

AN APPRECIATIVE TOURIST.

"The attention of our readers is called to a letter in this issue from the pen of Captain Nottage, who expresses an appreciation of the climate which is highly gratifying, and which the downpour of the last three days does not seem to have at all dampened. The statistics as to temperature sought by our correspondent are regularly compiled by C. J. Lyons, of the Government Survey, and are published in the *Advertiser* and *Gazette*. A convenient summary of temperature averages for a year is contained in the 'Vistas of Hawaii.' We want more tourists like Captain Nottage, who seek information which they will spread in a useful way, and it is to be hoped that medical men and others will take the pains to bring to his attention all that he is looking for."

This letter brought me into communication with Mr. C. J. Lyons, the head of the Meteorological Department, to whom I am indebted for the weather reports relating to the Hawaiian Islands. As I have stated before, I am always encountering the "exception to the rule." In Honolulu I experienced the wettest month ever known there. As soon as the letter I give above had been sent in, it came on to rain as if it had not already been raining hard for three days. In twenty-four hours, the rainfall was *five inches*, which is very exceptional. As the Editor had placed the words "Paradise Found" over my letter, I thought it well to "hedge a bit," and so wrote again as follows:—

"MR. EDITOR: I have read with interest Mr. C. J. Lyons' letter in your issue of to-day. Confining oneself to the town of Honolulu, I would ask him to kindly furnish us with a little further information. Is not the rainfall for the present month the largest registered for any February since reliable records have been taken?

Secondly, with the exception of November, 1874, whether this is not the wettest month ever known in Honolulu since the publication of meteorological reports?

Whilst on the subject, would Mr. Lyons also tell us whether the rainfall of 274.67 at the Volcano House for the year 1890 is the largest known in the Islands? This would give an average of 23 inches a month, or *three-quarters of an inch daily* for 365 days! I am aware that this was an exceptional year, and that the Volcano House is usually content with little under half an inch per diem.

CHARLES G. NOTTAGE.

Hawaiian Hotel, Honolulu, *February 8th*, 1893."

"Captain Nottage in a letter published this morning supplies extracts from figures furnished him by Mr. C. J. Lyons, which show the storm of the last five days to have been unprecedentedly heavy. At this writing the prospect of rain does not seem entirely over, so that the record of all previous Februaries since rain records were, bids fair to be broken."

“Mr. Editor, Sir:—The words ‘A Paradise Found’ which you placed above my recent letter are yours and not mine. To be accurate, should not the word be preceded by some such qualifying adjective as ‘watery?’

Allow me to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. C. J. Lyons for the Meteorological Reports he has sent me. Herein I find that between the years 1887 and 1889 the average rainfall for the month of February was under three and a half inches.

Since the first of the month we are said to have had nearly twelve inches, which is between three or four times the average for the whole month.

In February, 1888, there seems to have been a phenomenal rainfall of nearly fourteen inches. It looks, however, as if there were a good chance of this, best on record, being beaten; for, if we have managed to score twelve inches in the first few days of the month, surely we should be able to put up another two inches in the remaining twenty odd days. If we do this, not only shall we have established the best on record for the month of February but for any month in the last sixteen years; in fact, for as far back as the reports go. February of 1888 with its 13.74 rainfall was the largest recorded in Honolulu. In fact, only three times in thirteen years are double figures met with, viz:

May, 1885	11.29
Nov., 1887	13.40
Feb., 1888	13.74
Feb., 1893	12.00

and 22 days to go.

Should there be no more rain during the balance of the month, February, 1893 will rank as the second wettest February of which there is a record, and, judging from the tables before me, on no previous occasion has there ever been in Honolulu a fall of nearly twelve inches in five days.

Charles G. Nottage.

Hawaiian Hotel, *February 6th*, 1893.”

To this Mr. Lyons replied, giving some extraordinary rainfalls, but making no mention of the enormous fall of 274 inches at Volcano House in 1890. This is the place that is spoken of as a sanitorium. In fact, 1890 seems to have been very wet all over the islands, as will be seen from the following record:—

RAINFALL FOR 1890.

FROM REPORTS TO THE WEATHER SERVICE.

HAWAII.	Inches.
Pepeekeo, Hilo	204·88
Hamakua—(Rickard)	108·18

HAWAII.

	Inches.
Hamakua—(Moore) 300 feet elevation	127·54
Hamakua—(Overend) 700 feet elevation	152·85
North Kohala, Niulii	97·60
North Kohala—(Bond)	100·16
North Kohala—(Ostrom)	96·84
Kailua—(Yowell)	55·86
Volcano House—(Maby)	274·67

MAUI.

Waihee	56·69
Waikapu	64·66
Spreckelsville	36·36
Hamakuapoko	57·30
Kula	36·46

OAHU.

Punahou	47·74
Honolulu Town	43·82
Kulaokahua	38·51
Lower Nuuanu	51·03
Upper Nuuanu	184·98
Waikiki	32·35

KAUAI.

Kilauea	101·74
Kealia	74·18
Lihue	68·31
Koloa	88·13

Towards the end of February, I began to think I should just miss seeing the wettest month in "the memory of the oldest inhabitant." However, during its last two days, a further steady downpour settled the question, and the following letter ended the rain correspondence:—

> "MR. EDITOR,—In the early days of this month, February looked like doing some record-breaking. It has lived up to its early form, and can now claim to be the wettest month ever known in Honolulu since the rain-fall has been registered.
>
> It is a little rough on tourists visiting the islands that they should have had more rain in *one* month than fell in Honolulu during the whole *twelve months* in 1891 (vide pamphlet 'Paradise and Inferno.')
>
> CHARLES G. NOTTAGE."

Experentia docet, and I am begining to learn that pamphlets issued on climates find parallels in the prospectuses of company promoters. In these latter, you are told how many ounces of metal have been extracted from the ton of ore, and how, multiplied by such and such a figure, most glorious dividends must result. It is possible that the crushing may have given the result claimed, but it was an exceptionally rich sample of quartz that was treated, and so it is with climates. The pamphlet I allude to in the last letter, "Paradise and Inferno," gives 1891 as a sample of the rainfall. In this year Honolulu had but 15 inches fall in 12 months, whereas in 1890, 43 inches fell. This was as much beyond the average as 15 inches is below it, but if one goes to a place relying on such a statement, and then finds in one month two inches more than the whole of the supposed annual rainfall, one is apt to think there must be something wrong somewhere.

From the table compiled by Dr. Robert McKibbin for a period of 13 years, it will be seen that the average rainfall is a small decimal over 30 inches.

BY ROBERT MCKIBBIN, M.D., BERETANIA STREET.

RECORD OF RAINFALL IN HONOLULU FROM FEB. 1877 TO DEC. 1889.

Year.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	April	May	June	July	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Total.
1877......	—	2.01	0.67	1.92	5.20	0.24	0.65	0.53	1.12	0.76	1.73	2.34	17.17
1878......	0.77	0.32	0.13	1.44	0.23	2.06	0.63	1.32	0.72	1.88	1.07	1.79	11.76
1879......	9.95	2.00	0.42	2.50	2.17	0.66	1.72	1.78	0.65	0.93	3.52	9.86	36.16
1880......	2.90	4.93	2.88	1.59	1.18	0.99	6.03	0.84	1.02	1.63	8.23	1.46	33.68
1881......	2.39	3.60	4.07	2.73	1.93	1.75	1.62	2.17	1.56	0.72	8.91	6.12	37.57
1882......	4.66	1.88	7.45	1.52	1.26	0.54	0.34	1.72	1.04	3.55	2.89	2.14	28.99
1883......	3.65	6.14	1.21	0.75	0.64	0.77	1.14	2.12	0.26	1.91	3.01	4.36	25.96
1884......	1.08	1.14	4.65	2.38	0.35	0.80	1.38	1.09	0.54	4.32	0.59	3.90	22.22
1885......	0.38	1.00	2.79	5.71	11.29	2.40	5.20	2.01	2.11	0.41	3.50	2.53	39.33
1886......	0.93	1.18	1.94	0.94	1.54	0.66	1.10	1.71	2.91	1.36	8.70	4.52	27.58
1887......	7.61	5.38	2.42	3.06	5.49	1.45	1.05	1.32	0.72	1.61	13.40	7.31	51.82
1888......	2.99	13.74	1.58	3.13	1.45	0.68	0.61	4.47	2.95	1.66	3.84	1.17	38.27
1889......	0.86	0.84	0.84	2.28	1.27	0.91	0.59	1.20	1.52	0.77	1.96	5.54	18.58
Average	3.131	3.388	2.388	2.304	2.615	1.070	1.704	1.714	1.307	1.731	4.719	4.080	30.151
Maximum ...	9.95	13.74	7.45	5.71	11.29	2.40	6.03	4.47	2.95	4.31	13.40	9.86	51.82
In	1879	1888	1882	1885	1885	1885	1880	1888	1888	1884	1887	1879	1887
Minimum ...	0.17	0.32	0.13	0.75	0.23	0.24	0.34	0.53	0.26	0.41	0.59	1.17	11.76
In	1878	1878	1878	1883	1878	1877	1882	1877	1883	1885	1884	1888	1878

Within less than two miles of the town (Nuuanu Avenue) this fall is very much greater.

During the wet spell, which was accompanied by a disagreeable south wind, I was repeatedly told that the trade winds were not now what they used to be, "when I was a boy." That there is not much amiss with them may be seen from the following table:—

SUMMARY OF BAROMETER RECORD, HONOLULU, REDUCED TO THIRTY-TWO DEGREES F. AND SEA-LEVEL.

Year.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	April.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Average.
*1837	30.020	30.045	30.075	30.110	30.095	30.075	30.110	30.075	30.070	30.090	30.040	30.090	30.075
*1838	30.044	29.990	30.080	30.115	30.135	30.065	30.075	30.065	30.050	30.030	30.025	29.950	30.052
1873	30.08	30.07	30.09	30.08	30.05	30.05	30.05	30.06	30.00	30.03	30.04	30.01	30.051
1874	29.93	29.88	29.97	30.02	30.04	29.96	29.95	29.95	30.01	30.00	29.91	30.00	29.958
1875	29.96	29.91	30.02	30.02	30.04	29.97	29.96	29.95	29.94	29.97	29.95	30.00	29.974
1876	30.00	30.09	29.86	30.11	30.20	30.13	30.17	30.08	30.03	30.05	30.01	30.06	30.055
1877	30.02	30.08	30.05	30.12	30.09	30.13	30.13	30.11	30.10	30.09	30.11	30.08	30.092
1883	30.063	29.937	30.034	30.107	30.105	30.063	30.083	30.086	30.071	30.054	29.988	29.926	30.043
1884	30.041	29.957	30.079	30.032	30.075	30.098	30.061	30.064	30.130	30.027	30.061	29.902	30.044
1885	30.023	30.022	29.998	29.969	29.986	30.079	30.010	29.994	30.046	30.047	30.117	30.089	30.032
1886	30.003	30.045	30.101	30.126	30.147	30.148	30.073	30.089	30.052	30.071	30.078	30.083	30.085
1887	30.053	29.966	30.054	30.053	30.047	30.027	30.049	29.999	29.978	29.964	29.937	29.969	30.008
1888	29.905	29.996	30.069	30.063	30.012	30.056	30.046	30.000	29.997	29.991	30.020	30.069	30.019
1889	30.092	30.065	30.121	30.103	30.098	30.084	30.030	30.047	30.018	30.057	30.022	30.021	30.068
*1890	29.994	29.986	29.983										
Average	30.014	30.001	30.037	30.067	30.074	30.066	30.051	30.036	30.031	30.029	30.022	30.021	30.038

* Not included in average.

These winds are from the N.E., and are the cause of the delightful nature of the climate.

From this it will appear that, roughly speaking, the trades blow for three-fourths of the year.

Barometrical observations are not of much interest to most readers, but the wonderful steadiness of the glass as shown below is most striking :—

SUMMARY OF OBSERVATIONS AT OAHU COLLEGE, HONOLULU, BY PROF. A. B. LYONS.

	BAROMETER.						TEMPERATURE.									ATMOSPHERIC STATE.					Rainfall.
	Daily Range.			For the Month.			Daily Range.		For the Month.							Dew Point		Rel Humidity.			
Year.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Hst.	Lowest.	Gen. Mean.	Max.	Mean.	Hst.	Lst.	Mean of Max. Min.	6.30 a.m.	12.30 p.m.	9.30 p.m.	Gen. Ave.	Hst.	Lst.	Me'n.	Mid-day.	Ni't.	
Jan.	0.15	0.05	0.086	30.24	29.91	30.092	18.	9.08	79.5	60.5	....	66.92	76.00	68.80	70.88	......	......	......	......	......	2.88
Feb.	0.14	0.05	0.083	30.23	29.91	30.065	19.	12.68	81.5	56.0	....	64.32	77.10	66.25	69.22	......	......	......	......	......	1.00
Mar.	0.13	0.06	0.093	30.32	29.88	30.121	19.	11.40	82.0	60.0	....	66.50	77.90	69.20	71.20	66	48	......	......	......	0.85
Apr.	0.13	0.06	0.072	30.23	29.89	30.103	16.5	10.38	81.5	61.5	....	69.22	79.60	70.74	73.19	67	50	61.0	56	72	2.04
May	0.09	0.06	0.067	30.19	29.93	30.098	15.	9.08	84.2	68.0	....	71.73	80.81	75.70	76.08	68	59	61.7	58	73	2.48
June	0.09	0.05	0.061	30.20	29.96	30.084	13.	9.32	84.6	70.0	....	73.47	82.75	77.11	77.53	......	......	......	......	......	2.05
July	0.08	0.04	0.060	30.11	29.92	30.030	11.	9.56	86.0	72.0	....	74.74	84.30	*75.84	78.92	......	......	......	......	......	1.41
Aug.	0.10	0.04	0.067	30.16	29.96	30.047	21.	8.80	87.0	66.0	....	75.80	84.60	*74.65	79.60	......	......	......	......	......	1.35
Sept.	0.10	0.06	0.068	30.15	29.91	30.018	14.3	9.38	86.0	71.0	....	74.01	83.39	76.28	78.09	72	62	66.3	58	75	2.50
Oct.	0.10	0.06	0.076	30.13	29.95	30.057	15.5	7.64	83.5	67.0	....	73.71	81.35	75.27	76.82	69	60	65.0	60	74	1.98
Nov.	0.11	0.03	0.076	30.16	29.85	30.038	17.5	7.24	85.0	66.0	....	73.38	79.62	74.11	75.40	71	55	64.2	62	74	2.33
Dec.	0.13	0.06	0.081	30.20	29.88	30.064	13.	4.77	80.5	67.0	....	71.08	75.85	72.18	73.04	......	......	......	......	......	5.40
	0.15	0.03	0.074	30.32	29.85	30.068	21.0	9.11	87.0	56.0	....	71.24	80.27	73.01	74.99	......	......	......	......	......	26.27

* Interpolated for average.

Now we come to what is most important of all, the record of the thermometer, which is one of marvellous equability, and, in this, Honolulu scores heavily. It is said you can prove anything you like by figures, and I think those interested in writing up health resorts manipulate the data in such a fashion that one does not find out the weak points otherwise than by actual experience. Dr. Lindley, in his remarks, says, "A table of temperatures must be studied very carefully in making a comparison between the climates of different countries, or an entirely mistaken impression may be received as to the climatic contrasts. Thus, take the annual means alone as a basis of comparison. Two points may lie upon the same isothermal line, each with a mean annual temperature of 60 degrees. We may suppose the one to have a winter temperature of 20 degrees, and a summer temperature of 80 degrees. Its mean for the year would be the sum of these divided by two, or 50 degrees for the year. The other might have a winter temperature of 45 degrees, or, a summer temperature of 55 degrees, and its annual mean would also be 50 degrees. Yet, in the former locality, only the hardy trees and shrubs of the north would survive the cold of the winter, and the land would be buried in ice and snow; while in summer the mortality tables would show frequent deaths by sunstroke. In the latter, fuchsias and geraniums would bloom in the dooryards the year round, and sunstroke would be unknown. The one is an equable climate, the other a climate of extremes, and yet the average is the same. In actual practice, the mean of each month is taken, and the sum divided by twelve to give the annual average; but, to show the fallacy which may underlie the result, the illustration, as given above, is not amiss. In a table of relative figures, to avoid the tedious comparison month by month, a result sufficiently accurate may be obtained by giving, in addition to the mean annual average, the means of a typical winter and a typical summer month, as January and July. If, in addition to these, the daily range of temperature, derived from the comparison of the night and day observations, be given for the same months, a comparison sufficiently accurate for ordinary purposes will be obtained."

And now another word as to thermometers. An invalid or valetudinarian would do well to take with him, when travelling, an instrument known as a hygrometer. The name sounds somewhat formidable, but that is all, for the instrument itself consists merely of a pair of thermometers—the left hand one being termed the "dry bulb," and the other the "wet bulb." The "dry bulb" is the thermometer everyone is familiar with; but the "wet bulb," which is affected by moisture in the atmosphere, is not usually so well understood. I do not want to trench upon the medical domain, but I think I may say, without fear of contradiction, that the humidity, or dryness of the atmosphere, apart from the temperature, have to be carefully studied in the treatment of disease. One person, let us say with chronic bronchitis and asthma, finds himself better in Madeira, where the air is moist and damp, and becomes worse in Egypt, where the air is dry, and *vice versâ*. Perhaps, unless in the doctor's hands, he is unable to account for the cause of his being better in one place and worse in another, though his hygrometer would have let him into the secret. Like Molière's M. Jourdain, who had talked prose all his life without knowing it, so one may travel for years without discovering what is the actual reason why one is better in one place than another. In my own particular form of complaint, I never breathe so easily as in a sea fog in summer. I do not propose to enter into the whole question, but, briefly, when your "dry" and "wet" bulbs indicate the same temperature, the air is charged, or completely saturated, with moisture; if your two thermometers are hung up on deck and show a difference of two degrees, the atmosphere is very humid. A difference of from four to five degrees is the average, and is neither considered moist or dry. If six degrees separate them the atmosphere is said to be dry, but if the difference is eight or more degrees, the air is unusually dry. If you have a chronic cough, and notice every time the air is very dry that the cough increased, then such a climate, you may be sure, is not what you are in search of.

Dr. Lindley's remarks are excellent, and, if applied to many of the advertised temperature records, would cause the bottom to quickly fall out of the tub. What Dr. Lindley states above is preparatory to proving (by the application of such a test), that Southern California is the most perfect climate on earth. I do not want to speak, at this stage, of that Mecca, according to the accounts I had read, towards which I was travelling, and only introduce Dr. Lindley's remarks to show that the table of comparisons he suggests, with his typical winter and typical summer month, would, under certain exceptional cases, be most misleading if applied to Southern California. Let him apply this rule in Honolulu, and no exception will ever occur to upset it.

To show what I mean, let us take Riverside, in Southern California. This place, like other towns in the country, has been lauded to the skies. It would take too much space to give the records of the Riverside temperature here. For the years 1870 to '74 inclusive, the lowest temperature ever touched at 7 a.m. was 31 degrees, though the average temperature at this hour during the winter months was about 36 degrees. I am informed by the manager of an orange ranch, that in '92 immense damage was done to the trees by a fall of the thermometer to 17 degrees Fahrenheit, or 15 degrees of frost! If the noon temperature rose to 60 on that day, which is the average noon winter temperature, this would give a range of 63 degrees in the 24 hours. Such a thing in Honolulu is impossible, and Dr. Lindley's test will not get knocked out of time by striking any such unexpected obstacles as these.

The highest daily range ever known in Honolulu, during the twenty four hours, is 23 degrees, though the average is from 10 degrees to 12 degrees only. Such erratic freaks as the Riverside episode are unknown. After the most careful search, I cannot discover a lower recorded temperature than 54 degrees, or a higher shade temperature than 89 degrees, in Honolulu.

There is no humbug about these figures, as they are not compiled to advertise the place. Here is, indeed, equability, and though Southern California claims it too, I cannot see how, with a difference in summer of 60 degrees between 7 a.m. and noon, it can substantiate it.

From this table it will be seen the annual temperature is from 73 degrees to 75 degrees. The difference between winter and summer is from 9 degrees to 10 degrees, never more.

EARLY THERMOMETER RECORDS.

	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	April.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Aver.
	°	°	°	°	°	°	°	°	°	°	°	°	°
1821—22 ...	70.0	71.0	72.0	73.0	76.0	78.0	78.0	79.0	78.0	78.0	76.0	72.0	75.10
1837 ...	71.9	73.8	72.8	73.7	76.2	78.5	78.4	79.3	78.8	77.1	73.8	72.5	75.56
1838 ...	72.1	72.9	73.2	73.7	76.3	78.1	78.9	79.6	79.2	77.3	74.2	73.7	75.75
1844 ...	......	......	......	......	76.6	78.3	78.6	80.3	80.0	79.0	77.3	74.0	76.92
1845 ...	74.6	74.3	74.0	76.0	......	......	......	......	......	......	......	......	
1845 ...	......	......	......	70.2	74.6	76.4	76.3	77.2	76.8	74.0	72.3	69.7	72.72
1846 ...	67.2	68.4	69.5	......	......	......	......	......	......	......	......	......	

NOTES :—1821-22. At Honolulu, by first American missionaries.
1837-38. At Honolulu, by Dr. T. C. B. Rooke.
1844-45. At Lahainaluna, Maui, by Rev. W. P. Alexander.
1845-46. At Waioli, Kauai, by Rev. E. Johnson.

THERMOMETER RECORD.—MONTHLY AVERAGES AT HONOLULU.

GOVERNMENT SURVEY SERIES.

Year.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	April.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Aver.
	°	°	°	°	°	°	°	°	°	°	°	°	°
1883	70,84	70.96	71.37	74.92	75.96	76.74	76.76	78.58	77.00	76.86	73.36	71.21	74.547
1884	69.94	70.21	71.89	71.12	73.03	77.15	77.42	78.08	77.86	76.41	73.66	69.62	73.866
1885	69.17	71.24	......	......	......	......	......	77.68	78.38	76.16	75.01	69.16	73.828
1886	67.42	71.60	71.34	73.16	73.79	75.91	77.13	77.35	78.88	78.21	74.48	71.47	74.228
1887	70.79	70.49	70.13	73.51	73.17	75.49	77.01	76.99	76.40	75.82	73.09	72.85	73.812
1888	70.34	68.45	69.77	73.34	73.87	76.79	78.04	77.61	73.92	78.14	75.44	73.91	74.135
1889	70.13	69,93	70.09	72.62	75.61	76.27	77.81	78.31	77.65	76.47	74.56	71.95	74.258

Lowest in 10 years, 54°; Highest, 89°; Greatest daily range, 23°; Average daily range, 10°.

Of course, it does not follow, because I so thoroughly enjoyed this, to me, perfect climate, that others would do so. Doubtless, many would not find it bracing enough. I did not derive much benefit from my stay—my chronic catarrh and cough being as troublesome as ever. The breathlessness, which is my chief trouble, was a little better, and I was able to enjoy riding again, which I rarely can in England. Notwithstanding the exceptionally wet weather and southerly wind, I did not find it enervating; on the contrary, I had twice the energy I have at home.

What complaints the place is best suited for, is more than I dare venture to say. I found in Doctor Trousseau a most agreeable gentleman—a *rara avis* in Honolulu—a Parisian and a thorough man of the world, to whom I am indebted for many small kindnesses. For phthisis, excepting, perhaps, in its very early stages, he does not think well of the islands. In fact, as he said, there are but few people who do not cough when the south wind and rain come together. Another physician, to whom I spoke on the subject, almost corroborated Dr. Trousseau's remarks, excepting he had known some wonderful recoveries in the second stage of phthisis.

Honolulu itself is not considered the healthiest place. Kona, in Hawaii, the doctors pronounce to have a much better climate than Honolulu. There, the air has less moisture, and the heat is always tempered with a pleasant breeze. Kona is deadly dull, and there is nothing whatever to do. So dull and quiet is the place, that there is a saying, "better be ill and die in Honolulu than remain in Kona and live." Neither is Honolulu a good place for rheumatism, which it is said to develop. I did not, however, find that to be the case.

According to Dr. Trousseau, the place is marvellously suited to those suffering from over work, over dissipation, or those the Americans call "nervy" people. There is something—barring the revolution—so peaceful and soothing about the place, that I can quite believe this. As the time drew near for me to leave, I felt much tempted to remain, but I was bound to go to Southern California, which was in reality the object of my journey.

From what I have said as to the exceptional downpour in February, it must not be supposed it was always raining. However, I am, for once, quite convinced that the weather I experienced was not a fair sample; and, though the greater part of February was enough to sicken anybody, I am still of the opinion that these islands have one of the most beautiful climates imaginable.

Notwithstanding the tremendous quantity of rain, the place dries up as though by magic. The Waikiki Road was, one night, so far under water that the trams could not run, and boats could have been employed; yet in less than thirty-six hours the dust was blowing in the middle of the road. The soil is of porous coraline, through which the rain runs like a sieve. One would think, that during long spells of dry weather, or with a small rainfall as in 1891, the place would have a parched-up appearance; but this is not the case.

The most unpleasant feature of the rainy weather is, that it is usually accompanied by a southerly wind. When these winds are blowing, the air is full of moisture, from 96 to 98 per cent., and no one seems to have much energy. The natives themselves call the south wind the "sick wind," whereas the north-easterly, or trade winds, are those most conducive to health.

Another annoyance is that, with so much rain and south wind, the mosquitoes became almost unbearable. Much as I am in love with Honolulu, nothing would induce me to spend another two months under similar circumstances. A badly managed, or rather not managed at all hotel, where the cooking and attendance are both atrocious, and the guests are all from the "Coast," would, I think, spoil Paradise itself. Dinner was simply purgatory, as the mosquitoes attracted by the light never left one in peace a moment. There was no attempt to keep them out by wire gauze or other means. The Chinese and Japanese boys were apparently new to the business, and could understand nothing one said, not even "pigeon English." Myriads of mosquitoes, bad cooking, bad attendance, with clatter and din enough at meal times to set one on the alert for the *en Voitures!* one would expect, coupled with uncongenial society and general mismanagement, are enough to sicken one with any place.

In some of the bungalows, everything seems to suggest ease and comfort. These, for the greater part, are one-storeyed buildings, covered with bougainvillia and passion vines. No two are alike, and the variety in architecture is most striking. The household foregather in a broad verandah, which usually encircle the house. Here, all sorts of comfortable lounge-chairs and hammocks help one "to do nothing" thoroughly. In some of the houses, a part of the balcony is screened off by fine wire gauze, so that one lounges in a sort of cage, free for a time from the enemy, who can be seen and heard merrily buzzing without. Speaking of these pests the *San Francisco Call* makes the following remarks:—

HOW MOSQUITOES WERE INTRODUCED INTO HAWAII.

"Some years ago, a sailing vessel put into Honolulu harbour. On board was a barrel of rainwater. It took a few days to discharge the cargo. In the meantime the skipper was so wrapped in admiration of the beauties of Honolulu that he forgot all about his uncovered barrel.

The water soon became stagnant and a hatchery for myriads of mosquitoes. Up to this time the tantalizing pest had been a stranger to the inhabitants. As fast as the mosquitoes left the barrel they flew shoreward. Finding the climate and country congenial, and the blood of the natives satisfying, they remained to promulgate their species.

The captain sailed away oblivious of the lasting remembrance he had left of himself and ship.

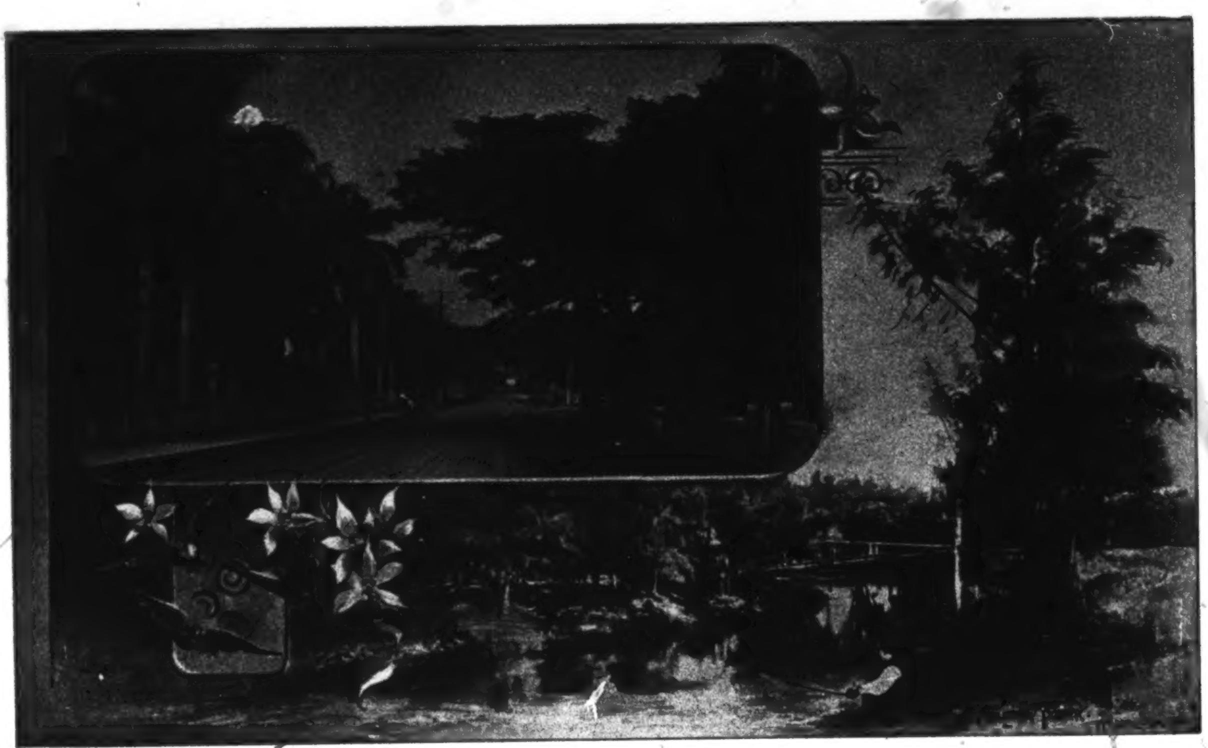
Honolulu is ahead of New Jersey in one respect. That is in having two entirely different kinds of mosquitoes—one for the day and one for the night.

An amusing story is told there about a family named Hall, who went to Honolulu from Newark, N.J. Their journey was long and tiresome, and by the time they arrived at their destination they longed for home again. They had been in Honolulu a few hours only when they visibly brightened, and when asked how they liked the place they cheerfully answered:

'Oh, we were kinder lonesome and homesick at first, but now it aint so bad, for you've got mosquitoes that beat our'n holler.'

Hawaiian mosquitoes are like New England weather, if Mark Twain is to be believed, for there are all kinds, sizes, shapes, and ages. As no one has ever been able to boast of having killed one, and as they never die in that climate, they multiply in numbers and increase in viciousness every year."

From the verandah, doors open into the various rooms, and when I say that, for the most part, there are no keys, and that anyone could with the greatest ease steal, it seems wonderful, considering the mixed nature of the population, that there should be such honesty. The floors are all covered with white matting, and, taken all in all, it would be difficult to find a more pleasant home than some of these bungalows. Living is cheap enough, though it is difficult to get much variety of food, at least, judging from what we were given at dinner and breakfast at the hotel; there would appear to be only one fish brought to market, and that is mullet. It is sweet and pleasant enough, but *toujours perdrix* is no joke.



With a good Chinese boy-cook, and a properly appointed house, the man who could not be happy in such a climate for six months must be, indeed, hard to please.

The number of different rides one can take is simply marvellous. I thought we should have used the place up after half a dozen, but we constantly found some new charm.

Towards the end of our stay, we went to spend a few days at the Herbert's Villa, at Waikiki. This villa, which is really in Kapiolani Park, is some four and a half miles from Honolulu. It has been taken by the hotel as an annexe, but, oddly enough, does not seem to find much favour with the hotel guests, although it is a charming spot. There is only one Chinese boy to look after the place, yet it does not seem difficult for him to do everything. Sometimes a telephone message would arrive that a dozen people were coming out to luncheon. Not a bit non-plussed, he would cook and wait on them all, and do as much work as any three of the hotel servants combined. When you do get good Chinese boys they are treasures, but they seem few and far between.

During the daytime it was delightful. The mountain chain, culminating in Barber's Point, much reminded me of the Estrelles at Cannes. The sea—always smooth, owing to the reef—came to the end of the Piazza. Its temperature was such that, even I, who cannot stand cold water, could take a dive off the pier, and swim about, without in the least feeling any shock.

I took the temperature of the water on two or three occasions, and found it five degrees higher than the shade temperature on shore: it was usually from 80 to 82 degrees Fahrenheit. Of course, this would not record the temperature of the water if taken properly, viz., by lowering the thermometer. I merely took the surface temperature in six feet of water, upon which the sun was brightly shining.

Moonlight bathing I did not attempt; though one of the favourite amusements is to make up a party and "take a luncheon along."

With night-fall, our enjoyment ceased, as the enemy was upon us. Not only mosquitoes, but rats are here to be found.

A German friend, in the next room, drove two out of his bed, and a lady, who was staying in the hotel, felt an enormous spider creep over her. Striking a match, her husband saw him—a thing about half as big as a saucer. Whilst debating how to slay him the match went out, and, to the lady's horror, it turned out to be the last. It was then a choice of giving up the bed to the spider, or sharing it with him; so, determining to overcome squeamishness, she bravely decided on the latter course, though, as she admitted, she did not sleep very soundly. In the morning she found that the spider had the real grievance, as it was she who had innocently invaded his territory—for, on inspection, it was found he had made his home in the mattress. These spiders are much prized out here and are rarely killed, since, it is said, they destroy so many insects. Upon one occasion, I went to call on one of the judges, and noticed, only a few feet above his head, one of these big fellows. I called his attention to it, when he said: "Oh, yes! he lives there, and we should not think of disturbing him."

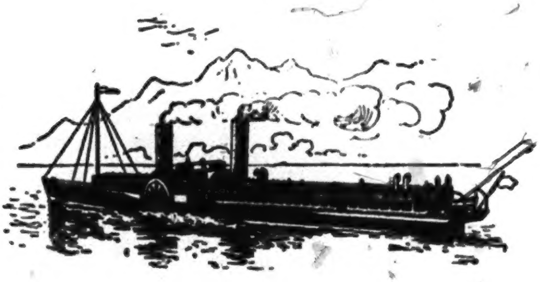
Another drawback to the annexe is, that there are no keys, and one's shutters, doors, and windows were constantly being burst open by the wind. With a small expenditure, and a proper number of servants, it might be made comfortable enough. Anyhow, I most thoroughly enjoyed my stay; for, with the riding horses we took out, the lovely scenery, the delightful bathing, and the absence of noise and bustle, the discomfort of sleepless nights was more than counter-balanced.

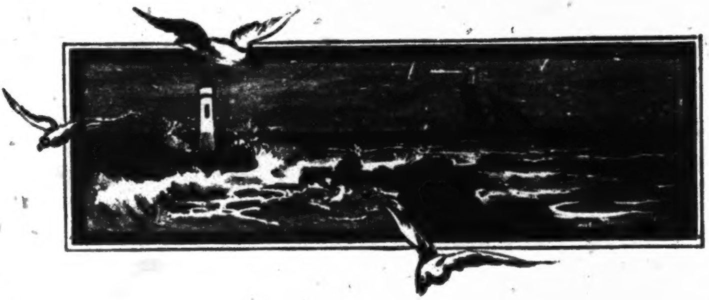
On our return from Waikiki, we found the hotel fuller than ever. Amongst the new arrivals were several correspondents from the States, who had come to glean all the news relating to the Revolution. Fortunately, we had retained a cottage, which, though not so smart a one as that we had previously occupied, was far more comfortable.

When the morning of departure arrived I felt sorry, indeed, to go. The band, which played us off, was very different to that which greeted our arrival. The new band was composed of raw lads who had taken the oath of allegiance to the new Government; for the greater number of the old bandsmen had remained loyal to the Queen—at least, they were quite willing to go on playing, but struck on being required to take any oath, which certainly seemed a ridiculous requirement.

The departure of the steamer is quite an event, and the vessel's deck is one mass of people seeing friends off. Those departing are covered with "leis." These "leis," are necklaces of flowers—the gifts of parting friends. Some people get so many given to them, that they are literally one mass of flowers, and but little of their clothing can be seen. In addition to those of flowers worn by white people on this occasion, the natives wear "leis" of peacock feathers, shells, beans, and seeds, sometimes round their necks but usually round their hats.

The word "aloha" is an expression of greeting, farewell, gratitude, or affection; and everyone who visits the Sandwich Islands writes on his departure: "Aloha oe" to "Hawaii nei"—which means "A regretful and loving farewell to the most beautiful Hawaii." And, with a last "Aloha!" we started off *en route* to San Francisco.





CHAPTER IV.

THE TRIP TO THE VOLCANO OF KILAUEA.

AS I was travelling solely for my health, I had to consider, perhaps more than others, what I could, and what I could not, undertake. This being written for the benefit of semi-invalids, my more robust readers may find it rather tedious, and I must ask them either to bear with me, or skip this chapter.

Whether I should undertake the journey, or not, had been a moot point with me for a long time. The accounts differed so much as to the hardships one would have to undergo, that I had almost made up my mind to give it up. What I feared most was my inability to walk three miles and back from the Volcano Hotel to the Lake of Fire, as everyone said it was a most fatiguing walk and apt to tire out even the strong. These three miles are over dried lava, and many who had undertaken it strongly advised me not to attempt it. What made me determine, after all, to go was the following paragraph, which I read in the local paper:—

> "We have for some time had horses at the foot of the steep hills, and, although this was a big help, still people felt pretty well used up on their return and had very small appetite for supper.
>
> So we concluded to remove this bugbear, and have now completed a good safe bridle-path to within a few feet of the brink of the crater.
>
> Anybody who can sit on a horse can now get over in less than half an hour. The trip has even been made in fifteen minutes right from

the hotel to the crater. Hilo people declare that it is nothing but a picnic, and they will come here every week as soon as the carriage road gets finished.

For Honolulu people especially, who are of indolent habits and do not love much walking, this going to the crater on horseback ought to be a welcome opportunity; and we shall expect them *en masse* this year.

Besides the horse-trail, we have also built a comfortable shed with roof and soft-cushioned seats. No more danger now of getting wet or catching cold while looking at the lake. One gentleman found it so cozy in this shed that he went to sleep. Madame Pele, however, wouldn't allow anything of that sort, so she made a fearful noise, splashing her fire about savagely, and the gentleman awoke rather suddenly and thought he was in hell."

How best to get there now became the question. I had never quite realized it was so severe a journey as it really turned out to be. There are two lines of steamboats running amongst the islands. The trade winds usually blow from the North-east, and the best route is that which takes one to leeward. The Inter-Island Navigation S.S. Company runs once a week from Honolulu to Punaluu, in Hawaii. This is the comparatively smooth way. I say "comparatively," as there are two open pieces of water to be traversed, each taking from three to four hours—the Kaiwi Channel, separating Oahu from Molokai; and the Alenuihaha Channel, between Maui and Hawaii. The sea and wind are usually abeam, or on the quarter, and all but the best sailors are sick. Do not, because you have circumnavigated the globe in a mail steamer of 6,000 tons without being ill, flatter yourself that you are sure to come scathless out of this ordeal, for, in all probability, you will be paying your arrears to Neptune in full before you are through. The motion of a 450-ton boat is somewhat different to a leviathan, and the scores of Hawaiians we carried, lying about the deck, all of whom were horribly sick, did not tend to make one feel better. I came out all right, but found it far from comfortable. The decks were so crowded that locomotion was next to impossible. It takes 32 hours from Honolulu to Punaluu, 24 of which are usually in calm water under the lee of the land.

The further advantage of the Punaluu route is, that it is the only way by which one can go, and drive the whole way. The distance from Punaluu to the Volcano House is about thirty miles. From Punaluu to Pahala, some six miles distant, there is a steam railway, after which there is a carriage drive of seven hours.

The other route is by the Wilder line of steamers. Their Volcano boat is called the *Kinau*, and is of nearly 1,000 tons. This vessel runs along the weather side of the islands. The passengers have the choice of two routes, viz.: they can either get off at Hilo and ride half way on horseback, driving the other half up to the Volcano House, or they can go on to Keauhou and ride part, and drive the rest, of the way. From Hilo it is about thirty miles to ride and drive, but from Keauhou the distance is only fifteen from the landing-place to the Volcano House. The Keauhou route is temporarily suspended.

Apparently, these two lines of boats are on the best terms, and facilities are afforded to enable one to vary one's route. The Wilder and Inter-Island boats leave Honolulu on Fridays and Tuesdays alternately. If one goes to the Volcano by the *W. G. Hall* (Inter-Island boat) to Punaluu and returns the same route, the trip takes exactly a week. Should one wish to return by Hilo (in the *Kinau*), it takes ten days to do the business.

The shorter trip costs fifty dollars, which, all things considered, is wonderfully cheap, for this sum is the inclusive charge for everything—steamer, hotels, guides, &c. The ten-day trip, inclusive of everything, excepting, of course, what one drinks, is seventy dollars. At present the Government is building a road from Hilo to the Volcano House, but it is proceeding in very leisurely fashion. As far as they have completed it, it is excellent, but, as only some sixteen miles are finished, the last fourteen have to be done on horseback, the bridle-path being none too good. It is anticipated that the Government will complete their work by the autumn of 1894.

Mr. Peter Lee is the *deus ex machina* of these parts. He is the manager of the Volcano House, and it is he who has made the road, such as it is, to Pahala. It is also due to his enterprise that the excellent path across the crater, for pedestrians and horses, has recently been opened to the public. The road, unfortunately, from Pahala has been allowed to fall out of repair, and, apparently, Mr. Lee did not care to go to the expense of keeping it up, neither would the Government. However, I understand that the authorities have now consented to take it over, and have given Mr. Lee 6,000 dollars for the trouble he took in making it.

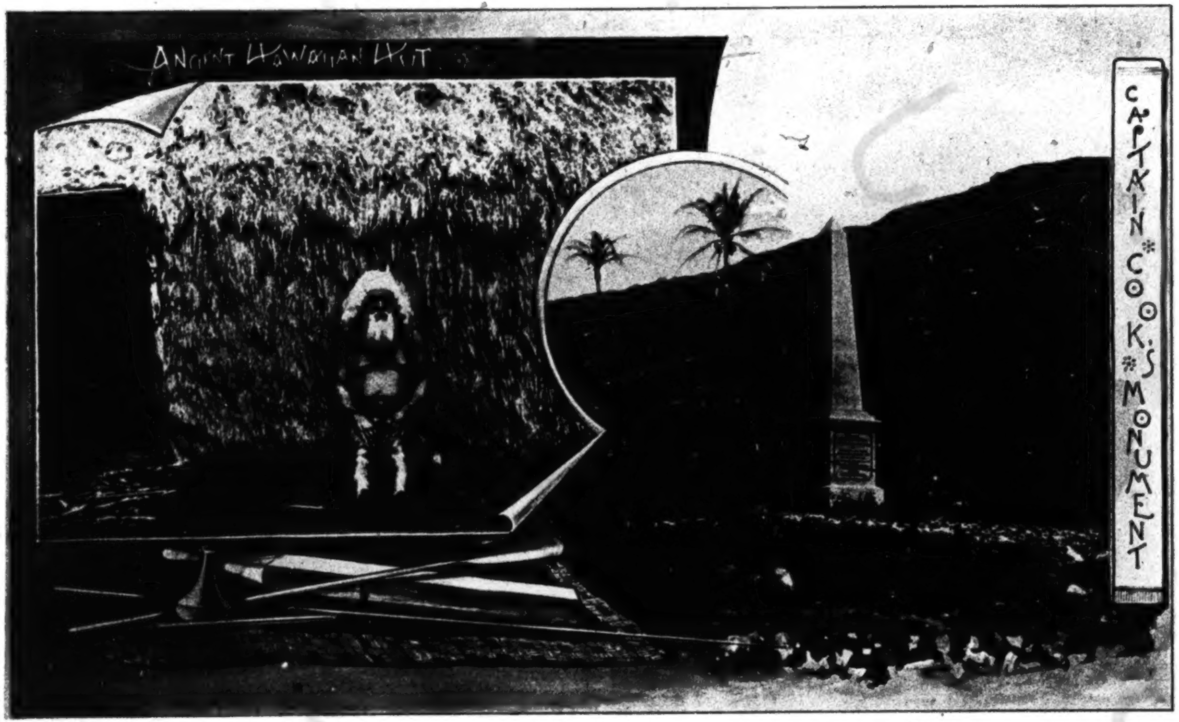
According to the time-table, the S.S. *W. G. Hall*, by which we travelled, should have landed us at 6 p.m. on the afternoon of Saturday. We had left Honolulu at 10 a.m. of the previous day, and expected to be only one night at sea, but, owing to our having to wait at Maalaea Bay for more than an hour for the arrival of the *Kinau*, from Hilo, it would have caused us to reach Punaluu after dark, when landing is impracticable, so we anchored the second night under the lee of a cape. We found afterwards that this was the usual thing, as it is easier, and safer, to land passengers early in the morning than late in the afternoon. This I can quite believe, as generally, the trades are slight about sunrise and freshen as the day advances. Be this as it may, it would be far better if, instead of advertising "one night only" on board, they frankly said it was usually two. If one has a disagreeable business to face, it is much easier to get through it successfully if you know the extent of the annoyance beforehand, but what one does not like is, after having made up one's mind to thirty hours of discomfort, to find an additional twelve hours thrust upon one. The extra twelve hours were the least disagreeable to me. It was the horribly early start that I disliked; to be routed out at 5 a.m., having to dress in the dark, and landed without even a cup of coffee to brace one up, is calculated to try the best of tempers. This little steamer carries four very large and strong whale boats, and the company do all their own landing of cargo and passengers. For this purpose, a crew of thirty Kanakas is employed. On arriving off any of the numerous stopping-places, three, or the whole four, of these boats are lowered. The coxswain takes charge of a tremendously long steering oar, by which the boat is steered, instead of by a rudder. These natives are wonderfully adept in handling boats, and for steering through the surf an oar is far better than a rudder would be.

The first place we stopped at was Lahaina, in the island of Maui. Here we lost some of our native passengers, much to my regret, for amongst the number were some of the Queen Liliuokilani's household, who were willing and eager to discuss the political aspect, and from whom I learned the views of the other side, which I give in the chapter on the revolution.

After Lahaina we stopped at Maalaea Bay. This is the island of Maui's chief port, if an open roadstead can be called a port. Sometimes one gets a glimpse of Haleakala, a mountain 10,000 feet high.

After leaving Maalaea Bay, we came in for the second bit of rough water in crossing the Alenuihaha Channel, 26 miles wide. At each place we arrived, scores of horses, belonging to those who had ridden in for their mail, could be seen tethered. "Steamer-day," once a week, is always a great day with the natives, but never was news more anxiously awaited than that which we brought. Excepting that the political position generally was very strained, nothing was known. That, since the *W. G. Hall's* last visit, the Government had been defeated, a new ministry elected, a mass meeting held appointing a committee of thirteen to act as they thought best, the Queen deposed, the Cabinet overthrown, and the Provisional Committee recognized as a *de facto* government; all this news we brought them, and of which, owing to the non-existence of a cable, they knew nothing.

Kailua, our first stopping place in Hawaii, is chiefly remarkable for its absence of houses and the conspicuousness of its churches. It was formerly one of the residences of the King. A short stop is made at Kaawaluu, after which we go on to Kealakekua Bay. This Bay not only has served for the burial place of many of the mighty Chiefs belonging to the Hawaiian past, but here it is that Captain Cook was killed whilst getting into his boat. The late Princess Like-like, in 1874, presented a small piece of land to the British Government on which to erect a monument in memory of this marvellous navigator. To quote from the guide-book :—


ANCIENT HAWAIIAN HUT
CAPTAIN COOK'S MONUMENT

"It is a plain obelisk of concrete, standing in a small enclosure, which is surrounded by chains and old cannon. The monument was put in its place in 1874, the work being performed by the sailors of H.M.S. *Fantome*.

The inscription reads as follows:—

In Memory of
the great Circumnavigator,
CAPTAIN JAMES COOK, R.N.,
who
discovered these Islands
on the 18th of January, A.D., 1778,
and fell near this spot
on the 14th of February, A.D., 1779.

———:o:———

This Monument was erected
by some of
his fellow countrymen."

Here passengers are allowed to land, and we were shown the actual rock on which Captain Cook is said to have been killed. Tradition has it, that, as he was embarking, some of the natives threw stones at the boat's crew, and that Captain Cook, who was bringing up the rear, was hit by one, and called out with pain, whereupon the natives yelled "he is no more a god than we are," and, springing forward, clubbed him. The place is very much as the prints, I have seen at home, represent it. A somewhat bare spot with a few cocoanut trees in the foreground.

We are now in the region of the various lava flows, and in many parts all is black and weird-looking. Hookena and Hoopuloa are next touched at, and, between the latter and Honuapo on the south-east of Hawaii, the large flows of 1868 and 1887 are passed. As I have said, our skipper decided to bring up for the night under the lee of Cape Kadae, the southernmost point of Hawaii. Here we brought up at sunset, and got under way again at midnight. Off Honuapo the sea was rough, and those of our native passengers who landed there had a somewhat exciting time leaping into the boat at 3 a.m. Punaluu is but a few miles beyond, and we anchored off until it was time for them to rout us out, which they promptly did at five o'clock in the morning. We were all delighted to quit our craft, for she is far from being what she is claimed to be in the advertisements. She was, for one thing, much overcrowded. She has a breed of the finest cockroaches I have met with, bar those along the coast of Chili and Peru; of rats and mice she can show good samples, and has a further supply of as choice smelling bilge water as one often meets with. The food is plain and roughly served, but the meat was tender and good. The willingness of the Jap stewards covered a multitude of deficiences. It was such a novelty to be asked if there was any little thing they could do, whether they could get you some chicken broth or a cup of tea, that we could not realize it, till we remembered that we were no longer under the American flag, and were being attended to by Japanese. Fond as I am of good cooking, I am not sure whether I would not prefer indifferent cooking, with willing and obliging stewards, to good living, when the things are thrown at you, and you are hurried through your meals to suit the convenience of your attendants. I mention all these details, for and against, so that anyone contemplating this trip may know exactly what to expect. I do not, as I have previously remarked, consider that this book has the slightest pretention to literary merit, all I do claim, is, that I have written the unvarnished truth, so far, as I set down everything as it appeared to me. A police officer on board, with whom I was chatting, told me that he had had to go to the Volcano House the previous week, and, knowing both routes well, he would always go the Hilo route in preference to the Punaluu, as the road from Pahala was in such an awful state. The only objection he had to the Hilo way was, that the Kinau was such a terrible boat to roll, and was most uncomfortable, whereas the *W. G. Hall*, having a good bit of sail power, manages to steady herself, and is a capital little sea boat, though, of course far behind the *Kinau* in other respects. The *Kinau* has the electric light, and is a modern up-to-date vessel.

At Punaluu, like most of the other "towns" we had stopped at, we found less than half a dozen houses. The hotel, which is quite near the landing stage, was clean and comfortable, and the manager gave us a most excellent and well-cooked breakfast. It was such an agreeable surprise, that after the meal, I congratulated him on having such a good cook, and said I presumed he had a China boy. This proved to be the case, and his experience of the Chinese and Japs quite accorded with my own, viz., that a *good* Chinese servant is most industrious, painstaking, and reliable, and that Japs, however charming they may be as a people, lack many of the sterling qualities the Chinese possess.

Having an excellent foundation for our trying journey, we now started for the Volcano. The narrow-guage Railway, consisting of a toy engine and four ballast wagons, with seats across for ladies, takes its way through the plantation of the Hawaiian Agricultural Company. The track is very roughly laid, and the three men on the locomotive looked as if they had the cares of an empire on their shoulders, whilst we were immensely amused at the whole affair, which seemed like playing at trains. Before we had left Pahala five minutes, our great regret was that we could not continue the same merry game, as our ballast trucks were bliss compared to the terrible jolting we were in for. Pahala is the most thriving township we had yet seen. Here is a large sugar mill belonging to the before-mentioned Company, and the whole place has a thriving appearance. On alighting, we found two waggonettes, awaiting us. We were a party of fifteen, and the difficulty was how we were all to be crowded into them. So large a company as ours was quite an unusual event, as about three persons per steamer is the average. I was under the impression that the visit to the celebrated Volcano of Kilauea was almost as "cut-and-dried" an affair as Vesuvius. I had read Miss Bird's book on her six month's stay in the Sandwich Islands, and other works of a similar character, and quite thought it was the sort of place everybody—that is, all globe-trotters—had done. I found I had never made a greater mistake in my life, for since January 1st, 1892, but two Englishmen and one English-woman have visited the place (*vide* Register). I suppose it is the difficulty of reaching the Volcano that keeps people away, anyhow the fact remains, that according to Mr. Lee, the Manager, in fifteen years not more than six or eight English ladies have undertaken it. Such an influx as fifteen at one fell swoop, was trying their resources to the utmost, and we used up all their available cattle.

In the larger of our two conveyances, we had a team of six horses, though but two mules were allotted to the smaller one. As we could not all possibly crowd into the two traps with our baggage, three saddle horses were also provided. It was necessary that three persons should volunteer for this 24 miles ride on horseback. I should have preferred to be one of these, but doubted whether I could ride so far. Finally, we found three of the party willing to undertake it, and they led the way. Before leaving, no hint was given us as to the amount of baggage we might bring. Common sense, however, told us that it would be wise to take as little as possible, so we had nothing but a Gladstone bag apiece. That was fortunate, as there was no provision for baggage at all, and what we and our fellow passengers had, was stowed under the seats as it best could be. Needless to say, this did not conduce to our comfort, and when we got clear of the village and on the road—composed mostly of boulders—we concluded the Police Officer had not exaggerated in telling us that the *route* was truly awful. I will not dwell upon this part of the journey, except to say, that how these light-wheeled conveyances can stand the fearful bumping they are subjected to, is indeed a puzzle. Our driver was a calm, imperturbable sort of man, whom nothing seemed to disturb.

Shortly after the start we had to pass through a gate, at the other side of which some logs were lying. These our leaders had not seen before, and the four suddenly swerved right round and came parallel with the waggonette, and in another second we should have been upset and a stampede down hill would have taken place. One of our party, however, jumped down, got to the horses' heads, and straightened them, and the imperturbable one succeeded in getting them safely through the gate. From time to time, there was a short respite for a quarter of a mile or so where the road was free from rocks and boulders. These boulders are called by the natives "*Aa*," and the whole landscape is one mass of them. Where the flow took place, ages ago, the vegetation is rife, but the recent flows have left the land black and dreary looking. On each side of the road we saw numerous cattle and the skeletons of many oxen.

These, we were told, were beasts which had died of thirst, for the only water they ever get is from the heavy dews, or when the rainfall is very heavy. There is water in the gulches, and it seems very cruel to leave the poor beasts to die, especially as there are some few springs. These are made use of for plantation purposes, and an aqueduct from a spring in the hills supplies Pahala Mill with water. This aqueduct also floats down logs, and the whole of this water runs to waste. The cattle we passed looked very poor, though ranching is one of the important industries of this island.

Here, too, we saw, for the first time, numbers of donkeys. These, I am told, are bred for pack-carrying. Horses are also bred in considerable quantities, and a good horse, cross-bred between a native and an imported animal, fetches from 70 to 80 dollars, though a good native pony can be purchased for 30 or 40 dollars. On the road to the Volcano Hotel, about 24 miles, we only passed one dwelling. This is called the "half-way house," not at all because it is half-way, but because it answers as such. As a matter of fact, it is some miles short of half way; however, as it is the only place at which one could get anything to eat, it is utilized as a luncheon-place. The man who keeps it is a character. Here he lives quite alone, cooks the food, waits upon his guests, helps to look after the horses, acts as chambermaid, and performs everything that is required of him single-handed. Although thus isolated, he is not quite shut off from the rest of his kind; for, if he feels lonely, he can talk to the people at Punaluu or at the Volcano, as the telephone runs through his house—in fact, whilst we were there, we telephoned to the hotel, advising them of the time of our probable arrival. It does not do to be too critical when the duties of one's host are so multifarious, but I think we should have enjoyed our food more had he been able to bestow greater attention on the cooking. The fowls upon which he regaled us, apart from being most muscular, had been apparently cooked in anticipation of our arriving an hour earlier. One of the riding party now thought he had had enough of it, so I volunteered to exchange with him, and started off alone, some half an hour before the rest of the party. I afterwards heard this gentleman bitterly regretting having given up his horse, as the jolting in the waggonette he found much worse than riding. I certainly found it a delightful change, though as my gee stumbled badly, and the road was rough, I could not look much about me. I knew I could not miss the road, as there was no other. After I had been two hours on the road without seeing a sign of a human being, I thought it was about time I came in sight of the Hotel. The distance is called 15 miles, and it took me from one o'clock to four to ride it. Of course, the greater part of the way a horse has to walk, though there are occasionally some turfy bits where he can canter. I was the first to arrive, and found Mr. Peter Lee and his wife awaiting us. Such a numerous party they do not often have, and they must have found it most difficult to cater for us. Needless to say, I was very tired and almost speechless for the next hour. The change, too, in the temperature was very great. Mr. Lee speaks of the Volcano House as a sort of panacea for all evils, and thinks that if sick people would only go there, their maladies would vanish. As a sanitorium, it may be—and, I should think, is—an admirable place to brace up a person, naturally healthy, who has run down; but for an invalid, it is in every way unsuitable.

In the first place, the fatigue of the journey would give the *coup de grace* to many. In the second, the sulphur vapour baths, of which so much is made in advertisements, are only of the very crudest nature, and not comfortable enough to commend them to any invalid. And thirdly, the heavy night dews and range of temperature are very trying to a delicate person. At sunset, fires are lighted in the public sitting rooms; but, as all the doors and windows are open, the damp night air is not avoided. At noon it is (in the sun) almost as hot as in Honolulu, though at night the thermometer may fall as low as 40 degrees. The air feels magnificent, and is most exhilerating. The elevation is 4,000 feet, a little less than one-third up Mauna Loi—on the side of which mountain it stands. Of all the deceitful, sly, pretending-not-to-be-a-mountain places, Mauni Loi is the worst. For miles along the coast it is visible, rising from the sea level, it gradually slopes to

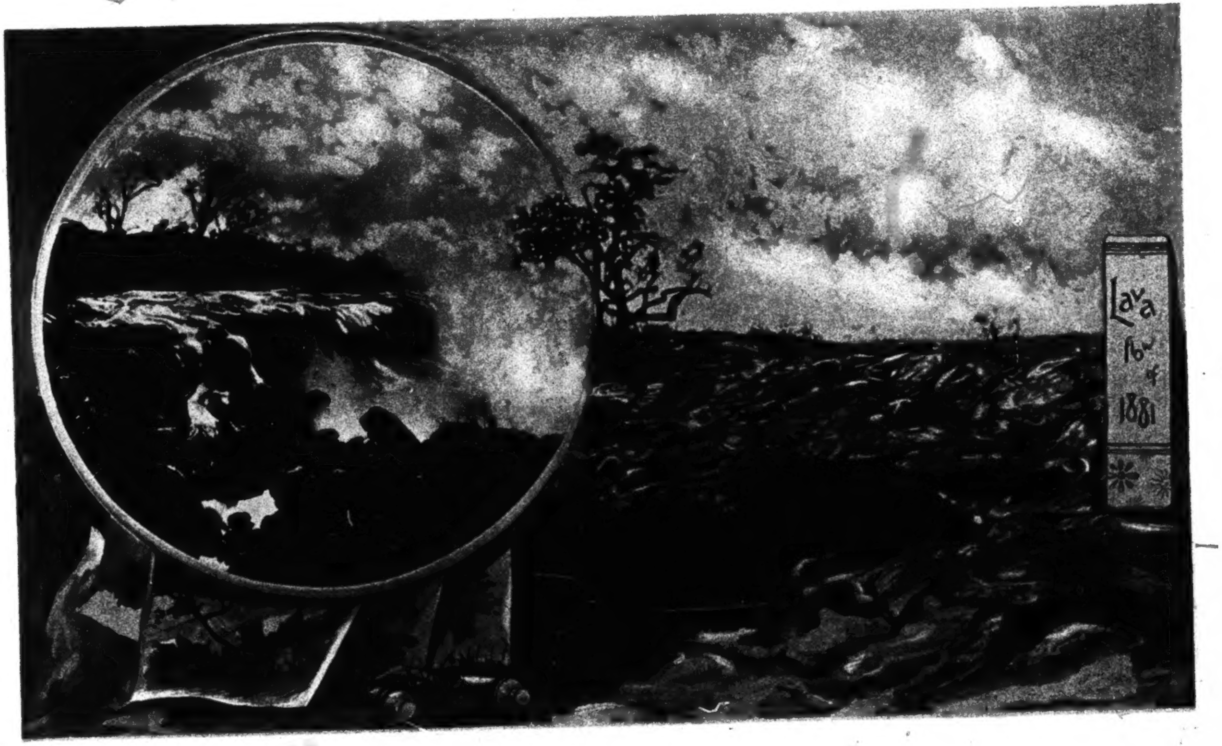
13,000 feet odd before the summit is reached. Usually the top is covered with snow from November to March; during my visit, for the first time within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, snow was conspicuous by its absence. Had I been casually asked how high I thought the slope, I should have said possibly 1,000 feet. After one actually reaches Volcano House, Mauna Loi's rival is to be seen. This mountain is Mauna Kea, and is little more than 500 feet higher than Mauna Loi, and is the highest mountain in the islands. Its appearance is so different that one can easily believe in its height. Mauna Loi was last active some few months back; but it only made a small effort, and became quiescent in four days. This attempt on the part of Mauna Loi to erupt was cabled all over the world, and was most awfully exaggerated. People were said to be flying from their homes to escape the torrents of lava, &c., &c.

The crater of this mountain is called Mokuaweoweo, and is situated at the very top. This crater is nearly 10 miles in circumference, and is the largest active volcano in the islands, and probably in the world. In the Island of Maui there is an extinct volcano called Haleakala. This has an elevation of 10,000 feet. The crater itself is 20 miles in circumference. The guide-book describes it in appearance, as looking like a carbuncle after the withdrawal of the core. I was always under the impression that when a volcano was active the whole of the crater was busy. This is not the case; as the circumference of the crater may be 20 miles and the actual outbreak confined to a space 100 feet in diameter. From this vent, the floor of the surrounding crater is often covered with boiling lava, and when this reaches the summit, comes the overflow. Sometimes, as in 1868—the biggest eruption for some time—the lava was thrown up to a height of 800 feet, and the slower process, which one sees at work at Kalauea, was dispensed with, a river of liquid fire being poured forth. The speed with which it travelled was from 10 to 15 miles an hour. Fortunately the violence of this eruption was too great to last, and it was all over in four days. I was talking to a man at Punaluu, who remembered it all, and he told me that Punaluu, which lies at the foot of Mauna Loi, experienced 300 shocks of earthquake, at that time, in one day, and that the village itself was overwhelmed by a huge tidal wave, and all the inhabitants—some 180 in number—were drowned. He went on to say, that, since that time, on feeling a shock of earthquake the natives betake themselves to the safer shelter of the hills, in case of another tidal wave. If the volcano is active, they may meet a lava flow; but, as the last travels only at a snail's pace, they could easily avoid that danger.

The last really bad eruption at Kilauea, was in May of 1840, at which time the whole crater was one great sea of liquid lava. As a rule, the overflows came from Mauna Loi; but on that occasion, Kilauea, on June 1st, 1840, sent down a river of lava to the sea, so heating it, that dead fish were picked up along 20 miles of the coast. Such a glare was there that the light "was visible for over 100 miles at sea, and at the distance of 40 miles, fine print could be read at midnight."

In 1868, as I have previously said, there was another terrible eruption, accompanied by seven earthquakes. The lava-flow did not come from the summit of Mauna Loi, but burst out on one side, about half-way up. During the eruption, the fountains of molten lava rose from 5 to 600 feet in the air, and rocks, of over 100 tons in weight, were discharged to a great height. The flow lasted only four days; but so liquid was the lava, that it poured down 2,000 feet in two hours.

There was every indication of a severe eruption in 1877. Mr. Coan, in the American Journal *Science*, wrote that "The columns of illuminated steam rose with fearful speed to a height of 14,000 to 17,000 feet, and then spread out into a vast fiery cloud, looking at night as if the heavens were on fire." Hearing of this, the tourists staying in Honolulu promptly took their passages by the steamer going to Hawaii to witness the unusual sight. On their arrival they found the fire had all disappeared, and so started back on the return passage. As soon as they were out of sight of land, "A remarkable bubbling was seen in the sea, about three miles south of Kealake-ua, a mile from the shore. . . . . . Blocks of lava, two feet square, came from below, striking and jarring the boats. . . . . . Nearly all the pieces, on reaching the surface, were


Lava flow of 1881

red hot, but soon became cold, and sank." This account is given by Mr. Whitney, who was an eye witness.

In 1880 and 1881 there was a continuous flow. It commenced on November 5th and stopped on August 10th. This outbreak was within 2,000 feet of the summit. The flow divided into three distinct streams. Judge Hitchcock, in his account of it, says:—"The stream, for miles northward to the plain, was a continuous belt of fire in steady flow, and also beyond this for several miles towards Hilo. The regular flow was interrupted half-way from the plane to the source, by the lavas rising into a huge dome, from which they flowed over like an immense fountain. The value of property at Hilo was at a pretty low ebb, as it looked as if the town must be destroyed, but it stopped just in time."* "On its journey," Mr. Ernest Lyman says, "the lava stream came in contact with a stream of water, flowed into, blocked, and turned it out of its course. The steam forming under it, caused frequent explosions. I saw it pass over a waterfall. At first, the water cooled the lava sufficiently to make it brittle, and it fell over in chunks till it had formed a pile as high as the fall and then it flowed over, forming a flume of lava. It was a wonderful sight to see the water and lava flowing side by side."

Dana, in his exhaustive work on the characteristics of volcanoes, writes:—"The thickness of the stream in its lower part, as determined by the depth of the holes left where trees had been burned off, was found, by Mr. Baker, to be in two such places twelve and eighteen feet deep." So slowly did this Hilo flow run, that its speed, for the nine months it was on its journey seawards, did not exceed 75 feet an hour. The total length of the stream was nearly 33 miles, and it finally stopped three-quarters of a mile short of Hilo. The recuperative power of Mauna Loi must be pretty good, as these lava-flows do not seem to exhaust its energies. Kalauea's one effort is fairly eclipsed by Mauna Loi. In 1852 it poured forth a stream of 20 miles of lava—measured, this contains thousands of millions of cubic feet. However, a year or two later, he came up to the scratch again with a 26-mile flow, and, in 1855, increased this by one of 33 miles. Judge Hitchcock, in describing the manner in which the fields of *Pahoehoe* and *Aa* are formed, writes of the Hilo flow :—"Along the whole line of the advance, the stream, 20 to 30 feet in height, was one crash of rolling, sliding, tumbling, red-hot rock—no liquid rock being in sight—with no explosion, but a tremendous roaring like ten thousand blast furnaces all at work at once." What constitutes the difference is the way in which the lava cools. *Pahoehoe* (Hawaiian for "satinlike") is lava which has cooled first from above, whereas in the *Aa* fields, the reverse is the case. On our way up to Pahala we saw specimens of both.

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* Ruth's appeal to Pele, in another chapter.

As to the ascent of Mauna Loi, I am told, and can quite believe it, that the game is not worth the candle; of course, it is different when the crater is in a state of eruption—but this is not often. There is no particular difficulty about the ascent, and it would be child's play to anyone used to mountaineering. A certain amount of "roughing it" is inevitable, as there are, of course, no hotels. After leaving the Volcano House, though, the hospitality of a solitary ranche *en route* may be relied upon. The trip is usually wet, and always cold, so plenty of warm clothing is necessary. Of course guides must be taken, as the ascent, though easy enough, is so rarely made that there is no regular track during the latter part of the journey. The expense is not great, as guides, horses, food—including the steamboat passage to and from Honolulu—can all be done for a cost ot £16, the trip taking from seven to ten days. On my return I tried to buy a photograph of this crater, but the local photographer had never taken it.

THE VOLCANO VISITED.

The ladies in Honolulu, and throughout these islands, ride on men's saddles in Bloomer costume. As the descent to the crater had to be made on horseback, the afternoon was spent by Mr. Lee acting as a sort of ringmaster; the ladies, who were essaying this mode of locomotion for the first time, riding round a paddock. The Englishwoman of our party "struck," and refused to ride unless only she could have a side-saddle. Poor Lee argued that it was unsafe to go down such steep hills, excepting cross-legged. Finding this of no avail he wanted to run to the hotel to fetch some magazine, in which, he said, he could show us an account of how the daughters of the Princess of Wales were now riding in this way.

In the end, by taking a stout piece of stick like a broom handle, we managed to improvise a side saddle, which answered the purpose admirably. Lee came up to me afterwards, and said he felt "real mean" over the business, but, he added, that he had only once before been asked for a side saddle, or he would have had one.

At about four o'clock we started, some riding, and some on foot. The first part of the journey lies by a bridle path through abundant vegetation, and though somewhat steep, is not dangerous, though in some places it is precipitous, and if one's horse came down it would likely be fatal. After about ten minutes' ride one arrives at the crater. The circumference of this crater is about nine miles, and is surrounded by cliffs varying in height from 300 to 500 feet. The path now lies over the lava bed of the crater, and is an excellent one. The distance to the pit, where the lake of fire is to be seen, is some two miles. Although there was then no actual fire to be seen through the cracks in the lava, this is not always the case. As it was, every now and then, through the fissures, a burning blast of sulphurous air would strike one. I had come prepared to be disappointed. Of course the book I have so freely quoted from, goes even madder than ever over the volcano. Miss Bird, also, piles it on pretty freely, and writes thus :—

> "Suddenly, just above, and in front of us, gory drops were tossed in air, and, springing forward, we stood on the brink of Halemaumau, which was about thirty-five feet below us. I think we all screamed, I know we all wept, but we were all speechless, for a new glory and terror had been added to the earth. It is the most unutterable of wonderful things. The words of common speech are quite useless. It is unimaginable, indescribable, a sight to remember for ever, a sight, which at once took possession of every faculty of sense and soul, removing one altogether out of the range of ordinary life. Here was the real 'bottomless' pit—'the fire which is not quenched'—'the place of hell'—'the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone'—the 'everlasting burnings'—the fiery sea whose waves are never weary. There were groanings, rumblings, and detonations, rushings, hissings,

and splashings, and the crashing sound of breakers on the coast, but it was the surging of fiery waves upon a fiery shore. But what can I write! Such words as jets, fountains, waves, spray, convey some idea of order and regularity, but here there was none."

Mr. Lee said that never in his memory had the lake been as large as it was then; and further, as it was full and overflowing, and in an exceptional state of activity, our party ran considerable risk in going as near to the molten lava as they did. Notwithstanding this, unlike the Miss Bird party where "all screamed and wept," ours seemed more on the other tack, and when a fresh fountain of fire burst forth, our Californians greeted it with the same "Oh!" with which the Crystal Palace crowd greet an extra high rocket. Some 200 or 300 yards from the hollow in which the lake is found, a rough, roofless shed has been put up where we left our horse. The little walk is over level ground, and suddenly one comes to the edge of a cliff, and, looking down, I saw what I had come so far to see. The amphitheatre containing the active crater is a depression in the main crater. It is called "Halemaumau" or mouth of Hell.

In circumference, the pit is about a mile and a half, its diameter being about 800 yards. The floor of the pit is dried lava, similar to that of the main body of the crater. In the middle of this hollow, surrounded by cliffs of old lava, varying in height from 120 to 150 feet, and raised some 30 to 40 feet above the level of the floor was a perfectly circular lake of boiling lava, enclosed by the raised walls or embankment. It was not in the least what I had anticipated, and surpassed in interest anything I had allowed myself to expect. What I could not bring myself to believe was, that it was real, and not artificial. The regularity of the formation, and the whole appearance looked far more like some huge smelting works, with molten metal enclosed in a wall of clay. It was not yet dark, so the waves of liquid fire, which were dashing against the walls, were not seen to the best advantage. The fire was level with the top, and from time to time a slight overflow would take place, cooling as it poured over, and showing us how the enclosing wall was formed. Across the surface of the lake there was a sort of scum that you would

VOLCANO OF KILAUEA

expect to see on molten lead; across which were huge cracks through which the fire gleamed. Now and again, there would come a noise like the cracking and breaking up of strong ice, this being followed by a fountain of fire thrown to a height of 10 to 15 feet. Once, when two or three of these were playing at the same time, an old lady, whose enthusiasm carried her away, seized me by the arm and said, "say now, isn't that elegant." Sometimes as many as six or eight of these fountains would be playing at once when again all would become quiet for a few minutes, except for the dashing of the molten lava against the edges in various parts of the reservoir. A descent was now made into the lower crater, and some of the more daring of the party actually climbed up and stood on the brink of the bank enclosing the liquid lava. Some ten feet to their left the lava was throwing itself against the parapet, and sending up drops of spray quite sufficient to burn horribly, if they happened to fall on any one.

The photograph, from which this illustration of Halemaumau was produced, does not give a good idea of the lake, as it was taken from a height of 150 feet from the lower crater.

To get to the wall, which towers 30 feet above one's head, is but a short distance. The diameter, as I have said, of the whole of the floor of this lower crater is 800 yards, and the actual diameter of the circular lake is 320 yards. So hot is the lava bed in this pit that the soles of one's boots would burn off if one stood still. In some places it is necessary to prod with a stick to see if the foothold is safe; for if your foot went through, it would get badly burnt. In several parts, one has to step over cracks (not wide enough to fall bodily into) in which the fire is plainly visible. As I could not climb up the 30-foot wall to actually look into the crater, I returned to the upper world and sat on the brink watching the others below. One lady, in foolishly trying a short-cut, burned the soles of her boots and stockings, and blistered her feet. Many came back with bleeding hands, as the lava wall is covered with short spikes, so hot that the hands are burnt in clutching the wall to assist the ascent to the brink.

"All's well that ends well," and there was no mishap; but there is no doubt it is tempting Providence, for, within a few hours of our visit, about 15 feet of that very wall gave way and flooded a portion of the floor with lava. Whilst watching the others return, I saw the liquid fire dash up and throw a volume of red hot lava over the very spot on which our party, one after another, had stood. Of course, the guide says he knows from signs and noises, more or less, what is going to happen; but to the uninitiated it seemed running it rather close. After the rest of the party returned, we sat and awaited darkness. As soon as this came on, the sight was much more impressive. Apart from the sea of fire contained in the circular wall, I counted 58 little gleams of fire on the floor of the crater on which we had been walking. In one place it broke out quite actively for about 15 minutes. These fires are not caused by any overflow of lava from the lake, but are, I suppose, the subterranean fires showing through the thin surface of dried lava, which forms merely a comparatively slight film over them.

One thing has to be remembered in visiting this volcano of Kilauea, and that is, that it is ever changing. Anyone reading this account might say, "where is the artificial-looking sort of lake he speaks of? Why, I see two, and they are both hundreds of feet below the surface." And so it may be next week, for aught anyone can tell. The present lake is only about two years old. It has been active since March, 1891, when it commenced to fill up from a depth of 800 feet. Previous to this, instead of one lake, there were three, though much smaller than the present one. These were between cones some 200 feet higher than the edge of the pit into which one looks. Without warning, at the end of January, 1891, the whole of these collapsed, and a pit 800 deep was formed. After this all was quiet for a month, when it again broke up, and is fast filling up the pit, being now within 120 feet of the main floor of the crater. At the pace it is now filling, it is calculated it will overflow in less than a twelvemonth—that is to say, it will reach the level of the main crater about 140 feet above, when, I suppose, there will be another collapse. So dangerous is it considered to visit the pit itself and climb the parapet, that the Hotel authorities decline all responsibility, and endeavour to dissuade persons from entering it. The lava, when it overflows, does not usually run very rapidly over the floor. The risk is that one may get caught between two flows. For this reason, only those who are active and able to run, if the necessity arises, should think of attempting it. It is needless to say, people of weak nerves or invalids should never think of doing so. Some time back the Hotel manager's wife took some ladies to view the scene. This was when the present pit was full and overflowing into the main crater. What I have just mentioned actually occurred, and the retreat of these ladies was all but cut off. To make things worse, one of the party fainted, and though they managed to drag her with them, all had the narrowest squeak for their lives. Everyone visiting the volcano seems to be seized with a species of *cacoethes scribendi*. The result is that the Hotel register contains some of the greatest nonsense conceivable. People, with as little poetry in their dispositions as I have, seem impelled to take flights far beyond their power, and the three volumes the Hotel possesses are most amusing. During the last ten years, I could find no record of more than sixty fellow-countrymen, and, as the Irishman would say, "fully half the English were Scotch." Everyone should read Miss Bird, for although she does pile it on somewhat, it is a splendid bit of word painting, and, after one has seen the lake, the exaggeration appears far less than might be supposed. I do not pretend that the account I have given is a proper description at all, so for the benefit of those who would like a perfectly accurate one, I quote from Dr. Lyons, who gives an exceedingly vivid and unexaggerated description of the volcano :—

"A tourist whose knowledge of Kilauea has been gathered only from a single visit is apt to be impressed with the permanence of the existing conditions. The Volcano House, furnishing him comfortable and even luxurious accommodation, stands almost on the brink of the crater wall, as though earthquakes here were a thing undreamed of. The sulphurous vapours from steam cracks are utilized in the most matter of fact way for baths, as well as to supply heat for the drying room.

The descent into the great crater is by a zig-zag road, passing, at least in the upper half of its course, through shrubbery and tree ferns that seem to have held undisturbed possession of this corner of Pele's domain for ages. The floor of the crater is of lava, which although black and bare of vegetation shows no signs of underlying fire and is crossed by a well worn trail, which, for aught that appears, may have been trodden by generations of visitors. The lake of fire, covered the most of the time with a hardened crust, heaves now and again with a sluggish motion that scarcely suffices to crack the crust, and rolls its heavy surf against its enclosing walls as impotently as the ocean beats age by age on its barriers. Mighty as must be the force which tosses into fountains the molten sea, its action seems to be so balanced and controlled that any change appears as improbable as that a planet should swerve from its orbit.

Close attention to the phenomena of the crater's action, however, shows that the volcanic force is essentially spasmodic and lawless in its operation. You make your nightly pilgrimage to the lake of fire with no certainty but that what you will see will be different from what you saw the preceding night. The lava may be on a higher or lower level—a change of five or even ten feet in twenty-four hours is not uncommon. The set of the lava currents will be now in one direction, now in another, or there may be no current discernable. Fountains may play fiercely and almost continuously, or there may be only now and then a feeble effort hardly sufficing to break through the blackened crust. Indeed the fascination which draws one night after night to the brink of that fiery pit depends almost as much on the succession of surprises one is sure to find in the phenomena that present themselves as in the indescribable beauty of the pyrotechnic display.

Still one generally goes away from Kilauea with a conviction that he may return in a month or a year and find things essentially unchanged, or at least that the changes he will find will be only such as he has seen manifestly in progress. But a subsequent visit, even after an interval of only a few weeks, may convince him that even in Kilauea volcanic forces are sufficiently capricious and irregular in their action. The magnitude of the changes that may take place in a single night are indeed almost beyond belief except on ocular demonstration.

It was one of these revolutionary changes that took place during the night of March 7, 1891. The writer of this article had visited the crater not very long before, and had an opportunity in the summer of 1892 of studying the changes that had occurred in the interval.

At the time of my earlier visit, July 1889, the volcanic action centered about a cone nearly 200 feet in height, from whose bare and fissured sides were rising perpetually clouds of steam and sulphurous smoke. One would have taken it, from its shape as well as from its connection with the volcanic vent, for an ordinary cinder cone, but this was not in fact its character. It consisted of a mass of *débris* which had been lifted up bodily by the lava as it rose to refill its conduit after the collapse of 1886. That it merely floated on the surface of the molten lava is shown by the fact that it was constantly rising and falling as the lava rose and fell. It occupied the centre of an irregularly triangular depression some 2,400 feet in diameter and 20 or 30 feet in depth, with precipitous walls, the area which had sunk at the time of the collapse before mentioned. To reach the small lake of fire that was then the chief centre of interest to the visitor it was necessary to clamber down the steep descent into the depression before mentioned amid suffocating sulphurous vapours and go half-way around the base of the great *débris* cone. The lake at the time of my visit was about 175 feet long by 120 feet wide, easily approached on the west side where the lava was but a few feet below the level of the bank. On the north-east side cliffs rose vertically to a height of 50 or 60 feet, commanding a magnificent view by night of the lava fountains and surf. To the east and south of the lake there was a large tract covered with Pele's hair, looking from a little distance exactly like dry grass. In this area, however, we could not venture far without a respirator on account of the sulphur fumes.

I may say here that the inconvenience and actual danger which tourists experience from sulphur fumes admit of an extremely simple remedy. A respirator charged with a little potash will absorb completely the deleterious gas together with any other acid vapors that may be encountered. The wet handkerchief which is commonly resorted to for this purpose, although better than nothing is a very inefficient remedy for the evil. In the present condition of the crater, however, there is little need for any such protection.

At my second visit I found things so changed that nothing in the vicinity of Halemaumau was recognizable. The *débris* cone had vanished, and with it the clouds of smoke and steam that had issued from its base and sides. At first view indeed, looking into the great crater from a point near the Volcano House, I should have thought the volcano extinct. Here and there only could be seen a little steam rising, but not more than might come from some camp-fire. From the spot where the smoking cone was formerly so conspicuous an object there could be seen only now and then a barely perceptible puff of bluish vapor. At times indeed, as in the cool of the morning, or in misty weather, white steam might be seen to rise from numerous points in the crater and on its verge, and at times this latter as it was caught by the trade wind and swept off horizontally from the crater rim was an impressive sight.

Following the old familiar trail, whose winding course is now rendered easier to follow in the night by heaps of lava fragments placed by it at frequent intervals (but not yet whitewashed), I approached within 50 rods of the new pit before perceiving any indication of its proximity. From what appeared like a great fissure I could then see rising a thin veil of pale blue smoke. I could perceive hot air and steam issuing from cracks in the lava over which I walked. Crossing a patch of lava, which was quite hot and covered with a yellow incrustation of ferric sulphate, I found myself suddenly on the brink of a precipice 250 feet high, forming part of a nearly circular rampart enclosing the great lake of fire. You could take it all in at a glance: a vast pit, its precipitous sides consisting of irregularly stratified lava varying in hue from gray to brick red, its floor seemingly level, of fresh black pahoehoe, except the centre, which is occupied by a circular area also of pahoehoe, but—except for an imperfect crust—fluid and glowing with heat, and here and there boiling like a witch's chaldron. It all lies at your feet, and yet it seems dream-like and far away. And no wonder, for, in fact, the lava lake whose hoarse surf you can only now and then hear faintly, is fully a quarter of a mile distant. In absence of familiar objects for comparison, you have naturally at first greatly under-estimated magnitudes. The lava pool below you looks as if it might cover an acre or two. In fact, it is nearer to fifteen. The banks of the lake seem to rise scarcely a foot above the level of the molten lava. They are in reality five to ten feet higher. As you come slowly to comprehend these facts, you realize that you are in the presence of one of the grandest exhibitions of nature's forces.

The walls of the pit on all sides appear so nearly vertical that it seems quite impossible to make a descent to this lower floor. But others have done it, and there must be a way. Attempting to pass around the east side of the pit, you find your way obstructed by great crevasses, nearly parallel with its walls, in some places 10 to 15 feet wide and 20 to 60 feet deep. If you make your way into one of these chasms it will lead you to a point where it opens into the pit, and whence you may cautiously climb over loosely piled lava blocks, which lie at so high an angle that the least disturbance will dislodge them in avalanches, until you reach the floor of the pit. You find that this is far from level; the margin of the lake is in fact 25 to 30 feet higher than the base of the walls of the pit. The ascent on the northern side is by a gradual slope, on the south the lava lake is held as it were by a levee of no great thickness, and when it overflows here the lava pours over the steep embankment in a magnificent cataract not less than 15 feet in perpendicular height.

The floor is everywhere of lava that has been very recently molten, since the level of the lake is constantly rising and overflows are of almost daily occurrence. One evening there were overflows from three distinct points at once, and within two hour's time not less than fifteen acres of the floor were inundated by the fiery flood. Shoe leather is liable to suffer in walking over lava so recently poured out, but one is not exposed to any other inconvenience in this close proximity to the lava lake. Scarcely any suffocating vapors are given off by the lava except when it is in actual ebullition.

The heat of the molten lava is so intense that one cannot linger long at the very verge of the lake, and there is danger also from the drops of lava which is thrown off in its boiling and spurting.

There is generally no difficulty in finding spots where the lava is still sluggishly flowing, and coin specimens, &c., may be secured thus in any desired number. Filaments of Pele's hair are to be found everywhere, and, occasionally fine tresses of this spun lava may be secured, lodged in some nook in the rocks. The more venturesome explorer who would go around to the leeward of the lake would no doubt find abundance of this material, but the excursion would be not unattended with danger, for extensive overflows of lava might take place at any time which might not only cut off one's retreat, but might raise the temperature in that part of the crater to that of a baker's oven. Indeed one is very willing, after spending an hour in exploring what might so easily prove a death trap to return to the station on the verge of the pit where seats have been provided in the lea of a sheltering wall at a convenient point commanding a bird's eye view of the crater.

Here, at least, we shall station ourselves as the evening twilight approaches, to watch such displays of natures' fireworks as Madame Pele may be disposed to exhibit. By aid of a field glass we may place ourselves as near to the fiery fountains and vortices as we may desire without incurring any personal risk. As daylight fades the walls of the pit begin to glow with the reflection of the lurid volcanic fire; the clouds which the trade wind brings over the crater catch the same unearthly light which brightens with the outburst of each new fountain below. As the darkness deepens, the light from the lava jets and surges becomes fairly dazzling to the eyes, and the action is kept up almost without intermission, now at one point only, again along half the circumference of the lake, or over areas of an acre or two in the centre. There were certain lines along which the ebullition would take place repeatedly, sometimes continuing hours together, sometimes only momentarily at somewhat regular intervals; the lava would be thrown to a height of 15 to 30 feet, small clots, appearing like sparks, shooting often to double that height. The peculiar sullen or angry roar of the fiery surf could be often distinctly heard, and was at times startlingly loud. Frequently, too, the radiated heat could be distinctly felt when there was an unusual outburst.

The crust which by daylight had appeared to be uniformly black is seen in the night to be crossed with a net work of cracks and fissures through which the light of the glowing metal can be seen. These appear sometimes simply as sharply defined lines, forming a more or less intricate pattern, which is, however, momentarily changing. This is when the lava crust is under no particular tension. Again the lines of light will be seen perhaps sharply defined on one side but shaded through tints of red to darkness on the other, the effect being produced by a force drawing the crust bodily away from the crack on one side. Frequently a crack will be shaded in this way on both sides, and will presently divide into two parallel lines of light which will slowly separate from one another. When the current pushes the crust before it on the other hand, it will yield suddenly, one edge will be forced up and the other down, so that presently the crust will break into blocks which will be successively engulfed. Then a fountain will perhaps suddenly burst through the crust tossing about its fragments, some of them a ton's weight, like bits of drift wood in the eddies of a mountain torrent. Then at some point the flood will rise above its embankment, and almost without warning a lava stream will begin to flow, becoming presently a river of living fire. The whole pit will be ablaze with vivid light; the flood will spread until it reaches the foot of the enclosing wall, glowing at first like molten iron drawn from the smelting furnace, then changing to a lurid red except where the feeding river continues to flow, and so fading until it shows only here and there glowing eyes of fire looking out from cavernous depths. It is as futile to attempt description as for the painter to try to present on canvas anything but a travesty of a volcano.

But now, standing on the brink of this vast abyss, nearly half-a-mile in diameter and 250 feet deep, I ask myself where it was that in my former visit I clambered over the rocks of that sulphurous inferno, and try to reconstruct in imagination there in the air two hundred feet above the lake of fire what I still vividly remembered as realities; the whole afterwards swallowed up in an instant, and a feeling of utter helplessness comes over me as I think how at any moment a few acres more of the ground which seems so firm under my feet may drop into the same unknown abyss which found room to hide forever the debris cone of the old Halemaumau.

There remained, we are told, merely a pit half a mile wide and 500 feet deep, funnel-shaped at the bottom, into which gradually afterwards the lava began to find its way from beneath, until as now, half filled. It appears that the whole of this area had been undermined by the liquid lava, which was suddenly drained off, we know not where, carrying with it the floating debris cone, and leaving the thin crust all around unsupported to fall in the general ruin.

It was a repetition of what must have happened more than once on a grander scale in the early history of Kilauea, when a narrow black ledge would be all that would remain of the crater floor after a "collapse," and the pit, five or six miles in circumference would be 800 to 1000 feet in depth. The black ledge of to-day is the entire floor of the great crater, but it is noticeable that the central pit has also its black ledge, formed as usual by successive floodings of the crater floor from a central lake, whose level is subject to great and sudden variations. Three months before the time of my visit, the lava had receded in its conduit so that it was 40 to 50 feet below the level of this inner black ledge. The prospect is now that the pit will be completely filled again in the course of two or three years, unless the lava finds again some subterranean outlet by which it shall drain away."

After spending some four hours watching the everchanging effects, we rode back by moonlight to our hotel, where we found a hot supper awaiting us. *We* had not taken a "lunch along," as tourists often do here. For the benefit of people not having travelled in the States, let me explain that "lunch" in America means any informal meal, and, whether taken at midday or midnight, it is always called "lunch."* I should add that, as the dews are very heavy, and it is also very cold after sunset, waterproofs or wraps should be taken, though should the visitor descend into the crater, let him remember to discard them, as the heat is, at least, great enough there. Amongst the most interesting curios one can pick up, is that called Pele's hair, a substance thrown off by the molten lava. It is found on the rocks near the volcano, and has exactly the appearance of golden hair. The worst of it is, that it is so fragile. What makes Madame Pele's hair more prized is, that this production is peculiar to the volcano of Kiluaea. There is another sort found which looks like wild rushes. Of course, too, there are all sorts of lava specimens, but, for the most part, these are black, uninteresting and brittle. Two men were busily engaged at the volcano, encasing ten cent pieces in lava, to be sold for a dollar at the World's Fair. Some thousands of these were being prepared, and I trust, for their sake, the speculation turned out well, though I should doubt it. The men employed at this work really carry their lives in their hands. When there is an overflow of lava they dip a long stick into it and obtain their curios in that way, otherwise they must climb the embankment, stand on its brink, and dip down for lava, with the double risk of the wall giving way or getting splashed with the molten liquid.

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* From the following note one learns how many times it is necessary for a girl to meet a young man before going to the play, and also what a "theatre lunch" is:—

BUFFALO, March 7.

DEAR QUIPS,—Will you kindly tell me in your columns whether it is considered proper for a young lady to accept an invitation to the theatre from a young man she has met twice. Also, whether, if he suggests going to one restaraunt afterward, it would be polite for her to say she preferred another?

Yours,

ETIQUETTE.

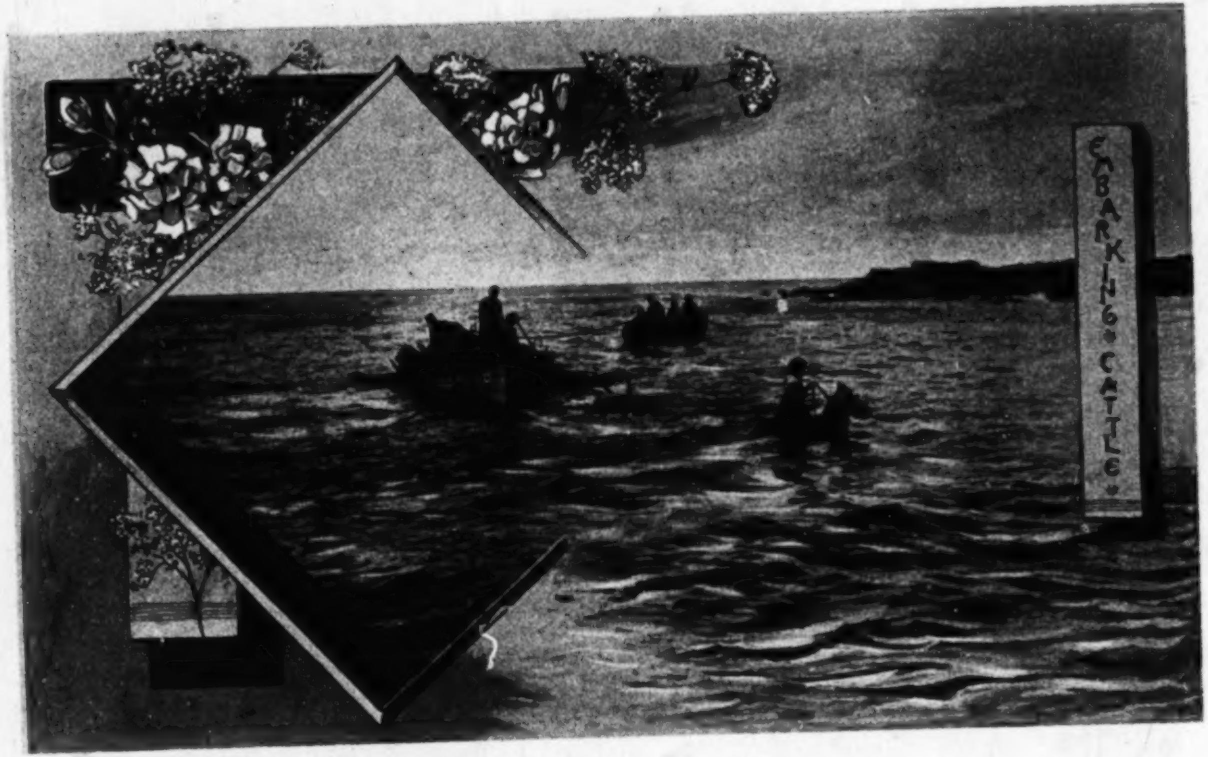
Under ordinary circumstances, it would not be considered "the thing" for a young lady to accept an invitation to the theatre from a young man she has met but twice. But much depends on previous knowledge of the young man in question, and the light in which you and your family regard him. If you prefer to be taken to the Iroquois for instance, for your after-theatre *lunch*, it would certainly not be objectionable for you to intimate your preference to your escort in a delicate manner.—ED.

There is a berry which grows in great profusion in this district, and is singularly and aptly named "Ohello." These berries are usually served at every meal. They taste stronger of nothing than one can possibly imagine. They are of various colours, but all are not alike edible. Whilst on the subject, I may add, there is a capital choice of fruit in these islands—oranges, bananas, mangos, and pineapples are all excellent, but the grapes are about as uninviting as sloes. The morning after our descent, we went fern and flower hunting. The Ohello shrub, with its scarlet blossoms, is the most common. Owing to these islands lying within the tropics, and, at the same time, possessing mountains usually covered with snow, the greatest possible variety of ferns and flowers exist. To anyone interested in the subject, there is an excellent work, compiled by the late Dr. Hillibrand, called the "Flora of the Hawaiian Islands." He mentions in this book that there are 844 species of flowering plants, and 155 different sorts of ferns, and, of this number, 653 are found nowhere but in these islands. He also speaks of the Plantain as forming a stem six feet high before branching, and of a geranium with a stem twelve feet high and four inches thick. This should prove a veritable "happy hunting ground" to the botanist, and the geologist, too, would, I imagine, have a good time amongst the lava flows of remote ages. About a mile from our hotel we came to a crater, which, if not extinct, is at least dormant. It is only a short distance from Kilauea, and is separated from it by a deep ravine. There is supposed to be a subterranean passage connecting it with the Lake of Fire. When this lake is more than usually active, a part of the overflow comes pouring into it. Kilauea-iki is its name, it is 100 feet in depth, and is almost perpendicular, though, it is said, it has been successfully scaled. Its circumference is about one mile. As the floor was strewn with volcanic debris, it looked a veritable scene of desolation.

During dinner, word was brought us that the lake was overflowing, and that all should go and see the sight. Going to the veranda we could see, by the reflection in the sky, and from the amount of smoke, that the volcano was much more active than it had been the night before. Much as I should have liked to make a second visit, I decided, in view of the fatiguing journey of the next day, to content myself with hearing all about it at second-hand. Nearly all went off post-haste, and, under Mr. Lee's guidance, once more "entered the mouth of hell." What had taken place was this—a portion of the embankment had given way, as I have mentioned already, and the molten lava had run over a considerable portion of the floor. Our party were, however, able to go quite close to it, as, after its first escape, it flowed quite slowly. The molten lava in the circular basin, instead of being within three feet of the top of the embankment, had subsided ten feet or more, to the level of the portion broken away. So thin was this embankment at the side of the broken portion of the wall, that the red glow of the lava could be seen through it. "Familiarity breeds contempt," and like the lion-tamer, who always gets maimed or killed in the long run, so shall I expect to hear of Mr. Lee eventually coming to grief, unless he is more cautious, for how can he possibly tell when the next piece of wall is to give way. On the very spot the lava had now covered, we were, but yesterday, all standing. Visitors coming so far to see this wonderful volcano, usually make a mistake in so soon hurrying away. As a rule, guests remain at the hotel but from three to four nights. Had I been in good health I should have wished to stay at least a week, and visit the ever-changing scene nightly. It is not like Vesuvius, which one can reach in a comparatively few hours from London, and pay a second or third visit to, if desired. Here, the journey alone, from Honolulu to Volcano House is a far more fatiguing one than from London to Naples, not to mention the many thousands of miles one has to travel to reach Honolulu.

On the morning of our return, the hotel was enveloped in a heavy Scotch mist, necessitating a waterproof. Mr. Lee told us we should get out of it in ten minutes, and so it proved. Our party was a small one, and so was the conveyance. With the exception of a Canadian doctor, all the rest of the party returned by the other route (Hilo). It was necessary that two of us should ride, and as I was not well enough, and the Canadian, although he could, wouldn't, there was no other course than to put my sailor servant on a steed. Although this was his first attempt, except riding on a donkey to the Pyramids, he rode as if to the manner born. He amused my friend so much with his nautical expressions, that he nearly rolled out of the saddle. We thought the ride down in a lighter conveyance would be less fatiguing than the ascent. If anything, it was worse, and nothing would induce me to undergo such a jolting again. I can only repeat, that it is a marvel to me how the wheels and springs stand it. Arriving at the Half-way House, we found luncheon ready for us. Our host now told us that, some few days before our first visit, his wife (a native woman) had levanted with another man. He seemed to treat the matter as a huge joke, and said, "she thought I could not cook and get along without her, but, you see, I can."

After luncheon, we went to look at a cave—Punaluu aui—not mentioned in the guide book. How far this extends no one seems able to state. It was formed by a subterranean lava stream, and, presumably, goes down to the sea level. In this cave fine stalactites are found, some of which we brought away with us. Pahala we reached before our time, and again embarked on what I think the most perilous part of the undertaking—the six mile railway journey. The descent was a more jumpy trip than the ascent. My friend is, by profession, an engineer, and he told us that the gradients and curves were such as would be sanctioned in no other country for passenger-carrying purposes. There are several deep gulches to be passed over, and one is on tenter-hooks the whole time. Owing to the rough way the track is laid, the engine makes continual jumps and bounds, but, in our case, always managed to keep to the rails. I questioned an inhabitant who was on the cars, as to whether



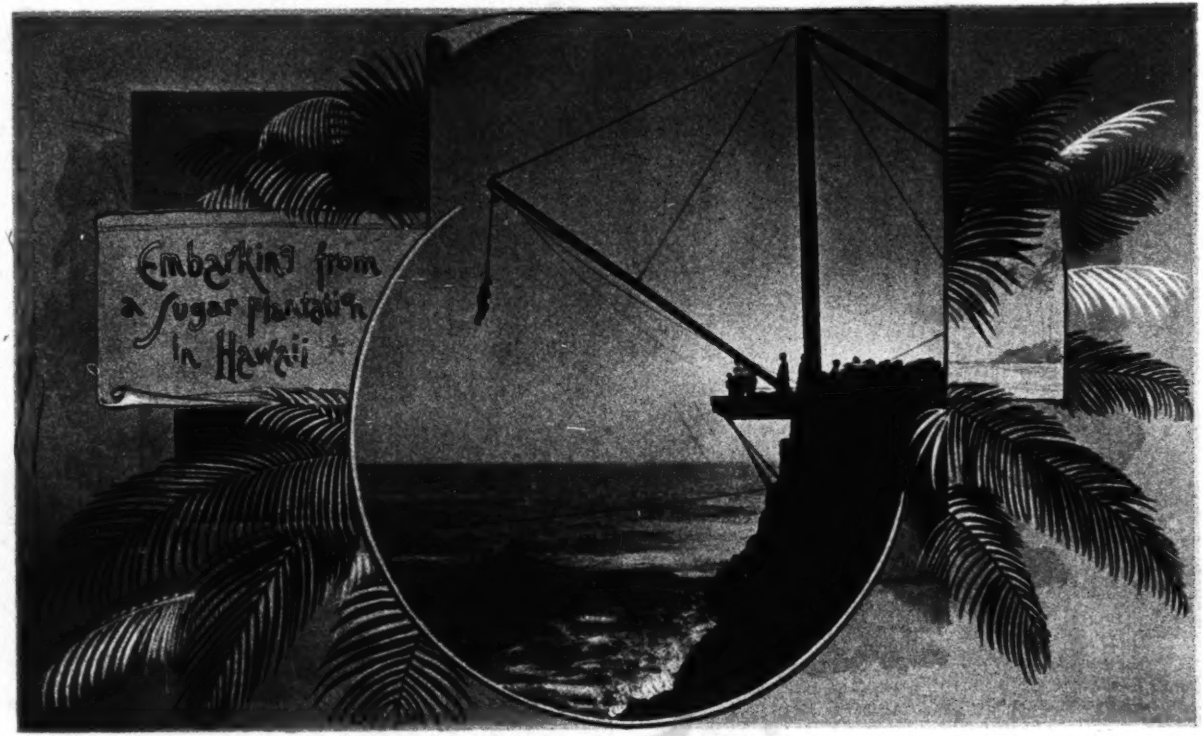
EMBARKING CATTLE

they often had mishaps. He told me there had been several, but, as yet, no one had been killed. There were a number of cattle and donkeys on the line, and as they waited till the last moment before they got out of the way, we never quite knew whether we should strike them or not.

Before starting from the Volcano House in the morning, we had heard that we should have to go on board the *G. W. Hall* at 3 o'clock on the following morning. Although we should find the vessel lying off Punaluu, we were told that we could not go on board that night. This meant, that after a horribly jolty ride of 30 miles, we should have to turn out at two in the morning. This struck me as such a ridiculous arrangement, that I telephoned from the Half-way House to the Volcano House, asking the obliging Mr. Lee to telephone to Panaluu, to see if he could not arrange that we might be permitted to sleep on board, and this boon was granted us.

Our voyage back was, by comparison, a pleasant one, and we arrived in Honolulu without further incident. At one place we called at, we took on 30 head of cattle. It is a cruel sight to witness. The beasts are driven down to the shore, and the cowboys then proceed to lasso them. This they do with marvellous skill, and then gallop off to the sea. Another horseman rides behind the lassoed ox, and between them he is driven and dragged into the water. The man who has lassoed him now swims his horse to the boat that is lying off, and, passing the rope on board, turns his horse's head again to the shore. The ox, after a few frantic struggles, allows himself to be hauled alongside, when he is made fast to the side of the boat, so that his head is kept above the water's edge. When seven on each side of the boat are thus made fast, the boat is hauled back to the steamer by a long warp. The poor beasts struggle most violently, and are much distended with the amount of water they have swallowed. Now comes the task of slinging them on board, and though it is done most skilfully, still it is dreadfully cruel. To allow them to lie down, as they often want to do, would mean death; and as there is no freight paid on dead beasts, their tails are twisted, until they are nearly wrenched off, in order to make them get on their feet again. The illustration given was taken from an instantaneous photograph.

A few days after our return to Honolulu, the remainder of the people, with whom we had travelled to the Volcano, came back by the Hilo route. They told us it was a far better way in many respects. The carriage road (after the 14 miles one must at present ride) is in most excellent condition. The scenery is far finer; but the landing is as unpleasant, if not worse, than at Punaluu. They all agreed the *Kinua* was a far better boat; but that she rolled horribly. Unfortunately, a sad gloom was cast over them by a terrible and fatal accident which happened shortly after leaving Hilo. The landing and embarking at many places along the coast is most dangerous. Whatever charges may be brought against the Kanakas generally, all are agreed that, for coast work, no other nationality are to be compared with them as sailors. So dangerous is it, that at many places a boat cannot land—cargo and passengers being lowered in a cage, by a crane, into the boat. Needless to say, it takes some little skill to get safely into it. The accident I allude to happened in this way: Miss Stevens, the daughter of Mr. J. L. Stevens, the American Minister at Honolulu, had been staying at a sugar plantation near Hilo. The purser of the *Kinua*, expecting it would be too rough to take a lady off in safety, telephoned to the place, saying she was to come to a spot some six miles nearer, where the sea would be smoother. For some reason or other, this advice was not followed, and, on arriving off the dangerous place, Miss Stevens was signalled as being there. A boat was sent to bring her off; but no sooner was she in it, than it was dashed to pieces against the rocks. One of the native crew kept hold of the unfortunate lady, and together they were hurled on the rocks. The native being unable to cling on for long, they were swept off again. He, however, managed to support her till a second boat came and picked them all up. Not a Kanaka was drowned, as they swim like fish; but poor Miss Stevens was dead. Whether it was a blow, she received on her head from the rock, or the shock to her nervous system which caused her death, no one


Embarking from
a Sugar plantation
in Hawaii

knows. Her body was brought back by the *Kinua*, and we were glad to have selected the alternative route.

Amongst the illustrations will be found one of a sailor being lowered. For passengers, a cage is attached to the end of the rope, and it was in this way Miss Stevens was lowered from the top of the cliff.

CHAPTER V.

ORIGIN OF THE HAWAIIANS.

A READING room and library, free to all, is not the least of the blessings vouchsafed to visitors in Honolulu. Here, not only did I find as many papers as may be seen at a first-class London club, but had also free access to works of reference. To anyone interested in the ancient history of the Hawaiian people, and of the origin and migrations of the Polynesians, let me recommend the perusal of Abraham Fornander's "Polynesian Race." This gentleman was the circuit judge of the Island of Maui, and had a perfect knowledge of the Hawaiian language. During a period of thirty years, he steadily collected all possible material for his work. Not satisfied with his own researches, he employed two or three intelligent natives, to help him to collect from the old men the various legends and traditions that had been handed down from father to son for many generations. His object in calling in the assistance of natives, was, that these wary old gentlemen were somewhat shy at revealing their secrets to a foreigner. Fornander's work is most carefully compiled, and was completed just in time, although it is not yet twenty years since it appeared. So great have been the changes amongst the natives since then, that its compilation would have no longer been possible. What struck me as being so particularly interesting in this book, is, the similiarity of their legends and traditions with our own Genesis. This goes far to prove the Western origin of the race. Some writers endeavour to show that this similiarity is to be accounted for, by shipwrecked Spanish and Portuguese sailors having been cast on these and other islands in the 16th century. That this analogy is not to be traced to these uneducated mariners, may be proved in a negative way. Amongst the Polynesian folk-lore no remote mention of the Christian dispensation is to be found, so it is absurd to suppose that these Catholic castaways would have been content to propagate bits of old Bible history, and have told them nothing of the crucifixion, or of the Virgin Mary. Fornander goes on to prove that none of these legends are to be accounted for by the introduction of fugitive or emigrant Hebrews. The Polynesian legends are absolutely silent on such questions as the Egyptian bondage, the exodus, the law on Sinai, and (to a Hebrew), various other momentous subjects. Of these, some trace must have been found, if the Hebrew origin was to be justified. There is, therefore, little doubt that we must go to a much earlier period for an explanation, and may conclude that the Polynesian, Hebrew and Chaldean legends all spring from one version of the common legend, that one did not copy from the other, but that each had an original version derived from one common source. Fornander thinks, that at the close of the first, and during the second century of the present era, the Polynesians left the Asiatic Archipelago and entered the Pacific, establishing themselves on the Fiji group, and thence spreading to the Samoan, Tonga, and other groups eastward and northward. Secondly: During the fifth century, A.D., Polynesians settled on the Hawaiian Islands, and remained there, comparatively unknown, until the eleventh century, A.D., when several parties of fresh emigrants from the Marquesas, Society, and Samoan groups arrived at the Hawaiian Islands, and, for the space of five or six generations, revived and maintained an active intercourse with the first named groups. Thirdly: from the close of the above migratory era, which may be roughly fixed at the time of Laa-mai-kahiki and his children, about twenty-one generations ago, Hawaiian history remains isolated from the other Polynesian groups, until their re-discovery by Captain Cook in 1778.

The work I allude to brings strong evidence to show that the Polynesian and Malayan races are of widely different origin. It traces the strictly Polynesian tribes to an Aryan origin, and conjectures that their original progenitors came from South Eastern Asia. From their ancient home, the Polynesian progenitors drifted into India, and, later, into the Islands of the Asiatic Archipelago. From the best data obtainable, it is inferred that the Polynesian occupation of the Asiatic islands occurred in the first century of the Christian era. From these islands, the Polynesians were driven out by the Malays, and took refuge in the scattered islands of the South Pacific—probably the Fijian group. In time, they occupied the various islands of Oceanica, and reached the Hawaiian group about the year 550 A.D. In "L'Univers" (section "Oceanica"), this subject is fully treated by Mr. G. de Rienzi. It may be asked, how was it that, with the primitive means of locomotion available, the ancestors of the Hawaiians were able to find their way to the Hawaiian group. The weather they would have to contend with was not nearly so bad as that which the Romans had to face in their voyages to Britain. The canoes used for these purposes were probably quite as seaworthy, if not more so, than the Roman galleys. Large double canoes, capable of withstanding any weather they were likely to encounter, are said to have brought them, though, even at this early period, they are credited with possessing barges built with strong frames, to which planks were corded and afterwards caulked. They were possessed, too, of a knowledge of navigation quite equal to that of the ordinary British fisherman.

The principal stars were familiar to them, and Mr. Daggett says, "They knew the prominent planets, and gave them names; were acquainted with the limits of the ecliptic and situation of the equator." He does not say whether they knew the world was round, but their knowledge of the ecliptic might have made them probably guess it. Compass they would not possess, but, by carefully observing drifts, the direction of the wind, and exercising a sort of instinct (which seems to enable sailors to find their way about even when they have no instruments), they almost invariably reached the place they sought. This trait is still prominent; they are splendid seamen, and, though not navigators in the strict sense of the word, can make passages and good landfalls without explaining how it is done.

An emigration was made to Hawaii in the sixth century, and then the stream of travel was checked, and no further arrivals are noted until about the beginning of the eleventh century.*

From this time, until the arrival of Captain Cook, the history of the Hawaiians is entirely distinct from other nations or races. Up to the time of Kamehameha I., the principal islands of the Archipelago were governed by independent chiefs. Kamehameha established himself as supreme ruler over the group, after a number of sanguinary battles, and set up a government which continued until the overthrow of the monarchy, January 16, 1893.

Amongst the many proofs advanced of the western origin of these people, is, that in their legends there are traces of both sun and serpent worship. After the stranding of the Ark, on what, to them, answered the purpose of our Ararat, Nuu left the menagerie, taking with him a pig, some cocoanuts and a native piper,† to offer up as a sacrifice to the great God Kane. Looking up, he saw the moon, and thinking that it really must be the sun, who, for some purpose had transformed himself, he made his offerings accordingly. Whereupon Kane, the Sun-God descended on a rainbow and reproached Nuu for making such an ass of himself. However, as Nuu was very penitent and begged for mercy, he escaped punishment. Kane then returned to Heaven, but left the rainbow as a token of forgiveness, rather a white elephant, I should think. It is singular, too, to find that the old gentleman, "Pahala," in India, or lord of the infernal regions, has his counterpart in some of the Polynesian legends. As a Hindu God, he is represented as going about with a net and a club, and was called "the catcher of the souls of men." In Tangaro, South Polynesia, one of the gods, held in the greatest respect, is similarly armed with a net and spear; the net to catch the souls, and the spear to kill them with.

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* "The indications that the various Pacific groups were inhabited at the time that the Polynesians occupied them are very faint indeed, and yet the import of some of their traditions cannot be otherwise construed. That the majority of the groups were uninhabited at the time referred to seems to me quite clear; but I think it equally clear, also, that the people which left their architectural remains on the Ladrone Islands, and their colossal statutes on Easter Island, had swept the Pacific Ocean before that time, and possibly may have left some remnants of themselves to which the traditions refer, but which were absorbed or expelled by the new-comers."—*Fornander, Vol. I.*

† Whether the native piper was part of the sacrifice, is not quite clear.

In Molokai, at a place called Kalae, a most interesting stone is still to be seen. One near it is shaped like a chair, in which a chief or priest used to sit. There is nothing peculiar in this, as there are several of these to be found in the Islands, but the adjacent stone I allude to, is marked with the double trident in two distinct places. In Hindu mythology this stood for the emblem of Siwa. In Hawaiian mythology, there is a tradition of a sea-god who ruled over departed spirits. His name was "Milu," and the ocean abode, over which he held sway, was somewhere in the west.

According to inscriptions, both Chaldean and Assyrian, Upper Egypt was also called "Miluka," as well as Cush. Volumes would be required to contain the ancient history of the Hawaiian race. Under the old dispensation, there were four classes: those of Royal blood; the priestly orders; the common people, and the slaves. The government was a strange mixture of civil and ecclesiastical rule. All laws were partly in the nature of religious regulations. A law was called a tabu, and any high chief or priest could make a law whenever he felt so disposed. The power of the chiefs and kings was absolute. There were certain tabus which were always in existence. Men and women were forbidden to eat together; and women might not eat certain classes of food. From "Myths and Legends," published by the late king Kalakaua, I give the following account of the destruction of the idols, which has not, I think, appeared in England before:—

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLES.

THE LAST GREAT DEFENDER OF THE HAWAIIAN GODS.

I.

"On the 1st of October, 1819, a fleet of four canoes bearing the royal colours set sail from Kawaihae, in the district of Kohala, on the

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northwestern coast of Hawaii. The canoes were large and commodious, and were occupied by between sixty and seventy persons, a portion of whom were females. The most of the men were large, muscular and over six feet in height, while the dress and bearing of many of the women indicated that they were of the *tabu* and chiefly classes.

The costumes of a number of those of both sexes who seemed to be of rank were a strange admixture of native and foreign fabric and fashion. American and European manufactures were beginning to find a market in the island and the persons of many were adorned with rich cloths, jewellery and other tokens of civilization. Their weapons and utensils were largely of metal, and a squad of ten warriors armed with muskets, in one of the canoes, showed that the white man's methods of warfare had received the early and earnest attention of the Hawaiian chiefs and leaders.

The canoe leading the little squadron was double, with covered apartments extending into and across the united decks of both, and the persons occupying it, with the exception of soldiers, sailors and servants, were distinguished alike for their gaudy trappings and a boisterous merriment infusing a feeling of jollity throughout the fleet. In this canoe was Liholiho, who, on the death of his distinguished father, Kamehameha I., something less than five months before, had become sole monarch of the Hawaiian group. In addition to two of his queens, he was accompanied by Kapihe, the commander of the royal vessels; Kekuanaoa, the royal treasurer, and a retinue of chiefly friends and personal attendants.

On the 8th of the previous May his royal father had died at Kailua, leaving to Liholiho the kingdom his arms had won, with Kaahumanu as second in authority and guardian of the realm. The morning following the death of his father Liholiho left Kailua for Kohala to avoid defilement, and there remained for ten days, when he returned to Kailua and formerly accepted the sceptre. At the end of the season of mourning, for superstitious reasons the young king again left for Kohala, and took up his residence for a time in Kawaihae. Remaining there until the 1st of October, on the advice of Kaahumanu he had started on his return to Kailua.

During the brief residence of Liholiho at Kawaihae, Kaahumanu, inaugurated a vigorous conspiracy against the priesthood, and resolved to persuade the young king to repudiate the religion and *tabus* of his fathers. In this scheme she was assisted by Keopuolani, the mother of Liholiho; Kalaimoku, the prime minister, and Hewahewa, the high-priest, who claimed descent from the renowned Paao.

In the latter part of the reign of the first Kamehameha the gods and *tabus* of the priesthood began to lose something of their sanctity in the estimation of the masses. Although the first Christian missionaries to the islands did not arrive until nearly a year after the death of Kamehameha I., many trading and war vessels had touched at Hawaiian ports during the two preceding decades. No very clear idea of the Christian religion had been imparted to the natives by the sailors and traders with whom they had been brought in contact; but it could not have escaped their observation that the foreigner's disregard of the *tabu* brought with it no punishment, and they very naturally began to question the divinity of a religious code limited in its scope to the Hawaiian people.

The results of this growing scepticism were frequent violations of the *tabu*. To check this seditious tendency summary punishments were inflicted. A woman was put to death for entering the eating apartment of her husband, and Jarvis relates that three men were sacrificed at Kealakeakua, a short time before the death of Kamehameha—one of them for putting on the *maro* of a chief, another for eating a forbidden article, and the third for leaving a house that was *tabu* and entering one that was not. Kamehameha had learned something of the religion of the foreigners, but not enough to impress him greatly in its favour; and when questioned concerning it during his last illness he replied that he should die in the faith of his fathers, although he thought it well that his successor should give the subject attention.

Different motives influenced the leaders in this conspiracy against the religion and *tabus* of the group. Kaahumanu, the favourite wife of Kamehameha I., but the mother of none of his children, was bold, ambitious and unscrupulous. Left second in authority under the young king, she chafed at the restraints imposed by the *tabu* upon her sex. Many of the most palatable foods were denied her by custom, and in her intercourse with foreigners acts of courtesy were chilled and hampered by numerous and irksome *tabu* interdictions. To enable her to eat and drink of whatever her appetites craved, and to do so in the presence of males, Kaahumanu was prepared to strike at the roots of a religious system which had maintained her ancestors in place and power, even though she had no definite knowledge of the new faith with which she hoped to supplant it.

Although the uncle of one of the wives of Liholiho—Kekauonohi—Kalaimoku was not of distinguished rank. He was a chief of decided ability, however, and had been by degrees advanced under the first Kamehameha, until he became the prime minister of the second. Not being a *tabu* chief by birth, he was easily persuaded by Kaahumanu to lend his assistance in depriving those of higher rank of their *tabu* prerogatives, and to this end he and his brother Boki were baptized by the Roman Catholic chaplain of the French corvette *L'Uranie* shortly after the assumption of the government by Liholiho. This was done while the young king was residing at Kawaihae, and without his knowledge.

Keopuolani, the political wife of Kamehameha I., and the mother of Liholiho, Kauikeaouli and Nahienaena, was the daughter of Kiwalao, and of supreme *tabu* rank. So well was this recognized that her distinguished husband, it is related, always approached her with his face to the earth. She lacked decision of character, however, and her adhesion to the conspiracy against the *tabu* was doubtless due to the influence over her of the crafty Kaahumanu.

Whatever may have been the motives of others, the apostasy of Hewahewa seems to have been the result of conviction. Being the high-priest of Hawaii, he had everything to lose and nothing to profit by the destruction of the religious system of which he was the supreme and honored head. Of an inquiring mind, the little knowledge he had gained of the new creed had convinced him of the inconsistency of his own, and when the time came to strike he acted boldly. His hand was the first to apply the torch to the temples. Had he hesitated the conspiracy would have failed, for the influence of the high-priest with the masses at the time was second only to that of the king.

Liholiho was strong only in his attachments. Born in 1797, when the group had been consolidated under one government and further wars were not apprehended, he had not been given that austere and solid training in civil and military life imparted to the princes of the previous generation. He was attracted by the vices rather than the virtues of the foreigners at intervals visiting the islands, and, realizing that his future was secure, had devoted almost exclusively to pleasure the ripening years of his youth. Light-hearted, affectionate and gentle, he had shown so little taste for public affairs at the age of twenty-two that his dying father, in bequeathing to him the sceptre, deemed it prudent to accompany it with the condition that, should he wield it unworthily, the supreme power should devolve upon Kaahumanu.

These were the prominent actors in the scheme for the destruction of the priesthood, and this the character of the young king who had been tarrying for some months at Kawaihae, and to whom a message had been sent by Kaahumanu, informing him that, on his return to Kailua, she would openly set the gods at defiance and declare against the *tabu*. This information did not greatly astonish Liholiho. He knew of the growing hostility to the *tabu;* had talked with Hewahewa on the subject; had learned that his mother had failed to respect it on late occasions, and had himself seen it violated without harm to the offender. Yet he feared the consequences of an open declaration against the priesthood. He remembered the fate of Hua, whose bones whitened in the sun. He knew that his arrival in Kailua would precipitate the crisis, and compel him either to renounce or defend the gods of his fathers; and after leaving Kawaihae, as we have seen, with a party occupying four canoes, he pursued his way very leisurely toward Kailua, seemingly in no haste to reach his destination.

Moving southward, and passing the rocky point immediately north of Puako, sail was shortened in the royal fleet, and the canoes drifted slowly along the coast, taking just wind enough to hold their course. Carousings were heard in the royal quarters. Liholiho appeared, and, waving his hand to a group of men and women forward, a wild *hula* dance was soon in progress, to the accompaniment of drums and rattling calabashes. The king watched the dancers for some time with a vacant air, and then began to mark the drum beats with his feet. The emphasis of the movement increased, until, dismissing his dignity, his voice finally rose above the rude music, and he began to dance with an enthusiasm which seemed to be almost frenzied. Others of the royal party joined in the revelry, and for half an hour or more the vessel was the scene of tumultuous merriment. Bottles and calabashes of intoxicating liquors were then passed from one to another of the companions of the king, and the *halu* was continued, followed by chants, *meles* and other methods of enjoyment. Drinking was frequent, and the humbler members of the party were sparingly supplied with gin, whiskey and other stimulants. Similar scenes were transpiring in the canoes following, and the debauch was the wildest ever witnessed on any one of the eight Hawaiian seas.

'Let us make drunk the water-gods!' exclaimed the king. 'Here, Kuula, is a taste for you; and here, Ukanipo, is your share!' And he tossed into the ocean two bottles of liquor.

'Let us hope the gods may not be angered by the unusual sacrifice,' said Laanui, one of the favourite companions of the king. He spoke seriously, and Liholiho's face wore a troubled expression for a moment as he replied:

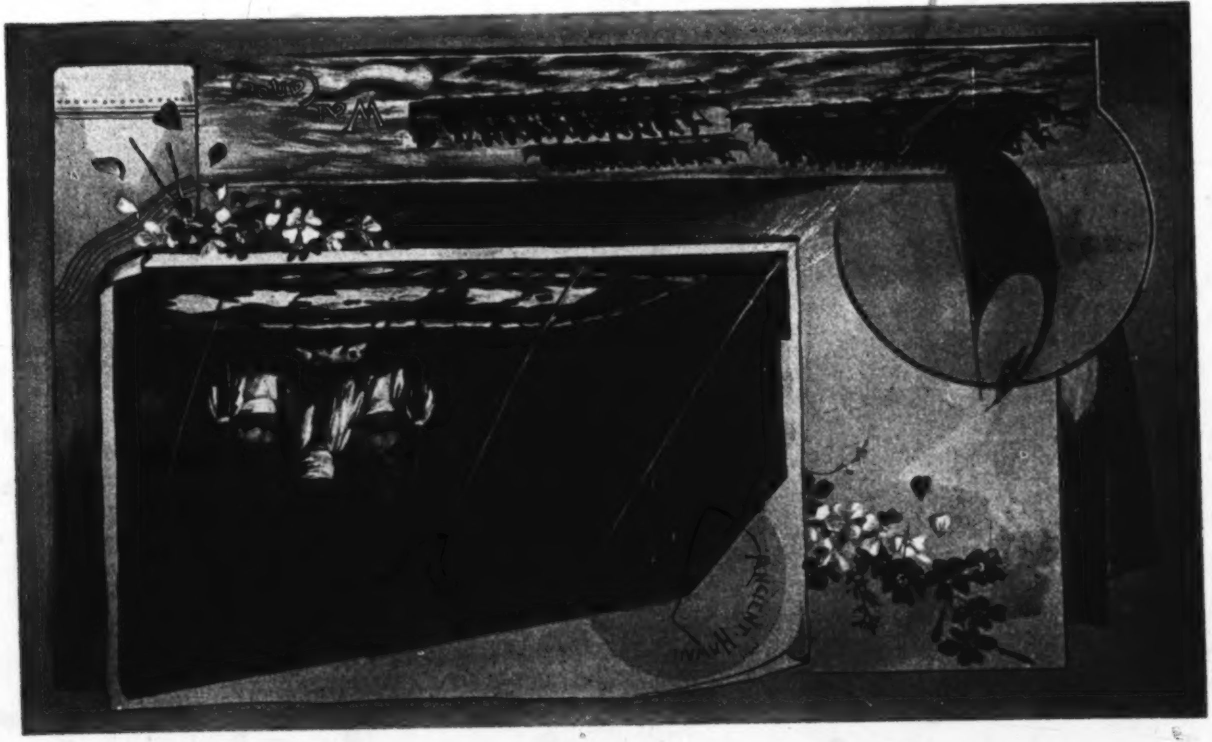
'Then you have not yet lost faith in the gods, Laanui?'

'No,' was the prompt answer of Laanui.

The king did not continue the conversation. Turning and beckoning to a servant, more liquor was brought, after which the revelry was continued all through the day and far into the night. Meanwhile, so little progress had been made that at noon the next day the fleet was off Kiholo.

For another twenty-four hours the feasting, drinking and dancing continued, when the revellers were met by a double canoe sent by Kaahumanu from Kailua in search of the royal party. The messengers of his chief counselor were courteously received by Liholiho, and, hoisting all sail, he was escorted by them to Kailua, where he was warmly welcomed by Kaahumanu and the members of the royal family.

Appearances of dissipation were plainly visible in the language and bearing of the king, and Kaahumanu regarded the moment as auspicious for committing him to some flagrant and public act of hostility to the *tabu*. Both she and Keopuolani, the queen-mother had been secretly


Ancient Hymns

violating it, since the death of Kamehameha I., by eating of foods interdicted to their sex, and to screen themselves from exposure it was necessary that the religious system should be destroyed of which the *tabu* was the vital force. This could be accomplished only through the united efforts of the king and high-priest. Hewahewa was prepared to do his part as the religious head of the kingdom, but the young king, notwithstanding the pressure that had been brought to bear upon him by Kaahumanu and a few of the leading chiefs of his court was still undecided.

A feast was prepared in honour of the king's return to Kailua. In accordance with native custom, separate tables for the sexes were spread, and a number of foreigners were present as the invited guests of Kaahumanu. During the afternoon Liholiho, in response to well-devised banters, had been induced to drink and smoke with the female members of his family. This was a favourable beginning, and, farther emboldened by his mother, who deliberately ate a banana in his presence and drank the milk of a cocoanut, he declared that he would openly set the *tabu* at defiance during the approaching feast.

It was feared that his courage would fail, and he was not left to himself for a moment until he led the way to the feast. His step was unsteady, and his face wore a troubled expression as he proceeded to the pavilion, accompanied by Kaahumanu, Keopuolani and other members of the royal household. As they separated to take seats at their respective tables, the queen-mother gave Liholiho a look of encouragement, and Kaahumanu said to him in a low tone:

'If you have the courage of your father, this will be a great day for Hawaii.'

The king made no reply, for at that moment his eyes fell upon wooden images of Ku and Lono, on opposite sides of the entrance, and he stepped briskly past them and seated himself at the head of one of the tables. The sight of the idols almost unnerved him, and some of the guests observed that his hand trembled as he raised to his lips and drained a vessel of what seemed to be strong liquor.

The guests were all seated. Hewahewa rose, and, glancing at the troubled face of the king, lifted his hands and said with firmness: 'One and all, may we eat in peace, and in our hearts give thanks to the one and only god of all.'

The words of the high-priest restored the sinking courage of the king. He rose from his seat, deliberately walked to one of the tables reserved for the women, and seated himself beside his mother. During the strange proceeding not a word was spoken, not a morsel touched. Some believed him to be intoxicated; others were sure that he was insane. Since the age of Wakea no one had so defied the gods and lived. Many natives rose from the tables, and horror took the place of astonishment when Liholiho, encouraged by his mother, began to freely partake of the food prepared for the women. Interdicted fish, meat and fruits were then brought to the tables of the women by order of the king, who ate from their plates and drank from their vessels.

Now satisfied that the king was acting deliberately and with the approval of the most influential dignitaries of the kingdom, including the supreme high-priest, a majority of the chiefs present promptly followed the example of their sovereign, and an indescribable scene ensued. 'The *tabu* is broken! the *tabu* is broken!' passed from lip to lip, swelling louder and louder as it went, until it reached beyond the pavilion. There it was taken up in shouts by the multitude, and was soon wafted on the winds to the remotest corners of Kona. Feasts were at once provided, and men and women ate together indiscriminately. The *tabu* foods of palace and temple were voraciously eaten by the masses, and thousands of women for the first time learned the taste of flesh and fruits which had tempted their mothers for centuries.

At the conclusion of the royal feast a still greater surprise bewildered the people. 'We have made a bold beginning,' said Hewahewa to the king, thus adroitly assuming a part of the responsibility; 'but the gods and *heiaus* cannot survive the death of the *tabu*.'

'Then let them perish with it!' exclaimed Liholiho, now nerved to desperation at what he had done. 'If the gods can punish, we have done too much already to hope for grace. They can but kill, and we will test their powers by inviting the full measure of their wrath.'

To this resolution the high-priest gave his ready assent, and orders were issued at once for the destruction of the gods and temples throughout the kingdom. Resigning his office, Hewahewa was the first to apply the torch, and in the smoke of burning *heiaus*, images and other sacred property, beginning on Hawaii and ending at Niihau, suddenly passed away a religious system which for fifteen hundred years or more had shaped the faith, commanded the respect and received the profoundest reverence of the Hawaiian people. No creed was offered by the iconoclasts in lieu of the system destroyed by royal edict, and until the arrival of the first Christian missionaries, in March of the year following, the people of the archipelago were left without a shadow of religious restraint or guidance.

II.

While the abolition of the *tabu* system received the universal approval of the masses, the destruction of the gods and temples met with very considerable remonstrance and opposition. It was believed by many that the priesthood might be preserved without the *tabu*, and that the king had transcended his sovereign power in striking down both at a single blow. Hence many gods were saved from the burning temples, and thousands refused to relinquish the faith in which they had been reared. Deprived of their occupations, the priests denounced the destruction of the *heiaus*, and it was not long before a formidable conspiracy against the government was organized on Hawaii, under the leadership of Kekuaokalani, a chief of rare accomplishments and a cousin of the king. Defection appeared at the court, and several chiefs of distinction gave their support to the revolutionary movements.

However it may be regarded in the light of its results, on the part of Kekuaokalani the rebellion was a brave and conscientious defence of the religion of his fathers. He raised the standard of revolt within a day's march of Kailua, and invited to its support all who condemned the action of Liholiho in decreeing the destruction of the national religion. He scorned all compromises and concessions, and but for the firearms of the whites would doubtless have wrested the sceptre from his royal cousin.

It has been asserted that Kekuaokalani was ambitious and availed himself of the discontent created by the anti-religious decrees of Liholiho as a possible means of seizing the reins of government. This assumption is not sustained either by the words or acts of the unfortunate chief. The ambassadors sent to him after the first skirmish of the conflict reported that he declined all terms of peaceful settlement. This, however, was not the case. What he demanded was that Liholiho should withdraw his edicts against the priesthood, permit the rebuilding of the temples, and dismiss Kalaimoku as prime minister and Kaahumanu as chief counsellor of the government. These conditions were declined, and the ambassadors returned with the story that they had offered to leave the question of religion entirely with the people, but that Kekuaokalani would have nothing but war. A correct statement of what occurred at the interview would doubtless have weakened the royal cause, and was therefore withheld. After the resignation of Hewahewa as high-priest the position devolved upon Kekuaokalani by right of precedence, and, believing in the sanctity of his gods, as a brave man he could not do less than take up arms in their defence.

No characters in Hawaiian history stand forth with a sadder prominence, or add a richer tint to the vanishing chivalry of the race, than Kekuaokalani and his courageous and devoted wife, Manono, the last defenders in arms of the Hawaiian gods. They saw all that the light around them presented, but the only gods known to them were those of their fathers, and they died in a futile effort to protect them. They were brave, noble and conscientious, and the cause in which they perished cannot detract from the grandeur or dim the glory of the sacrifice.

In the veins of Kekuaokalani ran the best blood both of Hawaii and Oahu. He was a nephew of Kamehameha I., and his strain was even superior in rank to that of his distinguished uncle. His great-grandmother was Kamakaimoku, a princess of Oahu, who became the wife of Kalaninuiamamao, one of the sons of Keawe, king of Hawaii, and the mother of Kalaniopuu, grandfather of Keopuolani, mother of Liholiho. One of the full sisters of Kalaniopuu was Manona the grandmother of Kekuaokalani.

One of the early wives of Kamehameha I. was Kalola, a chiefess of Hawaii. She subsequently became the wife of Kekuamanoha, a younger brother of Kahekili, king of Maui, and the mother of Manono, wife of Kekuaokalani. As the mother of Manono was a daughter of Kumukoa, one of the sons of Keawe, king of Hawaii, and her father was a prince of Maui, she was not only of high rank, but was related in blood both to her husband and the reigning family.

Kekuaokalani is referred to by tradition as one of the most imposing chiefs of his day. He was more than six and a half feet in height, perfect in form, handsome in feature, and noble in bearing. Brave, sagacious and magnetic, he possessed the requirements of a successful military leader; but as war had practically ceased with the conquest of the group by Kamehameha I., and he had little taste for the frivolities of the court, where he might have worn out his life in honoured idleness, he turned his attention to the priesthood. Beginning at the bottom, with patient application he passed through the intervening degrees until he stood beside the high priest, fully his equal in learning, and more than his peer in devotion to his calling. He mastered the chronological *meles* of the higher priesthood and the esoteric lore and secret symbols of the temple, and with the death of Hewahewa it was the universal expectation that the duties of the high-priesthood would devolve upon him. In disposition he was humane, charitable and unselfish, and, appreciating the nobility of his character, his wife worshipped him almost as a god. In return he bestowed upon her the full measure of his affection, and the waters of their lives flowed peacefully on together until the grave engulfed them both.

This was the character of the sturdy chief around whom the friends of the dethroned gods of Hawaii began to rally. He counselled peace and submission so long as he could find listeners among the disaffected, but in the end he was forced into the revolt and became the leader of the movement.

He was present at the royal feast at Kailua when Liholiho publicly violated the *tabu* and decreed the destruction of the temples. He saw Hewahewa, the venerable high-priest, who had been to an extent his religious guide and instructor, cast the first brand upon the *heiau* where they had so often wotshipped together and sought the counsels of the gods. At first all this seemed to be a horrible dream, but the burning temples and frantic rejoicings of the populace soon convinced him that it was a bewildering reality, and he threw himself to the earth and prayed that his sight might be blasted, that he might witness no farther the sacrilegious acts of the people.

'Liholiho's brain is on fire with strong drink, and he may be urged to do anything,' thought Kekuaokalani; 'but Hewahewa—it must be that he is insane, and it is my duty to speak with him.'

He sought and found the high-priest, and learned to his great grief that Hewahewa was not only sound in his own mind, but was in thorough accord with the king in his determination to destroy the temples and repudiate the priesthood.

'And you, a high-priest of the blood of Paao, advise this!' said Kekuaokalani, bitterly.

'I advise it,' was the calm reply of Hewahewa; 'but I am no longer the high-priest of Hawaii; the king has been so notified.'

'Then here and now do I assume the vacant place,' returned Kekuaokalani, promptly.

'By whose appointment?' inquired Hewahewa.

'By the will of the outraged gods whose temples are turning to ashes around us!' replied Kekuaokalani, with energy. 'They will teach me my duty, even should they fail to visit vengeance upon their betrayers!'

With these words Kekuaokalani turned and walked away. His heart was filled with anguish, and the shouts of the people drove him almost to despair. Reaching the pavilion, he lifted and placed upon his shoulder the prostrate and mutilated image of Lono that had stood beside the entrance, and with the precious burden strode gloomily and defiantly past the palace and disappeared.

For a month or more nothing was heard of Kekuaokalani at the court. Meantime, the work of destruction continued, and the smoke of burning temples rose everywhere throughout the group. At length word reached Kailua that some of the priesthood, sustained by a number of influential chiefs, were inciting a revolt in South Kono. Little attention was paid to the report until it was learned that Kekuaokalani had accepted the leadership of the movement. This alarmed the court, and a council of chiefs was called. Discussion developed the prevailing opinion that the threatened uprising was merely a local disturbance that could be quelled without difficulty, and Liholiho's apprehensions were further relieved by the assurance of one of the chiefs that, with the assistance of forty warriors, he would undertake to bring Kekuaokalani a prisoner to Kailua within three days.

'Not with forty times forty!' said Hewahewa, earnestly. Better than anyone else he understood and appreciated the lofty courage of Kekuaokalani, and was too generous to listen to its disparagement without protest. 'No, not with forty times forty!' he continued.

'Without Kekuaokalani the revolt will amount to nothing; with him it means war.'

'Then war let it be, since he invites it!' exclaimed Kalaimoku.

'But may he not be persuaded to peace?' inquired the king, addressing the question, apparently, to Hewahewa

'Undoubtedly,' replied the latter, 'if we are prepared to accept his conditions.

'What think you, would be the conditions?' returned the king.

'The restoration of the *tabu* and the rebuilding of the temples,' was the deliberate answer of Hewahewa.

The ~~king~~ was silent; but before the Council dissolved it was understood that a force would be sent against the rebels at once, and for a week or more preparations for the campaign were in progress, under the supervision of Kalaimoku. Everything at length being in readiness, the royal army, numbering, it is presumed, not less than fifteen hundred warriors, some of them bearing firearms, moved southward from Kailua in the direction of Kaawaloa, where had been established the rebel headquarters.

Having accepted the leadership of the rebellion, and regarding himself as a champion selected by the gods for their defence, Kekuaokalani vitalized the movement with an energy and enthusiasm which soon brought the people to its support in large numbers, and the winter solstice found him in command of an army large enough to inspire him with a reasonable hope of success.

The five intercalated days between the winter solstice and the beginning of the new year had from time immemorial been set apart as a season of *tabu*, dedicated to festivities in honour of Lono, one of the Hawaiian trinity. In the midst of the general religious demoralization Kekuaokalani devoted to the season its customary observances—the last yearly festival ever authoritively given to Lono in the group.

The movements of the government were regularly and rapidly reported to Kekuaokalani, and when the royal troops left Kailua he was prepared to meet them. Through his efforts a *heiau* near Kaawaloa had escaped destruction. Thither he repaired, and, offering sacrifices to the gods, prayed that they would manifest their power by giving him victory.

He did not await the assault of the royal forces. Leaving Kaawaloa, he attacked and defeated their advance not far north of that place, throwing the entire army into confusion. Satisfied with the success, he returned to Kaawaloa.

News of the repulse reaching Kailua, a consultation was called by the king, and Kalaimoku urged the prompt advance of reinforcements by land and sea, and an immediate and overwhelming attack upon the rebels at Kaawaloa, rightly claiming that every day would add to the strength of the insurgents under the inspiration of the slight victory they had achieved.

This advice was accepted, and every available force was immediately sent to the front, including a squadron of double canoes under the command of Kaahumanu and Kalakua, one of them carrying a mounted swivel in charge of a foreigner.

Uncertain as to the strength of the rebels, and by no means confident of the results of a struggle which had opened in favour of his enemies, Liholiho advised a resort to peaceful negotiations before staking everything on the chances of battle. Hoapili, who stood in the capacity of husband to the queen-mother, and Naihe, hereditary national counsellor and orator, were selected as ambassadors to confer with Kekuaokalani, and Keopuolani volunteered to accompany them.

Reaching the camp of the insurgents, the ambassadors were graciously received by Kekuaokalani, and used every means to effect an amicable settlement of the difficulties that had brought two hostile armies face to face; but nothing could be accomplished. They were not authorized to offer such terms as Kekuaokalani felt that he could consistently accept, inasmuch as they failed to embrace either the restoration of the *tabu* or the rebuilding of the temples. Naihe offered to leave the question of religion optional with the insurgents. To this proposal Kekuaokalani bitterly replied:

'You offer the scales of the fish after you have picked the bones. As they are without temples, where would they worship? As they are without altars, where would they sacrifice? As they are without the *tabu*, what to them would be sacred and acceptable to the gods?'

'Then must we take back the word that Kekuaokalani will have nothing but war?' said Keopuolani, sadly.

'No, *honored* mother of *princes*,' replied Kekuaokalani, in a tone so solemn and impressive that his listeners stood awed in his presence. 'Say, rather, that Kekuaokalani, the last high priest, it may be, of Hawaii, is prepared to die in defence of the gods to whose service he has devoted his life. If they are omnipotent, as he believes them to be, their temples will rise again; if not, he is more than willing to hide his disappointment in the grave!'

Naihe was his uncle; Kamakaimoku was the great-grandmother both of Keopuolani and himself, and the king was his cousin. As a condition of peace, he demanded the recall of the edicts against the *tabu* and the temples. As this could not be conceded, the ambassadors appealed to his relationship with themselves and the royal family; but he could not be moved. 'We are proud of our blood,' he said to Keopuolani, 'but who but the gods made kings of our ancestors?'

Finding that nothing could be effected, the ambassadors withdrew with tokens of mutual regret, and were safely and respectfully escorted beyond the rebel lines. The reports they allowed to be circulated on their return, that Kekuaokalani had refused to consider any terms of peace, and that they had narrowly escaped with their lives, were inventions employed to mislead, and exasperate the royal army.

With the departure of the ambassadors, Manono sought her husband, to learn the results of the conference. The information that no agreement had been reached did not surprise her. For weeks past all the auguries had indicated blood, and the night before the *alae* had screamed in the palms behind her hut.

'Thank the gods for the omen!' said Kekuaokalani.

'But the voice of the *alae* is a presage of evil,' suggested Manono.

'Only to those who do evil,' replied the chief. 'The fate of the gods, whose battles we fight, is shaped by themselves.'

'Have you no fear of the result?' inquired Manono.

'I fear nothing,' was the reply; 'but the thought has sometimes come to me of late that the gods are reserving for Liholiho and his advisers a punishment greater than I may be able to inflict. Should that be so, I am obstructing with spears the path of their vengeance, and will be sacrificed.'

'The will of the gods be done,' said Manono, devoutly. 'But, whatever may be the fate of Kekuaokalani, Manono will share it.'

'Brave Manono!' exclaimed the husband, with emotion. 'If the gods so will it, we will die together!'

That night Kekuaokalani took up his line of march for Kailua, determined to give battle to the royal forces wherever he might encounter them. He moved near the coast, and the next morning the hostile armies met at Kuamoo. Arranging his forces in order of battle, Kekuaokalani sent to the front a number of newly-decorated gods in the charge of priests, and, in turn addressing the several divisions, conjured them in impassioned language to defend the gods of their fathers.

Kalaimoku commanded the royal army in person. The battle opened in favour of the rebels, and with them would have been the victory but for the great superiority of the royalists in firearms. At a critical juncture a batallion of musketeers, some of whom were foreigners, charged the rebel centre, when the division gave way in something of a panic, and soon the entire rebel forces were in retreat. Retiring to the adjacent seaside, under cover of a stone wall, they made a successful resistance for some time; but the squadron of double canoes already referred to, under the command of Kaahumanu and Kalakua, enfiladed the position with musketry and a mounted swivel, and the insurgents abandoned the unequal struggle, the most of them scattering and seeking shelter in the neighbouring hills.

Although wounded early in the action, Kekuaokalani gallantly kept the field. Everywhere was his tall form seen moving throughout the conflict, rallying and cheering his followers, while at his side fought the brave Manono. He finally fell with a musket ball through his heart. With a wild scream of despair Manono sprang to his assistance, and the next moment a bullet pierced her temple, and she fell dead across the body of her dying husband. Kalaimoku was the first to approach, and gazing long upon the noble features of Kekuaokalani, grand even in death, turned to his followers and said: 'Truly, since the days of Keawe a grander Hawaiian has not lived!'

Thus died the last great defenders of the Hawaiian gods. They died as nobly as they had lived, and were buried together where they fell on the field of Kuamoo.

Small bodies of religious malcontents were subdued at Waimea and one or two other points, but the hopes and struggles of the priesthood virtually ended with the death of Kekuaokalani."

Then there were special tabus for certain times and occasions. Sometimes a strict tabu would be declared by the King as a religious act. In such a time, the inhabitants retired to the seclusion of their houses, and no one dared to utter a sound, or to move from his door, or to allow himself to be seen. Absolute silence reigned in the district, the very fowls and pigs being muzzled until the specified time had passed. And, however irksome or galling, it is recorded that these laws were seldom violated; but death was the punishment meted out to any offender.

The priests had innumerable temples, ceremonies, prayers, and observances, and a strict ritual was observed. There were different degrees of priesthood, the high priest being the supreme authority on religious matters, and his authority was almost equal to that of the king.

It was the business of one class of priests to commit to memory the chronicles and traditions of the past. Thus, history and genealogies for centuries past were handed down without a break or omission. These tabus extended formerly throughout the various Islands in the Pacific, and, in fact, are still in force in some of those which, are little visited in the South Seas. It was a means by which, what we should call the upper classes kept the lower classes in subjection. There were certain religious tabus which related to the priests and temples, which were easily understood. So far did this extend, that, even pigs which were set apart for sacrifices dare not be touched. To cross the shadow of a king, or to stand before him without his express leave, broke a perpetual tabu, which was punishable by instant death. These tabus had to be observed by the lower classes only. Those born in the purple had not to be on the constant *qui vive* lest they should break a tabu, as they were not compelled to observe them. Besides these perpetual tabus, others could be made to suit the convenience of kings, priests, and certain chiefs. Often, to propitiate the gods, a special tabu was put upon the people, by which they were forced to leave their work and attend services at the altars.

If the god wanted a lot of propitiating, it was tabu to light a fire, to cook food, to speak above a whisper, or bathe. Instead of a notice board with "Trespassers will be prosecuted," a stick with a strip of native cloth, black or white, at the end of it, stuck outside the house of a tabu chief, proved much more efficacious, as no one would then think of wandering in his grounds. No people could ever have possibly thought more highly of tracing their descent through a long line of ancestors, than do the Polynesians. Many of the priests and higher chiefs claim to have been able to trace their descent back to Kumuhonua, their first man, who answers to our first man, Adam. Although they had no written language, these genealogies were handed down from generation to generation with such care that their accuracy was rarely questioned. If any doubt arose on the score of any man's rank, he had to go before what we should call a College of Heralds, and recite his ancestral tree. If this passed muster, his claim to such rank was firmly established, and having been recognised by that council as a chief, he was admitted into the inner circle, called Aha Alii. In tracing their genealogy, in order to claim the privileges of tabu, the rule seems to have been somewhat similar to a law common in Europe centuries back. Not only could a son claim through his father, but, providing his mother were of herself of the prescribed rank, he was entitled to claim equal position to that held by her, no matter who his father may have been.

Sir John Lubbock makes mention of the following remarkable facts:—"It seems natural to us that descent should go in the male line, but there are very many races in which it is traced to the mother, not the father. The husband, or father, seems to us to be the natural head of the family; in Tahiti the reverse is the case, and the son enters at once into the property and titles of his father, who then holds them only as a guardian or trustee, so that, among this extraordinary people, not the father, but the son, is in reality the head of the family. So also in Australia, the father is called after the son, not the son after the father."

The ancient priests had long chants containing the Hawaiian story of the creation of man, his fall, and his dispersion over the world.

In olden times, the females of royal blood, were valued in proportion to their bulk; and some of the court ladies were immense. Their charms were ample indeed, and in the sight of all beholders. Their limbs were enormous, and a court dame, in those days, would easily weigh from 20 to 25 stone. Their method of dressing was peculiar. An early visitor to the Islands, describes how an Hawaiian lady of rank prepared her toilet for a state occasion. The process was something after the following order: She arranged a piece of native cloth a yard wide with ten folds; this piece of cloth, which was of great length, was spread out on the ground, she placed her body at one end, and rolled over and over, until she had wrapped the entire piece around her waist, which was thus encircled with seventy thicknesses of the material. Two attendants followed her to hold the ends of her enveloping folds. On her head was placed a wreath of yellow feathers. The upper portion of her ample person was covered with a few sprays of a mountain vine. To undress, it was necessary for her ladyship to lie down and reverse the operation of dressing by unrolling herself, which she unblushingly did, after making her entry. Yellow was the royal color, and cloaks made of yellow feathers, were worn by the high chiefs. The feathers were taken from a small bird called the Oo, and a little tuft of yellow feathers was found under each wing. The birds were snared, despoiled of the coveted feathers, and then set at liberty. These feathers were considered of great value, and the tribute to the king was often paid in them. Sometimes years elapsed before enough feathers could be accumulated to complete a cloak. At first the cloak was a shoulder cape, and it was lengthened by adding additional rows of feathers to the lower part, until an ample garment was procured. The few feather cloaks that have been preserved, are valued at enormous prices. According to Ellis, "Only a chief had right to wear the red feather cloak and helmet, or the ivory clasp, *niho palao;* his canoe and its sails were painted red, and, on state occasions, he was attended by men bearing kahilis of various colours." Chiefesses were allowed more than one husband, and, of course, chiefs had several wives, so it is easy to understand that families got sadly mixed, and it was probably on this account, that the acknowledgement by a woman of a child as being hers, was held sufficient to enable it to establish its claim without raising the dubious question of paternity. Lubbock, in his "Prehistoric Times," remarks:—"Amongst the Esquimaux, both polygamy and polyandry appear to occur. A strong or skilful man has often more than one wife; a beautiful or clever woman, in some cases, more than one husband. Again, the temporary loan of a wife is considered a mark of peculiar friendship, in which, however, the advantage is not all on one side, as a large family, far from being any incumbrance, is, among the Esquimaux, a great advantage, so that the same custom of polyandry was in vogue with races situated so far apart." Polynesian women were not treated so badly as in a tribe in Africa, for in Burton's "Lake Regions of Africa," we are told that "many savage races think it wrong for a woman to have twins. Among the Ibos, for instance, in such cases the children were exposed to wild beasts, and the mother was driven out of society."

Although in all important actions it was deemed necessary to consult the oracles, wedding ceremonies were apparently looked upon as of such a trivial nature, that not even a fowl was sacrificed on these occasions; in fact, the launching of a canoe, or a fishing expedition, were considered of far greater consequence. Even the custom of circumcising the male children, which was an almost universal one among the Polynesian tribes, and was generally performed by the priests, was accompanied with religious ceremonies, which were not considered necessary in the solemnization of nuptials. All that was required to make it an orthodox marriage was, that the bridegroom should cast a piece of tapa (native cloth) over the shoulders of the bride.

From the various works I have consulted, it would appear that more than half the Hawaiian children born were destroyed. Some writers say as many as two-thirds were treated in this way, if this be so, it would make it all the more extraordinary that they should be dying out with such marvellous rapidity now that the custom is no longer practised.

Divorce was as easy as it is in certain States of America. Where the husband and wife were of equal rank, they were free to separate when they chose, and enter into new matrimonial relationship. If the wife were of a lower rank than her lord and master, then she was not allowed to leave him in this free and easy fashion, and, unless he was willing to divorce her, she had to remain.

In Egyptology, one hears of brother and sister intermarrying in order to maintain the direct line. The Hawaiians, up to the discovery of the islands, but a little more than a century ago, practised the most incestuous marriages. In fact, these seem to have been encouraged, as the very highest rank attainable, was the offspring of a marriage between a royal brother and a royal sister. These children were the most sacred known, the *Alii Maupio*. If the child born of this union was a girl, she was such a high chiefess, she could not show herself at all by day, and if a son, it was death to cross his shadow. Next in order came the children of an uncle and niece, called *Alii Pio*. The third class was, when the children were the offspring between father and daughter, this is called *Alii Naha*. As the last seems the most incestuous of all, it seems strange that the children should rank last. The most singular part of the whole business is, that with such a horrible state of affairs, there was no deterioration of the race. On the contrary, all historians who have made the ancient customs of the Hawaiians their study, agree that it is difficult to imagine a finer race than the class from which the royal stock and chiefs were recruited; in stature they were far beyond the people, and showed no signs of mental incapacity, or any of those traits one would have expected to find under such circumstances.

Like the Irish, the mourning customs of the people were a little eccentric. When a relative, or better still, a king died, it was made an excuse for indulging in a regular debauch, in which they did everything they ought not to have done. Hula dancing, Awa drinking, and every form of licentiousness was indulged in. To such length were these orgies carried, continuing sometimes for weeks together, that the chiefs had, in the end, to insist on their being brought to a close.

The common people buried their dead in the same way that the Nubians did thousands of years back, and as also did the Egyptians at one period, viz., in caves. For the tabu classes, the object seemed to be, to find a place where it would be impossible for the bones of the defunct to be molested. The first proceeding seems to have been to pick all the flesh off the bones, and then secrete them in some inaccessible cave, or attach stones to them and drop them into the sea.

About the lowest type of savages are the Veddahs, or tribes inhabiting the interior of Ceylon. Sir J. Lubbock says: "They have, however, one remarkable peculiarity which it would be unfair to omit. They are kind, affectionate, and constant to their wives; abhor polygamy, and have a proverb that 'death alone can separate husband and wife.' In this they are very unlike their more civilized neighbours. An intelligent Kandyau chief, with whom Mr. Bailey visited these Veddahs, was perfectly scandalized at the utter barbarism of living with only one wife, and never parting until separated by death. It was, he said, just like the wanderoos (monkeys). Even in their marriage relations, however, the Veddahs, cannot altogether be commended, as it is, or was, until lately, very usual with them for a man to marry his younger sister. This is the more remarkable, as marriage with an elder sister seemed to them as horrible as it does to us."

In a work called "Fiji and the Fijians," the author says, "They are, on the whole, more chaste than is the case with some

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of the other Pacific Islands, which is saying something for them, but certainly not much. Although so lax in some things, they are very strict in others, and it is thought improper in some of these islands for husband and wife to spend the night under the same roof."

Wilkes writes of them: "Among the Fijians parricide is not a crime, but a custom. Parents are generally killed by their children. Sometimes the aged people make up their minds that it is time to die; sometimes it is the children who give notice to their parents that they are a burden to them. In either case, the friends and relatives are summoned, a consultation takes place, and a day is fixed for the ceremony, which commences with a great feast. The Missionaries have often witnessed these horrible tragedies. On one occasion, a young man invited Mr. Hunt to attend his mother's funeral, which was just going to take place. Mr. Hunt accepted the invitation, but, when the funeral procession started, he was surprised to see no corpse, and, accordingly, made enquiries, when the young savage pointed to his mother, who was walking along with them, as gay and lively as any of them present, and apparently as much pleased. . . . . She was their mother, and they were her children, and they ought to put her to death. He added that, 'it was from love for his mother he did so; that, in consequence of the same love, they were now going to bury her, and that none but themselves could, or ought to, do so sacred an office.' In such cases the grave is dug about four feet deep, the relatives and friends begin their lamentations, take an affectionate parting, and bury the poor victim alive."

There seems, amongst these people, to have been a horror that their bones might be used for some practical use after death, and yet it was held by them as quite right and fitting to eat the powdered bones of a popular king, at the funeral feast, mixed with their poi. It must not be supposed, from this little delicate appreciation of a dead king, that the ancient Hawaiians were ever cannibals, for this charge has never been brought against them. On the contrary, they held the eating of human flesh in almost as great abhorrence as we do. Cold missionary never figured as a side dish at their luncheon parties, though, I have no doubt, the Hawaiian Islands are credited with the taste for "long pig," as the Fijians in their own language speak of human flesh. Though not man eaters, they were always prepared to offer human sacrifices to their gods on the least provocation; and one reads, that upon these occasions oil and holy water* were sprinkled on the altars. It was the invariable custom that the first few prisoners captured in war were offered as a sacrifice to their idols. The victims were clubbed to death, and their bodies left to decompose on the altars. It was also part of the ritual that the left eye of the victims was offered to the king or high priest to eat. This was only a bit of jugglery, as the king or priest only pretended to swallow it and then threw it back on the altar. Amongst uncivilised races women always have a bad time; they, however, if life had any value, seemed rather to have the advantage in one respect. The fair sex was not allowed to participate in these sacred offerings, neither were they ever required to play leading lady in any of them, being deemed unworthy of figuring as sacrifices.

The following custom which prevailed amongst the Malays does not seem to have spread through Polynesia, though I have read that a similar habit existed in the South Seas, this, however, I doubt.

Sir John Lubbock makes mention of the following remarkable facts:—"It seems natural to us, that after child-birth, the woman should keep her bed; and that, so far as possible, the husband should relieve her, for a time, from the labours and cares of life. In this, at least, one might have thought that all nations would be alike. Yet it is not so. Among the Caribs, the father, on the birth of a child, took to his hammock, and placed himself in the hands of a doctor, the mother, meanwhile, going about her work as usual. A similar custom has been observed on the mainland of South America, among the Abipones, Mundrucus, Fuegians, &c.,

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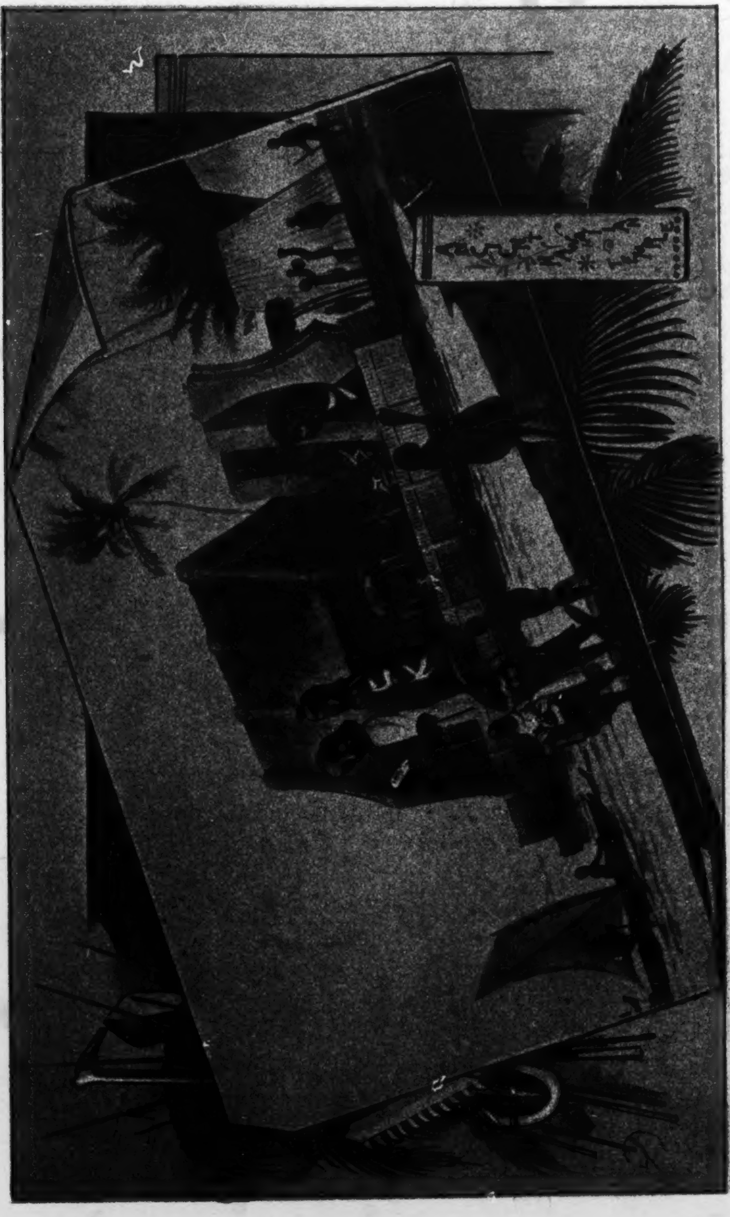
* "The holy water of the Hindoos—the Ganges water—is holy, pure and simple, and requires no mixture, preparation, nor prayers to make it more so. The holy water of the Polynesians was expressly prepared and consecrated with prayers in order to obtain that particular efficacy for religious and medical purposes which it was believed to possess."—*Ellis.*



among the Arawaks of Surinam, in the Chinese province of West Yunnan; among the Dyaks of Borneo, and the Esquimaux of Greenland. It is mentioned by Xenophon as occuring in Asia Minor, and by Strabo among the Iberians; is found even in the present day among the Basques, among whom, we are told, that in some of the valleys, the 'women rise immediately after child-birth and attend to the duties of a household, while the husband goes to bed, taking the baby with him, and thus receives the neighbour's compliments.' According to Diodorus Siculus, it prevailed at his time, in Corsica; and, finally, it 'is said still to exist in some Cantons of Beern, where it is called *faire la couvade.*' "

As with the Delphic oracle, no king thought of embarking on any big undertaking without first consulting the auguries. The Kaulas (seers) and Kuhous (sorcerers) had to be interviewed, and these went through the various forms of divination in vogue amongst medicine men. One does not hear of their propitiating Neptune before a canoe engagement, by pouring out libations of wine and entrails into the sea, as the pious Eneas was so fond of doing, but the spleens of swine were waved aloft, and the intestines carefully examined to find out whether the omens were favourable or the reverse. If unfavourable, they had a new deal, and offered a few human beings, if there were no war prisoners, then any evil-doers, or, if none of the latter were available, the first who came conveniently to hand. The Heiaus (temples) were walled enclosures some four to six acres in extent. *(See illustration.)* The Holy of Holies, or anu, stood in the middle, and it was only the great Pandjandrum who had access to this, as from the anu, the prophetic oracles were given forth. Apart from these Heiaus, there were temples of refuge, called the Puuhonuas. These existed certainly in the largest island of the group, and, possibly, in the others as well. These temples are particularly interesting, since they go far to prove that the ancestors of this race must have had some affinity with the scattered tribes of Israel. To these temples all could fly, no matter what offence had been committed, even though the king's shadow were crossed or his pet god smashed, or any other heinous offence committed. Once let the offender cross the portal of the Puuhonua, and no one would molest him, and he might remain as long as he pleased. After a period prescribed by the priests, the seeker of safety was allowed to return to society as he was supposed to be morally whitewashed, and all previous offences were annulled. The line drawn between the common people and the royal, or tabu class, was as sharp as was the case in our own feudal system. The people owned no land, but were tenants of the chiefs, to whom, in return for their tenure, they owed allegiance. These chiefs, in turn, held from the king, to whom they had to yield their fealty, so that in warfare all were bound to come forward and assist their king.

Amongst the retinue of a high chief, were a spittoon carrier (after the advent of the Americans this office was abolished, the floor answering the purpose), a man to brush the flies off, whilst another was ready to shampoo him, if required. Besides these, there were priests, sorcerers, poets, hula dancers, not forgetting the court fool, and a number of others. There is one branch of the Kuhonas which shows that the dual existence, about which Mr. Stead and the Physical Research people have said so much recently, finds its counterpart in the history of the Hawaiians, who believed (as I think also do the North American Indians) that every person owns two souls: a visiting soul and a stay-at-home soul. In sleep and in dreams there was a belief that the soul quitted the body. Out of this fact, this branch of the Kuhonas made considerable capital. One of them would pretend that he had seen in a dream a certain man's soul meandering about in a most unhappy condition, and that, unless the owner made certain sacrifices and paid certain fees to the church, or rather to the swindling sorcerer, he ran a good chance of losing his wandering half soul.

I feel tempted to moralize, but will only add that, as it was with us some few hundred years back, so it was in the remote past with the Hawaiians. All the learning or knowledge was in the hands of the tabu classes, which included the priests. The people themselves were almost as ignorant as our own agricultural labourer of the same period, so that priest or Kuhona would not have much difficulty in working on the superstitious nature of the victim he wished to fleece. The only probable difference was, that whilst the former gave what he thus obtained to the church, the latter kept it for himself. Of course, in the nineteenth century, we can look back with pity at the benighted ignorance of the savage!

Just imagine people finding amusement in such pastime as the following (I quote from Prof. W. D. Alexander's book, "A brief History of the Hawaiian people."):—

> "The ancient Hawaiians had a very great variety of games, both for children and adults. The Makahiki festival in the latter part of the month of Welehu, was devoted to sports and general gambling. In fact, most of these games were resorted to chiefly for the purpose of betting, to which they were excessively addicted. Both men and women of all rank were eager to stake every article they possessed on the success of their favourite players, and the games seldom ended without fierce brawls between the different parties.
>
> Among their athletic sports, that of mokomoko, or boxing, was the favourite national game. It was regulated by fixed rules and presided over by umpires. The champions generally belonged to different chiefs of districts, and were attended by crowds of partisans. As many as ten thousand spectators were present on these occasions. A knock down or blood starting blow, was followed, by deafening yells, dancing, and beating of drums by the surrounding multitude. The elated victor strutted around the ring challenging others to the contest, until he met his match. It was not uncommon for several to be left dead in the arena during one of these games. Less fatal in their results were the games of hakoko, wrestling, and kukini, foot races, which were very popular."

How thankful we ought to be, that we are not as these poor savages formerly were! Our missionaries have altered all this, and, perhaps, before long, we may have an Hawaiian born native missionary sent over to return the compliment, and try and convince our own *jeunesse dorée* of the evils of betting, and wickedness of prize fighting!

When I was in Sydney, I went to see a fight between the champion light weight and a negro. Owing to a man having been killed the previous week, the more respectable patrons of the sport were absent. I had never before witnessed a regular fight, and, thinking it was my duty to see all there was to be seen, accordingly went. Never before have I found myself in such blackguard company. The spectators were of what is called the "larrikin" class, compared to which our London rough is a gentleman. The air was blue with blasphemy, and it was interesting to discover how many oaths it was possible to get into any one sentence. The fight I won't describe; suffice it to say that "the feather," as he was called, nearly got his ear knocked off.* At the sight of blood, as with the ancient Hawaiians, there were deafening yells of delight, and the affair ended, as with them, in a fierce brawl. When the police thought it time to interfere and stop the fight, there was a terrible uproar. Although I have lived with people who only some fifteen years previously had been cannibals, I have never before witnessed such savages as these larrikins.

I now come to what is, I think, the most interesting feature in the study of the history of the Polynesian race, and to which I have already alluded—viz., the similarity of their traditions with our own Genesis. There are many books in the library bearing on the subject. Unfortunately, one is not allowed to take them off the premises, so that they must be perused while the reader is being driven nearly mad by myriads of mosquitoes. The strangest portion of the ancient lore is that which relates to the Hawaiian account of the creation. When they first came into contact with whites, they were mutually surprised to find that they both had much the same tale to tell as to how things first started. The following account is practically the same as the Mosaic:—

"The ancient Hawaiians at one time believed in and worshipped one god, comprising three beings, and respectively called Kane, Ku, and Lono, equal in nature, but distinct in attributes. The first was, however, considered as the superior of the other two, a *primus inter pares.* Jointly, they formed a triad commonly referred to as Ku-kau-akahi—literally, 'Ku stands alone,' or 'the one established'—and were thus worshipped under the grand and mysterious name of Hika po loa, while another ancient name was Oi-e, signifying 'most excellent, supreme,' sometimes used adjectively as Kane-oi-e. These gods existed from eternity, from and before chaos, or, as the Hawaiian term expresses it,

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* This episode I might have given in the chapter on "Religion and Rum," for it tends to show that the missionaries could, if they chose, find plenty of white savages to labour upon.

Buddhist Idol
Maori Idol
Maori Idol

'mai ka Po mai'—from the time of night, darkness, chaos. By an act of their will these gods dissipated or broke into pieces the existing, surrounding, all-containing, night or chaos, by which act light entered into space. They then created the heavens—three in number—as a place for themselves to dwell in, and the earth to be their footstool, he keehina honua-a-Kane. Next they created the sun, moon, stars, and a host of angels or spirits—i kini akua, to minister to them. Last of all, they created man on the model or in the likeness of 'Kane.' The body of the first man was made of red earth—lepo ula or ala-ea—and the spittle of the gods—wai-nao—and his head was made of a whitish clay—palolo—which was brought from the four ends of the world by 'Lono.' When the earth-image of 'Kane' was ready, the three gods breathed into its nose and called on it to rise, and it became a living being. Afterwards the first woman was created from one of the ribs—lalo puhaka—of the man while asleep, and these two were the progenitors of all mankind. They are called in the chants and in various legends by a large number of different names, but the most common for the man was Kumu-honua, and for the woman Ke Ola ku honua. Such is the general import of the Kumu-honua legend."

Fornander says:—

"When Kane, Ku, and Lono were creating the first man from the earth, Kanaloa also was present, and, in imitation of Kane, attempted to make another man out of the earth. When his clay model was ready, he called to it to become alive, but no life came to it. Then Kanaloa became very angry, and said to Kane, 'I will take your man, and he shall die'; and so it happened, and hence the first man got another name, Kumu-uli, which means 'a fallen chief.'"

Dreffenbach, in speaking of the Maories, says:—"They believe in the survival of the soul, but not in the resurrection of the body, an article of faith which, as Mr. Marsden tells us, the Missionaries could not induce them to accept. They had no idea of an Almighty Deity." Speaking to Mr. Taylor, Te Heuheu, Chief of Taupo, ridiculed the idea. "Is there," he asked, "one maker of all things amongst you Europeans? Is not one a blacksmith, another a carpenter, another a shipbuilder, and another a house builder? So it was in the beginning; one God made this, another that; Tane made trees, Ru mountains, Tangaroa fish, and so forth. Your religion is of to-day, ours from remote antiquity. Do not think, then, to destroy our ancient faith with your fresh-born religion." Sir John Lubbock, on this point, remarks:—"Those who assert that even the lowest savages believe in a supreme Deity, affirm that which is entirely contrary to evidence. The direct testimony of travellers on this point is indirectly corroborated by their other statements."

The story of the devil, we see, is very similar to our theory. The Hawaiian Satan called on the first man for adoration, and not receiving it, he started to manufacture a man for himself. He went through just the same process as the gods had done in making their man, but somehow or other, there was something lacking, and Satan's man wouldn't act. This so riled Satan that he transformed himself into a big lizard and invaded Paradise, where, by his wicked machinations, he managed to have the Hawaiian equivalent to Adam and Eve turned out. Then follows a story of two sons, the younger of which slew the elder.[*] We next come to the flood; a fable which seems common to most religions. Noah seems to have been known in their mythology under the name of Nuu; reference, too, is also made to the flood and rainbow. The chant opens by saying that the Lord Ocean, Fatu-Moana, was going to overflow and pass over the dry earth, but that a respite of seven days was granted. It then speaks of the animals which were to be preserved from the flood; of a house to be built high above the waters with stories, chambers, openings for light, and stored with provisions for the preservation of the various animals. The animals are then fastened with ropes, tied up in couples, and, with one man before and one behind, marched off to this big, deep house of wood. Then the family enter, consisting of four women and four men. The men's names are given "Fetu-moana," apparently the father and master of the family, Fetu-tau-ani, Fetu-amo-amo, and Ia-fetu-tini. A turtle is then sacrificed; the family retire to rest amidst the din, confusion, and crowding of the confined animals. Then the storm bursts over them; the rain pours fearfully, and gloom prevails; all on earth is displaced and mixed up by the waters.

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[*] Fornander says:—"But though the Polynesian differ from the Chaldeo-Hebraico-Egyptian account of the number of antediluvian gods, kings, and patriarchs, it coincides with the Hebrew in the number of sons of the first man; in the murder of the second son by the first; in the enormous length of days attributed to each generation; in the translation to heaven of not only one, as the Hebrew text gives it, but of two worthy individuals, whose pious lives had merited such favour; and, finally, in the very name of the hero of the flood and his wife—Nuu and Lili-Noe—which evidently point to the Hebrew and Arabic Nuh or Noah. It is, moreover, curious to observe that, whereas in enumerating the names of the first pair before their misfortune, their chant places the husband's name before that of the wife, in the list of names after the fall the names of the wife precede those of the husband, who becomes, as it were, an intensified echo of the former. The tradition adds, that the first pair lived in 'Kalani i Hauola,' until they were driven out from there by Ka-aaia-nukea-nui a Kane, 'the large white bird of Kane.'"

The second part of the chant opens with a description of the waters retreating, and mountain summits and ridges reappearing; the grounding of the house, and the command of the Lord Ocean for the dry land to appear. The head of the family, encouraged by the sight, promises to sacrifice to the Lord Ocean seven holy and precious things, and seven sucklings. Then a bird, called te tee tina o tanaoa—from its name, apparently of a dark colour—is sent out over the sea of Hawaii, but after a while returns to the vessel. The wind sets in from the north. On a second attempt, the same bird alights on the sand of the shore, but is recalled to the vessel. Then another bird, called te teetina o moepo, is sent out over the sea of Hawaii. It lands on the dry land, and returns with young shoots or branches it had gathered. The land is now dry, and the great ridges of Hawaii and of Matahou are fit to dwell on. In the third part, reference is made to the debarkation of men and animals.

The next point of similarity is that of Aukele-nui-a-iku, who did duty for the Hawaiian Joseph. This Aukele-nui-a-iku was the youngest but one of twelve children, and was the pet and favourite of his father, and was, consequently, bitterly hated by his brothers, being thrown into a pit by them, and left to die, but was delivered from the pit by his next eldest brother. In his adventures and successes in foreign lands, and, finally, his journey to the place where the "water of life," Ka wai ola-ola a Kane, was kept, his acquisition of it, and therewith resuscitating his brothers, who had been killed or drowned some years before, there is a most striking resemblance to the Hebrew legend of Joseph and his brethren. So, we see, that the Hawaiians seemed to have had a notion of Paradise not unlike our own, for, although it did not "flow with milk and honey," in it were found the sacred bread fruit tree, and rivers having water which would restore the dead to life. Their paradise seemed, from all accounts, quite as desirable as our own.

CHAPTER VI.

RELIGION AND RUM.

I HAVE purposely refrained from referring to the excited times in which we lived during my stay in Honolulu, as I intend devoting a chapter to the subject of the Revolution.

When Cook discovered the Sandwich Islands, a little over a century ago, it is estimated there were between 400,000 and 500,000 natives—to-day they do not number 40,000. To understand the political aspect, it is necessary to trace the various influences which have been at work since 1819. It was in that year, the *Thaddeus* arrived off Hawaii, bringing the first batch of American Missionaries, sent out by a wealthy society, in Boston, called "The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Mission."

From a work written by Mrs. Thurston, the wife of the first missionary who landed in the islands, I extract the following:—

"To learn the state of the islands and the residence of the King, the captain sent a boat on shore with an officer, attended by Hopu and Honolii. Nearly three anxious hours we waited their return. Every minute seemed to whet our eagerness for news, Then, as Mr. James Hunnewell hastily came over the side of the vessel, we gathered closely around him. Quickly, with agitated lips, he said: 'Kamehameha is dead, his son Liholiho is King! The tabus are abolished; the images are burned; the temples are destroyed! There has been war, now there is peace!'"

The cargo of Presbyterian missionaries congratulated themselves on finding that the natives had thrown over their old religion and were quite prepared to be on with a new. This fortuitous state of affairs was, naturally, ascribed by them to a special interference of a benign providence, and they at once proceeded to offer up thanksgivings for the gracious removal of the numerous difficulties they had anticipated. Finding a virgin soil, they straightway sowed the seed of their special cult. With a singlemindedness, not uncommon to missionaries, Mrs. Thurston seems to have estimated the chances of the salvation of the souls of the natives as being dependent on the amount of clothing covering their bodies. As this was, to say the least of it, decidedly sketchy, most probably their poor souls were destined by her, if not for the pit of Tophet, at least for Kilauea. The natives, on the principle of any religion being better than none, willingly accepted the new teaching. The men, accordingly, were induced to take to shirts and trousers, and the women to the "Holoku,"* a dress they wear to the present day.

Shortly after the advent of the missionaries, the whaling fleet discovered that Honolulu made capital head-quarters. The natives found the orgies in which the sailors indulged very much to their taste. Gin was their pet weakness, and this the whaler could, and was willing to, supply on certain conditions. As the fleet grew more numerous, the town became a perfect hell, and was, notoriously, the most immoral place known. The missionaries naturally felt their power was ebbing away, and decided, that at all costs, this state of things must be brought to an end. They, therefore, prevailed upon King Kalanimoku and the chiefs to make laws with a view of checking the evil, and received great assistance from Lord Byron (cousin of the poet), who was in command of H.M.S. *Blonde*.

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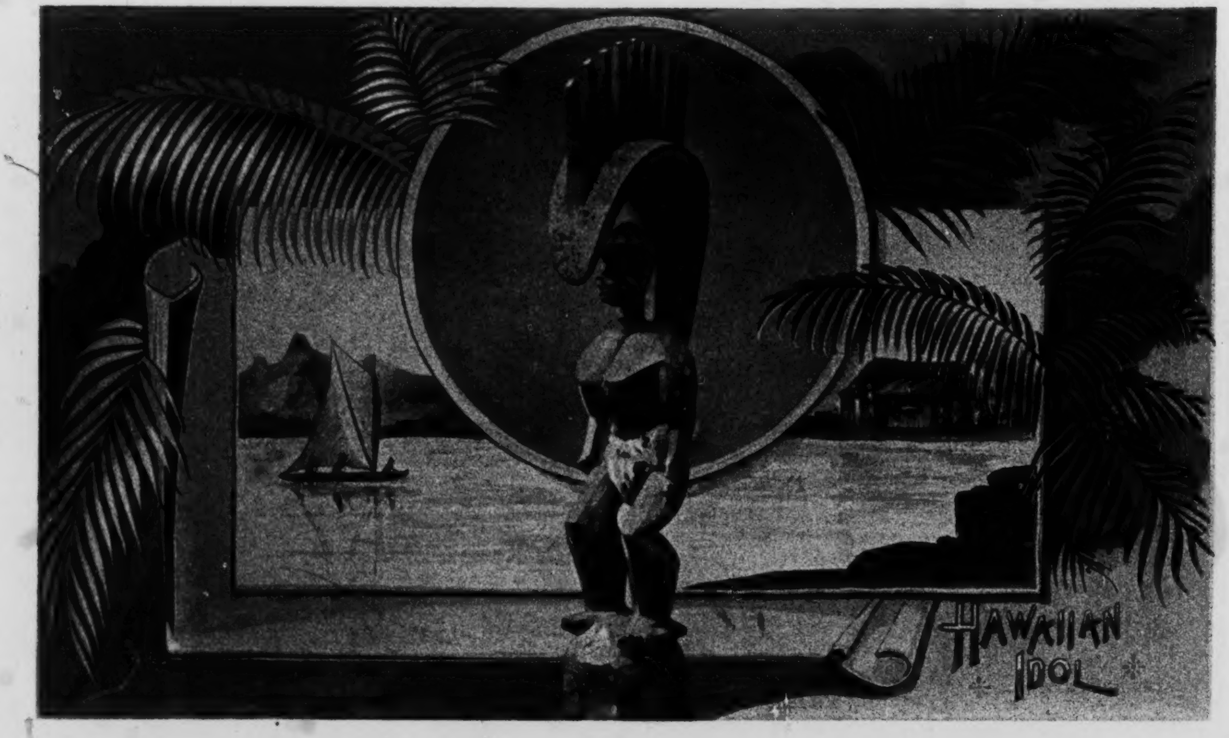
* "Holoku" means—"I can jump," "I can run." For such was the renark of the first princess whom Mrs. Thurston fitted with a Mother Hubbard gown, and by this name the women's garment is still called.


HAWAIIAN
IDOL

These laws gave such offence to the whalers, that some of the missionaries, who had instigated them, nearly lost their lives. It was the boast of the whalers, that "There was no God this side of Cape Horn," and they looked upon any curtailment of their enjoyment as simple interference on the part of the missionaries; however, they no longer defied the law openly. Mark Twain, forty-five years later, writes thus of the women:—"They are inveterate church-goers; nothing can keep them away. All this ameliorating cultivation has, at last, built up in the native women a profound respect for virtue in *other* women; the national sin will die out when the race does."

It would be too tedious to go through the whole of the code; a mixture of the Puritanism of the Blue Laws of Connecticut (which of itself would point out its framers), with a power given to officers to practise extortion and tyranny, which is not possessed by a Turkish Pacha. I shall merely allude to one item, entitled, "A Law Respecting Lewdness," and this I quote only to show the merciless way in which the missionaries treated the natives:—

"Excepting in cases of rape and adultery, where there is a division of the consideration, all these fines go to the Government, twenty-five per cent.—the informer's share—being first deducted. It will, doubtless, be said that this law is too oppressive and absurd in its enactments to be carried into execution in any country, but particularly in Polynesia, where the language has no word to express chastity. But, in the Sandwich Islands, it is enforced to a most extraordinary extent. The roads, the bridges, the huge stone walls, to be seen all over the islands, have been made principally by the labour of women, who have been condemned to toils, worse than those of the most hardened convicts of Macquarrie's Harbour and Norfolk Island, for the commission of an act so habitual to them that they deem it hardly a sin."—*Simpson.*

Adultery was, at that time, punished by four years banishment, eight months imprisonment,* or thirty dollars fine; and fornication, by a fine of twenty dollars, or five months imprisonment.

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* Imprisonment, hard labour by day, and heavy manacles by night.

The new and compulsory virtue enjoined by the missionaries did not, apparently, please Lieut. Percival, who, in 1826, visited the Islands, in command of the U.S. frigate *Dolphin*. He, accordingly, waited upon the Queen, and informed her that, unless these puritanical regulations against vice were at once repealed, he should open fire on the place. Later in the day his sailors attacked the mission premises, and, to save bloodshed, the Governor of the port permitted the repeal of the regulation. It is stated, that, as soon as the result was known, "a shout of triumph rang through the shipping." The following year the restrictions as to drunkeness and prostitution were again in force, and there was another row. This time it was an English whaler, named the *John Palmer*, in charge of an American skipper. The Governor, having heard that several native women were on board, demanded that they should be landed. The captain refused, and the crew opened fire on the mission with a nine pounder. This was the last of those outrages, though neither the whites nor kanakas are one whit more moral now than they were then.

Sometimes there were as many as thirty whalers in port at once, with crews amounting to 1,000 to 1,200 men. To see the behaviour of these alleged superior whites, whose God they were being taught to worship, must have made the natives ask the question : Why do these missionaries come out and worry themselves about our souls, when they might have employed their spare time to better advantage, in teaching their creed to the still greater heathen who hail from their own Christian land ?

The punishment meted out to the natives, for offences which they had never been taught to regard as crimes, must have seemed especially hard. In truth, it was simply *autre pays, autre moeurs,* though, according to the writers I quote, this want of chastity is shared by other partly savage races. Ulloa, in writing of the Brazilians remarks : "The Brazilians do not approve of chastity in an unmarried woman, regarding it as a proof that she can have nothing attractive about her." Freycinet writes similarly of the Ladrones, and Andaman Island. He says : "The inhabitants of the Ladrones, and of the Andaman Island come to the same conclusion ; in the latter case, however, for a different reason, regarding it as a proof of selfishness and pride." Lady Duff Gordon also tells us, in her paper on the "Cape," that "there are no so-called morals among the coloured people, and how or why should there be? It is an honour to one of these girls to have a child by a white man." Regnard, too, in writing of the Lapps, assures us that they much prefer to marry a girl who had had a child by a white man, thinking "that because a man, whom they believed to be possessed of a better taste than themselves, has been anxious to give marks of love for a girl of their country, she must, therefore, be possessed of some secret merit."

Whilst on the subject of *autre pays, autre moeurs,* I may mention that, in the Ladrones, Freycinet says tears were regarded as a sign of happiness. The Esquimaux pull noses as a mark of respect. (Ross, Baffin's Bay.) Steele says about kissing, "It is certain, nature was its author, and it began with the first courtship." This, I doubt, as among numerous races the custom is quite unknown. In the Society Islands, where love-making, according to Lord Pembroke in that charming book "South Sea Bubbles," is the rule, kissing is, or was, as unknown as it is with the bulk of the Polynesian race.

On my arrival, I was much puzzled to know what was meant by the often-used words "the missionaries," or "missionary party," in connection with the political questions. I had supposed there might be a few about in the islands, but I never imagined they were the political power they really are. From enquiries, I elicited the fact that a missionary, as understood in Honolulu, is one who is descended from the original missionary, or attends the American Congregational Church, or belongs to their party. A Church of England clergyman, engaged on strictly mission work, or a Catholic or Mormon, similarly employed, is not a missionary, at least, so it is here ordained. The reform party, or, as it is now termed, the party of annexation, is chiefly composed of these so-called missionaries. Almost the first remark I heard, after the revolution broke out, was, "whichever way this business terminates, you may bet the missionaries come out on top," and, indeed, in the Hawaiian Islands, they generally seem to do so.

That the missionaries, originally, landed at Honolulu without a cent, there is no doubt, but they certainly did not long allow the scriptural injunction relating to the acquirement of filthy lucre to stand in their way. They soon began to possess lands and worldly goods, and, of necessity, as they waxed richer, the native became poorer. The enemies of the missionaries say they advanced the money received from the home missions on mortgage, at usurious rates. Be that as it may, the descendants of the missionaries are unquestionably, at the present time, the most wealthy people in Honolulu. I know of no other instance where the missionaries have invaded a country and done so well for themselves as in these islands. In proof of this, I quote a paragraph from the preface of King Kalakaua's *Myths and Legends*, written by a former Minister representing the United States:—

> "On the 30th of March, 1820, the first party of Christian missionaries arrived at these islands from Massachusetts. They were well received. They found a people without a religion, and their work was easy. Other missionary parties followed from time to time, and found the field alike profitable to the cause in which they laboured, and to themselves individually. They acquired substantial possession in their new home, controlled the Government for the fifty or more years following, and their children are to-day among the most prosperous residents of the group. This is not said with a view to undervalue the services of the early missionaries at Hawaii, but to show that all missionary fields have not been financially unfruitful to zealous and provident workers."

The Roman Catholics seem to have had a particularly bad time of it. They were a little late in coming into the field, and did not commence their siege on the souls of the bewildered natives until the American teaching had taken a firm hold. In 1827, three priests arrived, and remained in the Islands until 1831. The Queen Regent then ordered them out of her realms, alleging that their customs savoured too much of the idolatry practised in the old Hawaiian religion. No doubt she was put up to this by the opposition party, as Presbyterianism and Roman Catholicism must have been as oil and vinegar. The natives were ordered to destroy their crucifixes or be banished. An attempt was again made to land the priests in '37, which created a lot of trouble. In the end, they were allowed to remain (until the first opportunity arose for them to sail to South America) on the condition they did not preach. So bitter was the feeling against the native Catholic converts, that thirty of them were imprisoned and subjected to the greatest hardships. Capt. Eliot, of H.M.S. *Fly*, tried to intervene on their behalf, but the King said he was right in acting as he did; otherwise, asked he, "What shall we do? Shall we return to idolatry and the shedding of blood?" This brings us to a rich part of the story: The *Artemise*, a French 64-gun frigate, arrived in Honolulu in 1839, and Capt. Laplace issued a manifesto which is almost amusing enough to give in its entirety. I will, however, confine myself to one or two of the paragraphs. I say amusing, because I always understood the Christian religion was supposed to teach "peace and goodwill towards men," and here the natives were told to accept Roman Catholicism or be blown to blazes. "They must now comprehend that to tarnish the Catholic religion with the name of idolatry, and to expel the French priests under that absurd pretext, was to offer an insult to France. . . ." Then follow five conditions, one of which was, "That the Catholic religion be declared throughout the islands, and that a site at Honolulu for a Catholic church be given by the Government." Then the manifesto proceeds as follows:—"If, contrary to expectation, and misled by bad advisers, the King and chiefs refuse to sign the treaty I present, WAR will immediately commence." Capt. Laplace gave the King three days to consider the matter.

Whom the Captain of the French man-of-war believed responsible for the expulsion of the priests, is clearly shown in his letter to the American Consul. In this communication he stated that he would offer shelter, on the frigate, during the bombardment, to American citizens; but added, "I do not, however, include in this class the individuals who, although born in the United States, form a part of the Protestant clergy of the King of this group, direct his counsels, influence his conduct, and are the true authors of the insults offered to France. For me, they compose part of the native population, and must undergo the unhappy consequences of war which they will have brought on this country."

Of course, the poor natives had to knuckle under, and assent to the terms; in addition to which, they had to lodge

20,000 dollars on board the frigate "as an earnest of their future conduct towards France."

Laplace was so surprised at the complete success of his manifesto, that he felt as unhappy as a Jew-pedler who gets what he asks at his first demand—his regret being that he had not asked more. To have gained the right to introduce the spirit of religion, was, of course, something; but there was no money in it. So after the religious business, a commercial clause was added that, "French merchandise, especially WINE or BRANDY, shall not be prohibited, or pay a higher duty than 5 per cent. *ad valorem*." Having accomplished this double introduction of spirit, the *Artemise* sailed away.

In 1842 there was more trouble. The *Embuscade*, another French corvette, arrived on the scene; and her commander also took a very high hand, on the grounds that the Laplace convention was more or less upset by the New Licensing Bill, and that the Catholic Schools had not been properly administered, in fact, were not under the exclusive control of the priests.

For some years after this, France and the rulers of Hawaii pulled together well enough; in fact, so pleased was France, that she returned the 20,000 dollars that Captain Laplace had taken by way of security some years before. In 1849, the brandy question, the religion, and the partiality for the English language, were made charges of complaint by the French against the Hawaiians. This time two French men-of-war came upon the scene. There were ten clauses in the treaty presented for the Hawaiian Government to sign. It was, again, a strange mixture of brandy and Roman Catholicism. As the Government refused to sign the articles, the French Admiral contented himself with destroying their ammunition and spiking their guns. In fact, to such loggerheads did they come in the following year, that the King and Privy Council issued a manifesto on March 10th, 1851, placing the islands provisionally under the protection of the United States. This caused the whole matter to be sifted to the bottom, and when it was found that the only two important points involved, were "*the liberty of catholic worship and the trade in spirits*," a basis was soon found, agreeable to both of the interested parties, and nothing more was heard of the balance of the demands.

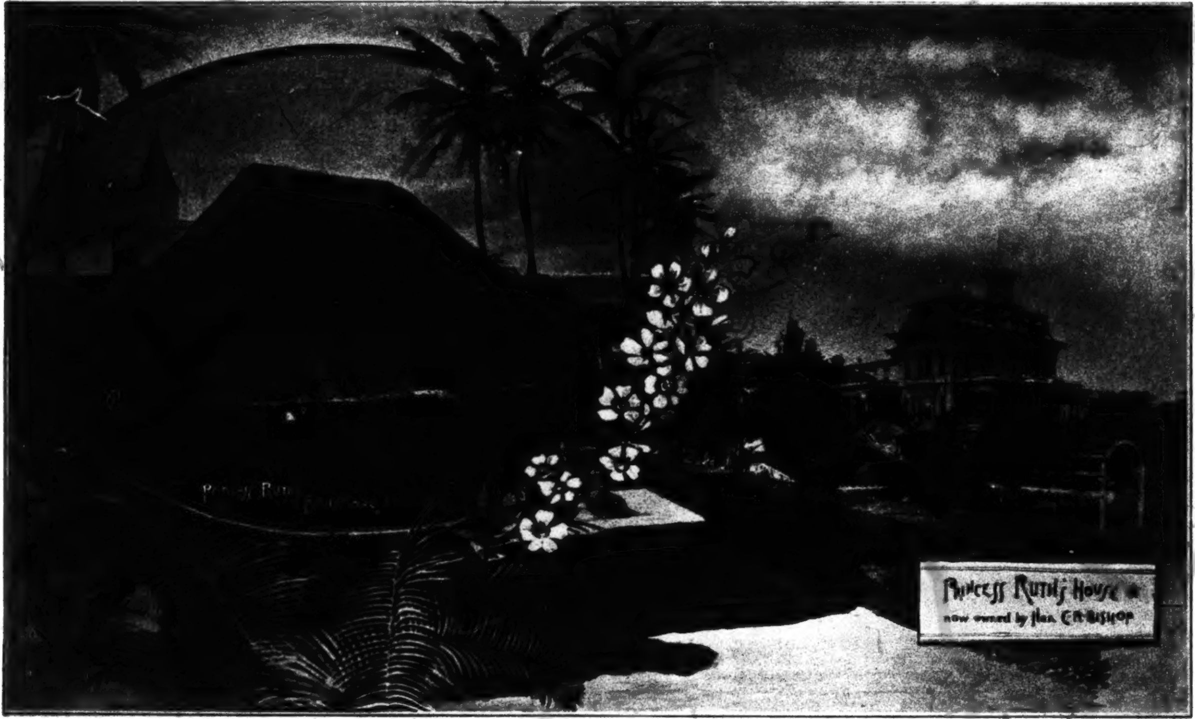
At this time, the feud between the missionaries and the foreign residents was at its height. In their reports to the society in Boston, the missionaries described the foreigners inhabiting the islands as drunkards, sensualists, and cheats, and probably they were not far wrong. At the same time, they took credit to themselves for a sacrifice of earthly comfort in coming to labour in a distant land. "This," as one of the native writers says, "sacrifice of earthly comforts was, likewise, much more imaginative than real. Their houses, furniture, horses, and vehicles, exhibited no signs of poverty, but the reverse; and their style of living was certainly altogether on a better scale in these 'isles of the sea,' than it would have been in their native States."

Now-a-days in these Islands, as it probably was in former times, the work of the Catholic fathers is in great contrast to the efforts of their Protestant brethren. In Hawaii there are dreary tracts of lava beds, sparsely inhabited by the natives, over which the circuit priest will ride in all weathers to visit his flock. His horse, saddle, and whole outfit does not look worth more than a few dollars, and yet, should he belong to the Jesuits, he is almost sure to be a gentleman, and of quite a different kidney to the tub-thumping fraternity from Massachusetts. Comparisons may be odious. Personally, I have no leaning towards Rome, since I dislike seeing too much power in the hands of the church. At the same time, I must admit that I have a much greater respect for men who do not seek to feather their own nests, than for those who, whilst pretending to care for the native's soul, do not forget to advance their own position.

If I have not said enough, let me remind my reader of the comparatively recent death of Father Damien, from leprosy, at Molokai. It is the fashion in Hawaii to decry this man. The "missionary party," say it was his own dirty habits which caused his death. At all events, they never gave the thing a chance themselves, probably as there was no money in it. There is a hard and fast line in Hawaiian history, between the methods of the Catholic priest and the Protestant minister. Where there is nothing to be gained and hardship to be endured, you will find the Catholic; where souls can be saved and dollars acquired at the same time, will be found the dissenting minister. At the present time, the natives attend divine service in their own churches, presided over by native pastors. They are fast losing interest in their religious edifices, and outside of Honolulu many are tumbling to pieces. There has always been an undercurrent of superstition and a strong leaning towards their old fetish, and it is an undoubted fact, that, notwithstanding their professed Christianity, the majority of them are at heart pagans pure and simple. They have little or no regard either for the descendants of the missionaries, or for the foreign preacher. A native, too, will rarely apply when ill for the services of the government doctor, one of whom is to be found in each district, though these are instructed to treat the natives gratuitously. He will, notwithstanding the amount of teaching he has received, prefer to call in the witch doctor, and it is these fellows who are greatly responsible for the decreasing number of the native population. Although it is difficult to find, now-a-days, a native unable to read and write, the belief of centuries does not appear to have been eradicated by a few decades of ecclesiastical rule. Many who are supposed to be orthodox on all points, still propitiate their gods. They seem yet to have some lingering doubts on the question of divinities, and, being undecided whether the god of the missionaries, or that of their witch doctor is the better, do a bit of judicious hedging by worshiping both.

An incident occurred in 1882, which had a great influence in reviving faith in the old time religion of the Hawaiians. In King Kalakaua's book, the following fact is related, it having undoubtedly taken place less than 11 years ago. He writes as follows:—

> "The last public recognition of the powers of Pele occurred as late as 1882 on the island of Hawaii. The village of Hilo was threatened. A broad stream of lava from Mauna Loa, after a devastating journey of twenty five miles or more, reached a point in its downward course within a mile or two of the Bay of Hilo. Its movement was slow, like that of all lava streams some distance from their source, but its steady approaching line of fire rendered it almost certain that the village, and perhaps


Princess Ruth's House
now owned by Hon. C. R. Bishop

the harbour, of Hilo would be destroyed within a few days. Trenches were dug, walls were raised, and prayers were offered, but all to no purpose. Downward moved the awful avalanche of fire. Ruth, a surviving sister of the fourth and fifth Kamehamehas was then living in Honolulu. She was a proud, stern, old chiefess, who thought too little of the whites to attempt to acquire their language. The danger threatening Hilo was reported to her. 'I will save the fish ponds of Hilo,' said the old chiefess. 'Pele (the goddess of Hawaii), will not refuse to listen to the prayer of a Kamehameha.' She chartered a steamer, left Honolulu for Hilo with a large number of attendants, and the next day stood facing the still moving flow of lava. Ascending an elevation immediately at the back of the village, she caused to be raised there a rude altar, before which she made supplications to Pele, placing offerings in front of the advancing lava. This done, she descended the hill with confidence and returned to Hilo. The stream of fire ceased to move, and to-day its glistening front stands like a wall around Hilo. 'A remarkable coincidence,' explained the whites. 'The work of Pele,' whispered the natives, although the last of the temples of that goddess had been destroyed sixty years before. Without discussing the cause, a natural one beyond doubt, it may be remarked that the result has been something of a renewal, with the natives, of the faith in the discarded gods of their fathers."

The birth-place of this Princess is shown in an illustration, as is also the house she subsequently built.

The following account appeared in the *Pacific Advertiser*, during my stay in Honolulu. The Mrs. Dominis mentioned, is Queen Liliuokalani, who has recently been deposed (her husband was General Dominis) :—

"In another column will be found an interesting interview with Mr. J. S. Emerson, in which a full account is given of his remarks at the meeting of the Society for the Suppression of Idolatry. Very few people, indeed, none at all outside of those who have made a study of the subject, have any idea of the prevalence of heathen practices, and of the strong root which the old superstitions still have in the minds of the people.

These ideas and practices are by no means confined to non-christians, but they are more or less prevalent in the churches. We have collected some very interesting facts on this subject, all based upon the testimony of native Hawaiians.

HEATHENISM.

Some years ago the Rev. Mr. Bicknell started a society which had for its object the Suppression of Idolatry, and the Study of the Bible.

This organisation comprised some of the best native Hawaiians. It was presided over by Mr. Bicknell during his life, and has done a grand work in ferreting out idolatry and in leading the people to forsake heathenism. The society has a chapel at Kahuukolo, near the fish-market, where its meetings were held; and it was here, at the regular weekly meeting of the society on Monday evening, that the stormy session occurred.

In order to lay before the public as full and accurate a statement of the facts as possible, a representative of the *Advertiser* called on Mr. Jos. Emerson and asked him what he could tell about the matter.

'I have attended quite a number of the society's meetings,' said Mr. Emerson, 'and have been repeatedly urged to come. Monday evening I entered after the meeting had begun, and was much pleased with the tone of what I heard. Mr. Kahuakai presided.'

'Did you volunteer your remarks to the meeting?' asked the reporter.

'Oh, no! when they had about finished, the Secretary stated that a friend was present, from whom they would like to hear. I told them that their good work was well-known to the Christian people of Honolulu, who deeply sympathized with their efforts to suppress heathenish practices. I then said that if agreeable I would speak on a subject on which we might differ. If my remarks were distasteful I would discontinue them. The subject was the relation of the monarchy to heathenism.'

'Did anyone object to that?' enquired the reporter.

'No objection was made. I referred at length to the history of the islands, beginning with Kamehameha I.' Mr. Emerson gave a brief sketch of his remarks on this head, referring to the caprice of Liholiho (Kamehameha II.), and to the strength of Queen Kaahumanu, and the priest Hewahewa, who did so much to free the Hawaiians from the shackles of superstition. 'Hewahewa, by the way,' added Mr. Emerson, 'became a Christian, and a member of my father's church at Waialua.' Coming down to the times of Kamehameha V., in 1872, Mr. Emerson said to the company assembled, 'you know how many black pigs he sacrificed when he licensed sorcery and the hula. This heathenism has grown, except during the reign of the honoured Lunalilo, to the present time.'

'How did the audience take this speech?'

'Some of them did not like it. I asked them, "do any of you deny that Kamehama V. was an idolater?" There was a general reply of no. How about Kalakaua, when he returned from his trip around the world in 1881? Did he not say in Kailua: "I have been around the world; have seen the Christian nations, and observed that they are turning away from Jehovah. He represents a wandering cause. Shall we Hawaiians take up the worship of a god which foreigners are discarding? The old gods of Hawaii are good enough for me."'

'When Kalakaua was in Kailua celebrating some festival, Kaunamano made a speech in the presence of the king to a large gathering of people in the old church where Rev. Mr. Thurston used to preach. He said that the victories of Kamehameha I., were won by the aid of the Hawaiian gods. 'I do not blame you,' he said, 'for worshipping Jehovah, but neither do I blame you,' he said, 'for worshipping our dear little Hawaiian (household) gods.' Kailua was full of people at the time from all parts of the country. Do you not agree, I asked them, that Kalakaua was an ardent supporter of heathenism? Several voices answered, yes. Was not the Hale Naua Society a monument to his efforts to establish heathenism? One voice answered, yes. Then, my friends we are agreed on these matters, and there is no controversy between us.'

'Did you make any reference to the late Queen,' asked the *Advertiser's* representative? 'Yes,' replied Mr. Emerson. 'I continued to question them. Has Lilioukalani made any stand against the heathenism of her predecessors?' At this point a decided opposition to my remarks began to appear. I did not make any assertions, but questioned them merely. 'Are these reports true that on more than one occasion Lilioukalani sacrificed a black pig to Pele?' Several in the audience called out, 'we don't know about that,' others said, 'yes, that's so.' Mr. Maby informed me of this, and the second offering which occurred during her reign, is testified to by the guides at the Volcano House. Some years ago, I was informed by a credible witness that at Waikiki, a group including members of the Kawaiahao Church, were much interested in a performance in the house of Mrs. Dominis. My informant withdrew the curtain (kihei), and saw within, a representative of the hula god (Laka) which they were worshipping. Here was the testimony of an unimpeachable witness, that Laka was being worshipped in Mrs. Dominis' house. 'Can you deny it?' I asked. Those present disclaimed any knowledge of it. Then, I asked, 'is it true that Mrs. Dominis, in a visit to the grave of Lanikaula (a famous sorceress) on Molokoi led in heathen demonstrations? Is it true? You must know I do not assert it.' There was a great diversity of opinion among the audience, some were pleased and some displeased. 'It is also said that she participated in heathen ceremonies on Kauai. If these things are not true, now is a good time to deny them. Let us not make charges without positive information. You have the information. If these things are true, you must confess that Mrs. Dominis has not done away with heathen practices. Can you deny it?' Some called 'No,' and others said 'You can't prove it. We don't know it.' Then I said, 'how about the call to the Hawaiian people in the *Holomua*? Is not J. W. Alapai the one who calls christians and others to join in a day of fasting and prayer for the restoration of Mrs. Dominis?' I called for a vote on this question and five hands went up in favour of the ex-queen, and three went up against. Most of the audience did not vote.'

'Did you make this speech without interruption, Mr. Emerson?'

'Oh, no, there were constant interruptions, and sometimes a native would speak two or three minutes. Then I would take up the thread of my discourse again. Some of the speeches supported mine, and some did not. One of the speakers referred to Solomon's idolatory, and said that the Lord might be merciful and soften the heart of Liliuokalani, and turn her from heathen practices. When I got through, I told them that I was very sorry if I had said anything which hurt the feelings of any present, as I had not intended to do so. It all ended pleasantly, and every man came up and shook hands with me before the close of the meeting, and some said, I was all right.'"

This interview drew the following reply, which was signed, "A Hawaiian Woman who loves her Queen and Country":—

"The godly Mr. Emerson seems to have lost no opportunity of late to cast odium upon the sovereign of his native land. Not content with political abuse, he has sought occasions for holding Her Majesty up to scorn and contempt on account of what he, in his missionary malice, has been pleased to describe as her encouragement of sorcery, and the promotion of a return to idolatrous practices on the part of her subjects. A denial of these venomous and cowardly charges is not required to convince any who know both the accuser and the accused, so I do not concern myself to deny them. My present purpose is merely to remark upon the Christian truth and justice by which Mr. Emerson was apparently inspired to make gross and wanton attacks. The missionaries, of whom Mr. Emerson was one, have taught my race—at least in theory—that a half truth is as bad as a falsehood, from a moral standpoint, and may even be more dangerous and injurious, and, therefore, should be more severely reprehended.

It might be well if this gentleman of highly pious pretentions should now act upon some of his own precepts and those of his clique. When speaking of the Queen's pretended lapses from Christianity toward the heathenism of ancient days, why did that saintly scion of missionarydom neglect to tell of Her Majesty's constant, numerous and munificent benefactions to the spread of the gospel, not only among her own people, but in foreign lands as well. No one better than Mr. Emerson knows that Her Majesty has ever been the first one sought by those of his guild who had favours to ask or money to beg, and none knew better than he that such solicitors were never sent away by Her Majesty empty-handed. Would it not have been more in consonance with his pious profession to have cited some of those facts, as tending, at least, to counter-balance his scurrilous accusations, than to have left the latter, as he did, without the mention of a redeeming trait to bear them company? But, after all, what better could have been expected from such a source? Who ever expected truth and justice from one of the latter-day 'missionaries,' and had his expectations realized? Look at the *Friend* for this month, and observe the light in the missionary fold—Rev. S. E. Bishop. Bishop and Emerson—what a brace of worthies!"

If Mr. Emerson's remarks are not conclusive, I will give a portion of the Rev. Mr. S. E. Bishop's most able and temperate communication on the subject of annexation: though why cannot these parsons leave politics alone?

"The successors to the work of the old missionaries, in all their efforts to foster and develop worthy Christian character in the native churches founded by our fathers, have found a seemingly hopeless obstacle in the heathenizing efforts of royalty. From the Palace has, for the last fifteen years especially, and for thirty years in all, proceeded an organized and vigorous system of endeavours to corrupt the churches as well as the whole of the native people with the allied practices of sorcery, idolatry and the hula. The object of this system of heathenizing effort, the chief activity in which was Kalakaua's, was a political one. His aim, was first, last, and always to exercise absolute and arbitrary power, despite all constitutional limitations. To this end the voters must be controlled. They must be held in personal fear of himself and his satellites. The ancient rulers of the Hawaiians held the people in thrall by the hearts of the sorcerers or kahunas. Kalakaua was determined to do the same. He did not originate this policy, but inherited it from Kamehameha V., and greatly developed it. He became himself a leading sorcerer. He made himself a god, and frequently propitiated by sacrifices and oblations. The private court etiquette was modified by forms in acknowledgment of Kalakaua's divinity. In 1886, through the legislature which was entirely his creature, he established by law a Hawaiian Board of Health, which was simply a legalized corps of kahuna sorcerers, to whom he thus lent an enormous additional authority to terrorize the common people. He also by fraud and deception secured at the same time from his Privy Council, a charter incorporating the 'Hale Naua.' This association has posed before foreigners as a species of masonry, with quasi-masonic forms and regalia. It is really a strong and widely ramified organization for the propagation of idolatry and sorcery, including adoration and sacrifices to the new and great god at the palace.

To recount the half of the late king's known actions in this direction would take too much space. One of the most unpleasant features of his work was his systematic corrupting and terrorizing of our Protestant native churches through their lunas or deacons.

In illustration of this system of his, I will take the nearest case, that of the Kaumakapili Church in this city. As the result of royal heathenizing there is probably not one member in five—perhaps not one in ten—of that church who does not live in mortal dread of the powers of the kahunas, and who does not occasionally perform acts of idolatory."

As the Rev. Mr. Bishop is a descendant of one of the most respected of the missionaries, and himself belongs to the so-called Missionary party, his statement is proof positive of what I have said—viz., that the missionaries have not done their work thoroughly.

One of the many superstitions of the Hawaiians of to-day is connected with the appearance of a red fish in Honolulu harbour. The appearance of this fish in the harbour is not often noticed, and it is a current belief among the natives, that a visit from this particular portion of the finny tribe presages a death in the royal family. The natives state that the death of members of the royal house have been always heralded in advance by this ominous red-coloured fish. Just before the revolution, it was reported that these fish-messengers of death were noticed, and the Hawaiians predicted disaster of some sort.

When the late King Kalakaua went on his visit to San Francisco, the Kahunas said he would not return alive, and his death-chants were heard from the lips of more than one of his faithful subjects. As the red fish put in an appearance about that time, the soothsayers predicted the King's death for a certainty. So it was that when the U.S. cruiser *Charleston* was sighted, with the flag at half-mast, everyone said, "The King is dead."

Let us look at the whole thing from the native point of view. When the missionaries first came, the natives were five times as numerous as they now are. They had themselves ceased to offer human sacrifices, and had, as I have said, shattered their idols. They owned the lands. They had chiefs and kings to whom they were more or less devoted. Now, they have dwindled down to less than 40,000. The priests were forced upon them under the guns of a French frigate, and so was brandy by the same token.

Though they had thrown over their own religion, it would not, from Mr. Bishop's letter, appear that they had "found Christ"

(I believe this is the missionary phrase). If they had done this, it might have atoned to them for other losses, but they seem to have got nothing, except a knowledge of how to read and write—a doubtful blessing under the circumstances.

Of course, amongst these early missionaries, there were some of great natural talents, who performed their duties in a thorough and praiseworthy manner. Unfortunately, however, many of them were men of very limited education, with but little knowledge of the world, and of a type imbued with the most gloomy views of the religion of Christ. The result, on the whole, if the spread of education be taken as the standard, was satisfactory; but the evils which arose were such as inevitably result where men of imperfect education attempt to preach to, and teach, the heathen.

Mr. Bingham, a shining light amongst the band of missionaries, possessed much talent and energy, but his Calvanistic views were sadly out of place amongst a people of such a totally different temperament to himself. His evangelical zeal thwarted the very object he had in view. Thinking, like many other narrow-minded people, that enjoyment, however innocent, is wrong and sinful, he prohibited all such innocent sports as running races, throwing the spear, surf-riding, wrestling—in fact, all those amusements in which the natives had indulged for centuries.

Not content with harassing the people, over whom they were gaining a rapid ascendancy, Mr. Bingham and his *confrères* attempted to prevent foreign residents from drinking wine or spirits at their own tables, and actually confiscated their horses if they rode out on Sunday. Had they had their way, the Scotch Sabbath would have been introduced with all its severity.

When visiting Fiji some years back, I was told by an old native that, previous to the annexation of the islands, a bigoted missionary (probably a Presbyterian) used to fine his flock so many yards of "tapa" (native cloth) for bathing on the Sunday. Considering that these people almost live in the water, such an absurd attempt to curtail so harmless an amusement should have entitled the bigot to four dozen from the first man-o'-war calling there. Though not bloodthirsty, I would have walked ten miles to see the punishment awarded.

Not only have the missionaries failed, but the devil, as represented by the commercial element, has scored a success; for, though the natives may not take to our religion, they were not backward in picking up any vices of ours they did not already possess. Their fondness for gin is well known, and out of this weakness someone, I suppose, has made capital. Finally, and as a finishing touch, the missionary party have deposed the Queen and confiscated the Crown lands. Though, of course, it would have been a dreadful thing for the natives to have been left alone in darkness; still, looking at it all round, I fail to see how they have gained through contact with the so-called civilized community. I suppose it is the inevitable result, that black and white races cannot live side by side without the former going to the wall. The natives are, at last, beginning to see for themselves that the Catholics are really their best friends. There has been a large number of recent converts, and that religion is growing more and more popular with them. Not, I am told, because it appeals more to the senses, but because the native distrusts the Protestant, as a shorn lamb might be expected to dread the shearer. The Catholic priest never alters his meagre style of living, and the natives cannot help but notice that, though they are becoming poorer, the priest is deriving no advantage. I believe it is compulsory on all the Fathers engaged in mission work to take the vow of poverty. At least, it is so amongst the Jesuits, as I was told by some Jesuit missionaries, whom I once had the pleasure of meeting in Fiji and China. These gentlemen are men of good family, and the highest education, and have been accustomed to good society. It was a treat to meet such men, after having been thrown in contact with the narrow-minded, half-educated, devoid-of-all-culture, unaccustomed-to-the-usages-of-civilized-society-in-their-own-country sort of individuals, sent usually to convert the heathen. On a former voyage, whilst travelling to Japan, there was a consignment of this stamp, going to commence their assault on the harmless Jap. There was a good deal of desultory talk on the subject of their campaign.

Finally, they invited us to a pitched battle, and we had no end of argument. Beyond nailing their colours to the mast, as to what St. Paul said about the conversion of the heathen, they could say nothing in reply to our arguments that they would find a better field in the slums of New York, from whence they came, than in worrying the Jap. Though the Jap may not be a "Christian," the life he leads, appears to me, far more in accordance with the teachings of Christ than that of the drunken, blaspheming, much-to-be-pitied denizens of the poorer quarters of the large cities of England and America. However, perhaps in the one case their salary was forthcoming, and in the other it was not.

The subject is one which has always interested and puzzled me. I cannot understand how the missionary party can with reason reconcile their minds to what seems so glaringly at variance with common sense. First and foremost, if they feel so strongly that they must follow the admonition, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," why do they not give the heathen (or those whom they consider heathen) belonging to the British Empire, the first chance? Surely the field is large enough for them, and when they had converted every Brahmin and Hindoo, it would be time to seek pastures new. The absurdity of sending missionaries to the interior of Africa, to China and to Japan, seems as great an act of folly as it is possible to imagine. We reach, however, the climax, in this respect, in the money that is wasted in the attempt to convert the Jews. To insult a people who, in their charity organizations, and in many other respects, set us so good an example, is only another instance of the sad want of judgment shown by our fanatics.

I have heard it stated that it costs £2,000 to convert a Jew, and that, after conversion, he can be bought back for £10. Supposing this to be true, what an infinity of good this sum, judiciously expended, would do amongst our own poor heathen in the East End. I wish some of these well-meaning, foolish old ladies, who think, by handsome donations to foreign missions, to purchase for themselves a place in heaven, would call upon a man like Mr. Holland, who is at the head of the George Yard Ragged Schools in Whitechapel, which Lord Shaftesbury started.

If ever a man was worthy of respect it is this gentleman, who devotes his life to doing good. If the subscribers to the funds of Central African, and kindred missions, would visit George Yard for themselves, and learn of the misery and depravity existing in their own country, they would not, I think, unless they had softening of the brain, continue to subscribe to convert heathen. The only way I can account for this, to me, extraordinary misapplication of money, is that, to the old ladies of both sexes, there is a certain air of romance and mild excitement in giving money for the saving of heathen souls, which is lacking where the souls of our own slum-heathen are in question.

It appears, also, that the Foreign Missionary Societies are wrong all through; for granting the text, "Go ye into all the world," &c., which the American missionary hurled at my head, how do they get over the fact that they are also told, "Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses," and that they are reminded continually that they "cannot serve God and mammon." If it is going to be such a difficult thing "for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven," it will be much more so for those, who are described as "prophets in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves," who have acquired native lands under the cloak of religion in the Sandwich Islands and elsewhere.

I have no objection to any one who may feel that he has a call to convert the Chinese or Central Africans doing so, in fact, so long as he wants no money, he has my respect. Of course, it would never really do to attempt to forbid funds being subscribed to foreign missions, but it is a pity it cannot be made a criminal offence to send money for the conversion of foreign heathen, when we have so many millions of our own to keep us busy. I am quite aware that our own Indian heathen are not subjects very encouraging to work upon, and that those gentlemen engaged amongst them, if they are honest, will frankly admit that no headway has been made, and hundreds of thousands of pounds have been as good as wasted. In fact, I should not be surprised to hear that the few native missionaries the Mahomedans are now sending us, have converted more English to the Mahomedan faith than we have succeeded in gaining over to ours, during all the years our missionaries have been striving in their country.

To show how strongly the old puritanical feeling is still ingrained in the descendants of the missionaries, let me mention one incident. Whilst I was in Honolulu a dinner was given by a member of the Provincial Government, in honour of Captain Wiltze, U.S.N., who had landed the troops from the *Boston*, at the time of the Revolution. Beside Captain Wiltze, there were three other naval officers present. That the Sandwich Islands are not behind the times may be seen from the following tempting

MENU.

Eastern Oysters.
SOUP.
Consomme aux Oeufs.
HORS-D'ŒUVRES.
Celery, Devilled Crabs, Olives.
FISH.
Halibut, Sauce Tartare. Mullet.
ENTREES.
Quail on Toast, with Mushrooms.
Fillet of Beef, Chestnut Sauce, with French Peas.
Lemon Sherbet.
ROAST.
Turkey, Bread Sauce. Teal Duck, Currant Jelly.
VEGETABLES.
Cauliflower, Green Corn, Mashed Potatoes.

Chicken Currie and Rice.
Chicken Salad.
Queen of Puddings.
Ice Cream.
Cakes, Bonbons, Fruit, Candies.
Coffee.

Twelve persons were present, and, to get through it, two and a half hours were spent at table. In the report of this banquet the *Pacific Adertiser* remarked, "no wine was served, but Apollinaris furnished a sparkling substitute!" Since no intimation was printed on the cards of invitation that the dinner was to be a temperance one, is it not a question whether the guests did not accept under false pretences? If Captain Wiltze had returned the compliment, and made his host sit for two and a half hours whilst every variety of wine was served and nothing given to eat, it would have been no more than he deserved. I am told that the donor of the feast is a terrible *gourmand*, and yet, failing to see this mote in his own eye, looks upon drinking a glass of wine as a crime. Probably his fondness for over-eating will take him off before the moderate eater and drinker.

Allowing that the conversion of the heathen has turned out a failure, and that, as Mr. Bishop admits, the Hawaiians are nearly as full of their superstitions as ever, they certainly have had every advantage in the way of example set them. Had the Hawaiian but followed in the steps of the missionaries and their descendants, he would have been sober, steady, industrious, and thrifty; not, perhaps, so amiable as he now is, but, according to preconceived notions, he would have been treading the right path. When I hear the anti-missionary faction calling the missionaries immoral and hypocritical, I do not believe them; for almost without exception—*so long as it does not interfere with business*—they adhere strictly to the precepts of their grandfathers. How far "*smartness*" in business is compatible with the Divine teaching is a matter for the individual conscience; but, in such matters, it is usually found to be conveniently elastic.

If there is one thing to me more loathsome than another it is cant. I always mistrust people who try to make capital out of religion, or who are forever dragging in the name of the Deity to suit their own ends. Had I been a shareholder in the City of Glasgow Bank, and learnt that it was the custom of the board of directors to open their proceedings with prayer, I should have sold out with all possible despatch. The missionary organ in Honolulu is called the *Friend* (hard upon the quakers, who are an honest lot). Following the lead of the party it howls for annexation, and the following hypocritical paragraph appeared after the departure of the delegation:—

"Hawaii's Delegation to Washington includes some of our ablest and most trusted men. It is their great and honorable mission to seek Hawaii's high promotion to a place in the glorious union of the great Republic. Our fervent desires go with them and our most urgent prayers. Surely the God and Father who has guided Hawaii so wonderfully, delivered her from so many perils, and exalted her so highly will not now withhold from those our messengers, His inspiring counsel, His controlling guidance, and His strengthening grace, that they may do all things for the best interests of our country. Nor will He deny our prayers for a spirit of wisdom and kindness towards us in the American Government and people."

With ten times more show of right the native might have replied, "Surely the God and Father whom the missionaries have taught us, knoweth the hearts of men and the motives which actuate them, and will not allow these two-cent bounty-seekers, these overthrowers of our Queen, these descendants of political soul-savers, to rob us of our country and rights."

It would be easy to continue in this strain, but it is as sickening as that memorable telegram to the Empress Augusta in which the Emperor stated, that, by the Divine Grace, ten thousand Frenchmen had been killed. Many will doubtless remember this parody:

"By will Divine, my dear Augusta,
The French have had an awful buster.
Ten thousand Frenchmen sent below—
Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

The Hawaiian of to-day is of a chocolate colour, sometimes of a lighter and sometimes of a darker shade. The loose habits of the Hawaiian women have caused the blood of all nations to be mixed in the natives of this age, and the pure stock of the ancient line is seldom found. The blood of the Negro, the Chinaman, the Japanese, and the European, are all mingled in the veins of the modern Hawaiians. A half-caste Chinaman will marry a half-caste Negress, and their children will marry into other combinations, and so on.

The average Hawaiian does not care for work; is good-natured and obliging; will lend a friend his horse, canoe, or his wife; keeps open house while the poi and fish hold out; loves to gossip; loves to talk politics; would rather sit on the floor than on a chair; and loves gin more than his spouse. He will build a frame house, and yet cook in a hole in the ground; he will let his house, and live under the front verandah. His principal food is called poi, which is made by cooking taro, and pounding the vegetable into a starchy paste; this is thinned by adding water, and eaten with the fingers from a calabash. Taro is a vegetable which resembles a beet, but has leaves like a lily. As long as the poi calabash is full the Hawaiian is contented; when it is empty, and he has no money to buy more, he hunts up some neighbour whose fortunes are in better shape, and abides with him.

Personally, I had not much experience with the natives, but, what I saw of them pleased me. They have much altered in their conduct towards the Haolis (whites) during the last twenty years. Formerly, I am told, they could not do enough for them. Even while their worst feelings were stirred up by the Revolution, I found them obliging, kindly disposed, and utterly unselfish. They all talk English, or, I should say, American, since there is no mistaking the accent with which they speak. All can write their own language, and, most of them, ours as well. What their future will be it is difficult to say, but, at the rate they are dying out, before many generations, a pure-blood Hawaiian will be unknown.

There is still a considerable number of lepers in Honolulu, though, of course, most of them are on the Island of Molokai. From the Curator of the museum, just outside Honolulu, I learnt of the devotion shown by six Roman Catholic sisters. These ladies, I am told, are American women of culture and refinement, and have dedicated their lives to these poor unfortunates. No flourish of trumpets has been sounded about the good work they are engaged in, and it is doubtful if any one in England knows of the sacrifice they are making. It may be remembered, that shortly after Father Damien's death, an emotional wave, associated with the name of Sister Rose Gertrude, swept through England and America. This young lady was to go out as a sort of second Father Damien to the poor lepers. The newspapers teemed with the subject, and, I believe, enthusiasm was so far aroused that Royalty expressed a wish to see her before she departed on her errand of mercy.

I used to extract a certain amount of amusement by pretending ignorance as to the sequel; and, in conversation with residents in Honolulu, would remark, "What a good, unselfish woman Sister Gertrude must have been, to give up her happy life at home to come out here!" This would be as effectual as letting off a cracker under a skittish horse, and the most lethargic would rise at the fly, and denounce her as the biggest fraud that had ever been foisted on the public. According to my informants, she did come to Honolulu, but Molokai (the leper island), as a home, had no charms for her. I was told by Captain Houdlett, of the *Australia*, that she only landed on the island for a few minutes. He also said, that besides the grand piano, he took her down three others, presents from admiring friends. She ended by marrying a doctor; the grand piano, and other beautiful presents she had received, to help her wile away her time among the lepers, came in conveniently as wedding presents. Honolulu abounds in scandal, but, if only a tithe of what is said of this lady be true, she must be a thorough humbug. It does seem as though things were a bit out of joint, when half the English-speaking race went mad over this girl, who had not even won her spurs, and while presents and every honour were being bestowed on her, the quiet workers, who were superior to playing to the gallery, were toiling on unrecognized.

My informant tells me, that now and again the lepers on the island become insubordinate. When this happens, the Lady Superior has but to appear, when all insubordination ceases. She is regarded almost as an angel by them. These six most estimable women, of whom nothing too good can be said, devote their time to caring for the women and children. The men are looked after by two priests. I enquired, "what about the Protestants? Are there no missionaries or white pastors for them?" The reply was, "Oh, I believe there are two or three native ministers, but no whites!"

Whilst speaking of Father Damien, I learnt that the leprosy broke out on him after he had been on the island about one year. My informant then went on to say, that leprosy takes from five to six years to develop, and the Father, before he took up his abode at Molokai, knew himself to be a leper, and was seeking to be canonized. Be that as it may, there is no doubt he did a great work amongst them.

I will probably be accused of being unduly severe on missionaries in this chapter. For those who devote themselves to quietly doing good amongst the poor, for those university and other men who accept curacies in the East End of London, and are as lost to sight as if in the New Hebrides, and for all who work amongst the heathen, without thought for themselves, I have the greatest respect. On the other hand, where I visit a place, find all the best property owned by the missionaries and their descendants, and the parsons and missionary party meddling in politics, I confess, I have none. The life of a missionary in the East End of London is fifty times as hard as the work the missionaries ever had to encounter in the Hawaiian Islands.

Not one of them was ever killed and eaten, as is supposed to be the case by half the old ladies subscribing to foreign missions. From the first, their lines were cast in pleasant places, and they had a beautiful climate to live in. They soon became a power in the land, and many of the Kings were but their mouth-pieces.

A mission which has accomplished much good is that of which Bishop Selwyn is the head. It is, I think, called the Melanesian Mission. The Bishop, like his late father, is a man much beloved by the natives in the South Seas. At Norfolk Island, schools were, and probably are still, in existence, where the native was taught Christianity in its most practical form. At these they learnt the rudiments of agriculture, and acquired habits likely to be of use to them through life. Whilst in Honolulu, I dined with a government official, and, amongst other things, he spoke of the devotion of the sisters on the leper island, and the good work Bishop Selwyn had done, and said it was a pity that his influence with the natives was not what it had been. I enquired in what manner it was less than formerly, and he replied, that the natives refused to believe in the immaculate conception when it was propounded to them by the Bishop, and on that rock, many, he said, had foundered. This statement, I give, as I heard it, but I can quite understand it would be harder for the native to grasp that doctrine than for ourselves.

The descendants of the original missionaries are at the bottom of the present crisis, and, unless they can get things arranged to suit their views, they will continue to agitate. The Princess Kiulani in her farewell to the people of America on March 22nd, 1893, said:—

"There is one thing I would like to say about my country. Many of the people who are now trying to take it away from the Kanakas are the children of the missionaries who came there many years ago. The Kanakas were kind to them, and gave them homes, and adopted the religion they taught. They were always well treated, and had the best there was. Some of their sons are quite rich, and they made their fortunes in the islands. Some of them have lands which my people gave them, because they thought it was right that the teachers should be cared for. Now is it right for them to try and take away from the Kanakas what they prize so highly, their national independence? Would it be unjust to compare them to a guest that was invited into the house, and then tried to rule it in a way that his hosts did not like? I am sure that the American people, who have received me so generously, would not do this if they thought about it, and I am sure that President Cleveland is not going to do anything till he has made sure that it is right and just. I hear he has sent a gentleman to the islands to find out what the Kanakas wish. I am sure he will learn that some of the things that have been told are not true."

This is written in very simple language, but the charge she brings against the missionaries confirms, practically, what I have already written.

CHAPTER VII.

THE REVOLUTION.

I HAVE always heard these Islands spoken of at home, as the "Sandwich Islands." Their more correct name is, I find, the Hawaiian Islands, and it is under this name they are known officially. The former name was given to them by Cook, because Lord Sandwich was at the head of the Admiralty at the date of their so-called discovery.

Whether Cook, in discovering the Islands, knew beforehand of their existence is a moot point. He distinctly denied that he had any such knowledge, though a tracing from a chart, showing the existence of the Islands, had been for thirty years in the possession of the Admiralty. It appears that a Spanish treasure ship, in the year 1747, whilst on a voyage from Mexico to the Phillipine Islands, sighted this group (whether they landed or not I cannot say). Near the end of the voyage, they fell in with an English man-of-war commanded by Lord Anson. The Spanish vessel, after a hard fight, was captured, and, on her chart of the North Pacific, these islands were found laid down. They, however, were in reality first discovered by Juan Gaetano in 1555.

We live at too great a rate of speed at home to be able to devote much time to reading dry facts relating to the history of a group of islands in the North Pacific. Many people will doubtless remember the Hawaiian Queen's visit to England in the Jubilee year. Others too, have read, from time to time, of the importance of Pearl Harbour. The history of these islands since Cook's visit is unique. Further, such great changes are now taking place in relation to their future government, that I venture to think a chapter devoted to the subject may be of interest. Before being in a position to judge whether the revolutionary party were justified or not in dethroning the Queen, it is necessary to possess some knowledge of the past rulers of the Hawaiian Islands, and to see whether that rule has been compatible with the interests of the foreign residents. The history of the Hawaiian people may be divided into three divisions.

1st :—Their early history, of which I have previously given a slight sketch, may be said to have come to an end on the death of Kamehameha I. in 1819. Some may say it was brought to a close with Cook's visit, but this is hardly so. Within less than half a mile of Waikiki, a charming suburb of Honolulu, several human sacrifices were offered as recently as 1807, in the endeavour to please the gods, so that the King's favourite wife might be permitted to recover from a serious illness.

I, therefore, prefer to take for the commencement of the second period the time of the great King Kamehameha I.'s death in 1819, and the advent of the missionaries. This period, till the death of Kamehameha V. in 1872, I will, for want of a better name, call "History." The third period, during which events have arisen which have tended to bring about the present crisis, I will call the "Modern History" of the group.

No history of Hawaii would be complete without some mention of Kamehameha I. He was to these islands what Napoleon was to Europe. I cannot devote the space to give a sketch of this wonderful man's career. In 1795, after much hard fighting, he came to the throne. It was he, who, for the first time, brought all the islands under one sway. In this he was much assisted by two white men, Young and Davis, who managed the artillery for him. Young was bo'sun of a ship called the *Eleanor*. Some natives stole one of the *Eleanor's* boats, and murdered a seaman who was asleep in her. In revenge, her captain invited the natives alongside, and then fired a broadside into them, killing over a hundred. Young happened to have been ashore at the time, and would, doubtless, have been killed, had it not been that his being a bit of a blacksmith made him invaluable to the king. His life was spared, and he married a native chiefess, and was the grandfather of Miss Emma Young. This young lady was adopted by a Dr. Rooke, and afterwards married Kamehameha IV., and became the Queen Emma who visited our Queen.

Kamehameha I., having conquered all the islands, spent the rest of his reign in improving the condition of his people. Like almost all savages, drink proved a strong temptation, and he was fast becoming an habitual drunkard. Young, however, remonstrated with him, and he gave it up. Seeing the havoc spirits were making amongst his people, he ordered that all the distilleries he had permitted to be built should be destroyed. This reform in the King's morals was in no way due to the missionaries, as they did not arrive until six months after his death. It was before Kamehameha became king that Cook appeared upon the scene. At that time, he figured only as an important chief. From the first, he showed himself amicably disposed towards foreigners, and, though he was present at Cook's death, he was not a party to it.

During the reign of Kamehameha I., England might, had she chosen, have taken over the Islands. Vancouver visited the group in 1793, and by his kindness endeared himself to the natives. Kamehameha I. made a formal declaration of submission to the Monarch of Great Britain, of which the following is a copy:—

> "I also beg to inform all visitors, that on the 25th February, 1794, at a grand council of the principal chiefs of these islands, assembled on board H.M.S. *Discovery*, under my command, Kamehameha made the most solemn concession of the island of Owhyhee (Oahu) to his Britannic Majesty, his heirs, &c., and himself, with the attending chiefs, unanimously acknowledged themselves subject to the British Crown."

After Kamehameha I. had conquered the whole group, he wrote as follows:

> "His most sacred Majesty George III. of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faithful, &c., &c.
>
> Brother, We, Kamehameha, King of the Sandwich Islands, wishing to render every assistance to the ships of his most sacred Majesty's subjects visiting these seas, have sent a letter by Captain Spence, ship, Duke of Portland, to his Majesty, since which Timoree, King of Atooi has delivered his island up, and we are now in possession of the whole of the Sandwich Islands. We, as subjects to his most sacred Majesty, wish to have a seal and arms sent from Britain, so as there may be no molestation to our ships or vessels in those seas, or any hindrance whatever. Wishing your Majesty a long, prosperous, and happy reign,
>
> I am, Brother,
>
> Kamehameha.
>
> Woahoo, *August 6th*, 1810.

Kamehameha I. was succeeded by his son Liholiho, who inherited none of his father's excellent traits. It was he, as I have stated before, who broke through the tabus, and made matchwood of the idols. Fortunately for the natives, the career of Kamehameha II. was not a long one. Unlike his father, who had the sense to discriminate between the good and the bad whites, he was surrounded by a lot of drinking renegade sailors, and was usually drunk. Kamehameha II., when remonstrated with by the missionaries for his evil ways, promised that, "after pursuing his present course for five years he would become a good man." Before his death, however, he showed himself possessed of a certain amount of energy and enterprise. In 1824, together with his Queen, he started for England in a whaling vessel. The captain kept his guest and the accompanying chiefs royally drunk all the way, with the result that a chest, containing at the start 25,000 dollars, was found to contain less than 10,000 dollars on its delivery at the Bank of England. It was in the captain's charge, and was supposed not to have been opened. Shortly after their arrival, the Queen had an attack of congestion of the lungs, which carried her off. This so upset the King that he, too, succumbed. Whether it was grief or rum seems doubtful—probably a mixture of both.

George IV., in order to duly honour his dead guests, sent them back in a war vessel commanded by Lord Byron. The next heir was but a little boy—by name Kauikeaouli—who thus became Kamehameha III. King George had sent this little prince a suit of the Windsor uniform, which, putting on at once, "he strutted about the whole morning in an ecstasy." During his minority, the missionaries continued to pour in, but, at the death of Kaahumanu, the Queen Regent, they lost the best friend they ever had. Kamehameha III., on getting out of leading strings, began to make up for lost time, and, like his father, made things lively. The forty missionaries who were now on the Island could not, at first, keep him in order. His taste lay in low society, and he, also, selected a lot of beechcombers as his boon companions. He made a bad start by repealing all laws prohibiting drunkenness and prostitution. The natives had always believed that their country really belonged to Great Britain; and, both by Vancouver and Lord Byron, were encouraged in this belief. Lord Palmerston, on being questioned on the subject of our relationship to these Islands, declared that, "The Sandwich Islands were in the relation of a friendly power, and that England could not interfere to save them from the attacks of nations (France) to which they should give offence."

Like his successors, the King felt he had not enough power, and "determined to take into his own hands the lands for which his father had toiled, the power of life and death, and the undivided sovereignty," and so called a meeting of chiefs. Jarves, one of the missionaries, gives this account of the affair: "That instead of appointing, on that occasion, a Premier distasteful to them all, he altered his whole programme and was docile as a lamb. On being asked why he had so acted, he replied, 'Very strong is the Kingdom of God.' The effect was electrical! All felt that the days of misrule were numbered." After having sown his wild oats, he seems to have settled down into a very fair sort of King. During his reign, the longest of all the Kamehamehas (twenty-nine years), numerous important events occurred. It was during this reign, in 1839, that the first Constitution was formulated. In 1842, a deputation waited upon the Secretary of State of the

United States, and requested that the independence of the Islands should be recognized. The answer given to the deputation, was as follows: "It is the sense of the Government of the United States, that the government of the Sandwich Islands ought to be respected; that no power ought to take possession of the islands, either as a conquest or for the purpose of colonization, and that no power ought to seek for any undue control over the existing government, or any exclusive privileges in matters of commerce." After this formal recognition of their independence by America, the deputation went to London to try their luck with Lord Aberdeen. Here, however, they at first were not so successful, since his lordship replied that, in his opinion, the King was only a puppet of the United States, and was "exclusively under the influence of Americans to the detriment of British interests." Further, that he did not consider that the United States had fully recognized the independence of the Islands. At this time, a Mr. Charlton, who was the English Vice Consul, was the cause of considerable trouble. He set up claims to certain lands in Honolulu, which he was unable to substantiate. Whilst Charlton was in England, trying to obtain justice, Lord Paulet arrived in Honolulu, in H.M.S. *Caryfort.* This gentleman seems to have been of the old school type of naval officer. Finding that Mr. Simpson, who had been appointed as *locum tenens* of Charlton, was not recognized as such, he issued a most peremptory manifesto. The poor King, as he had done before, yielded, whereupon Lord Paulet allowed Simpson to persuade him to demand a number of concessions. The King seems to have had a good adviser in Dr. Judd, who told him the best way out of the trouble would be to cede the islands to Great Britain, pending a decision from England on the whole facts. The King remarked, at the time he issued the proclamation, "Let Lord Paulet cut off my head at once. Let him take what he pleases, for I will not die piecemeal." On February 25th, 1842, the Hawaiian flag was accordingly hauled down, the British flag hoisted, and Lord Paulet took formal possession.

For five months our flag continued to fly, but, on the arrival of Admiral Thomas, in H.M.S. *Dublin*, the Hawaiian ensign was re-hoisted, and the Admiral seems to have done all in his power to smooth the King's ruffled plumes. That Lord Paulet received a severe snubbing there is little doubt. In the meantime, the news having reached Europe, Lord Aberdeen informed both France and the United States that "Her Majesty's Government had no intention to retain possession of the islands." England and France, after this, issued the following declaration, which I give in full, as it has an important bearing on the present state of affairs:—

"Her Majesty, the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and His Majesty, the King of the French, taking into consideration the existence in the Sandwich Islands of a Government capable of providing for the regularity of its relations with foreign nations, have thought it right to engage reciprocally to consider the Sandwich Islands as an independent state, and never to take possession, either directly or under the title of a protectorate, or under any other form, of any part of the territory of which they are composed."

After this full recognition of their rights by England, France, Belgium, and the United States, the Hawaiian Government had reason to feel proud, for theirs was the sole instance of a so-called savage people being formally recognized as a nation. The King seems to have shown himself more tractable than most of his predecessors or successors, and accepted advice from the missionary party, who appears to have acted with considerable harshness towards the natives. In 1841, the natives were in a sorry plight; they were forced to work on public works six days a month; further, on the free days, if a native was seen idling he was at once set to work. They were not allowed to leave the Islands, and were worried and harassed in every conceivable way.

So paternal did the Government become, that it did not allow them even to marry without a special permit, and, even when they were married, interfered in their matrimonial squabbles. It was ordained that, "where two married persons do not live happily together, but quarrel often, and become famous for the same, they shall be confined in irons, separately, until they cease quarrelling." Mr. Richards, an ex-missionary, and Dr. Judd, the former missionary-surgeon, both men of considerable ability, may be said to have been at the head of affairs, since the King was but as putty in their hands. A writer of this period remarks:—"It has been, unfortunately, the case that the missionary teachers of the natives of the Sandwich Islands, and, indeed, of all the Polynesian groups, finding that white residents on, and visitors to, these groups, are, in most cases, personally opposed to them and prejudiced against their objects, have come to entertain the opinion that the intercourse of white men with natives is, necessarily, injurious to the latter; and have, therefore, used their influence to discourage the settlement of white men, and to prevent the cultivation of those internal resources which would attract the visits of the traders." In order to combine interests that might otherwise conflict, a Government was formed, composed partly of whites and partly of natives, equal rights and privileges being accorded to both. In 1845, the House of Representatives, or Legislature, first met. This consisted of nobles and representatives; but all sat together. The qualification for a noble was that he should be possessed of property of the value of £600, or of an income of £120 a year. As the legislature was then composed so it remained, with certain modifications, up to the time of the Revolution, and the appointment of a Provisional Government, in 1893.

During this King's reign, the population was more than decimated by measles and smallpox. Between Cook's visits and that time, a period of 70 years, the population had dwindled from 400,000 to 73,000. What with the fuss with the French on the Catholic and brandy question, the Lord Paulet and Charlton episode, and, finally, a threat that a shipful or two of lawless adventurers were coming from the Californian goldfields on a filibustering expedition, the King's lot was anything but a happy one. As England would not take him under her wing, he made overtures to the United States. Whilst the treaty of annexation was under consideration, news came that the Californian riff-raff of the goldfields were on their way to the Islands. The King then appealed to the English and French warships to protect his kingdom against marauders. This they agreed to do.

The so-called pirates never turned up, neither was anything more ever heard of the treaty with America.

In the following year, 1855, the King died, and was succeeded by Liholiho, his son, who, two years later, married Emma Young, *alias* Miss Rooke. His reign only lasted nine years, and was marked by no special feature. At this period, the American Board severed their connection with the Sandwich Islands as a mission field. The Board rewarded the missionaries by transferring to them the property that they (the Board) had acquired in the Islands, the Government (of which they were pulling the strings) making their title complete by giving them the fee simple of these lands.

Liholiho, or Kamehameha IV., was succeeded, in 1863, by his elder brother, Prince Lot, and was known as Kamehameha V.

We are now arriving at a period when the questions began to arise between the foreigners and the monarchy, which, eventually, led to the downfall of the Queen.

The King thought the constitution of 1852 did not give him individually, power enough, so he made a new one in 1864, which remained in force till 1887; and it was the attempt made by Queen Liliuokalani to carry out Kamehameha's policy which caused her to be deposed.

The King died in 1872, and was the last in the direct line of Kamehamehas. A right belonging to the sovereign was, that he had it in his power to appoint his successor. Unfortunately he died without doing so, and the Legislature appointed Lunalilo. The choice seems to have been fairly popular with both whites and natives; but his reign was of the briefest, since consumption carried him off the following year. Like his predecessor, he, too, failed to nominate an heir. The Dowager Queen Emma was adored by the natives and much respected by the English. She was an accomplished lady, and had none of those weaknesses or superstitions usually found in the Hawaiian race. Both she, and a comparatively little heard-of chief called Kalakaua, were the rival candidates for the vacant crown. The election of the Queen, had the matter rested with her own people, would have been almost unanimous; but, unfortunately, the missionary party,

Queen's Hospital

knowing her strong English proclivities, and how much she preferred anything savouring of England to America, would have none of her, and, in the Legislature, they elected Kalakaua by an overwhelming majority. No sooner was the result known, than the infuriated native mob attacked the members of the Legislature as they left the Court House. One unfortunate representative was killed. As it was stated that the native representatives had been all bought over to vote against Queen Emma, the rage of the natives can well be imagined. So unruly was the mob, that the English and American warships in the harbour had to land troops to quell the riot.

With Kamehameha V. the male line of the Royal race came to an end. The late King Lunalilo was not of the Royal line, but was descended from a line of chiefs; and the natives themselves did not look upon either Queen Emma or Kalakaua as being near enough in the direct line to inherit the kingdom. However, Queen Emma was popular because she had done so much for the people, having, amongst other things, built the Queen's Hospital; and she was of the Kamehameha line.

The late King Kalakaua and his sister Liliuokalani, the missionary party say, are not even of pure Hawaiian blood, since it is openly stated that their mother's lover was a negro cobbler in Honolulu. At any rate the presence of African blood in the veins of Kalakaua was clearly evinced by his black, crisp, curly hair and thick pouting lips.

That the Hawaiian Kings were all of them more or less addicted to drink is an acknowledged fact; yet for all this, they maintained the character of gentlemen, and people who had lived for many years in the Islands told me numerous stories to confirm this. The native race has much deteriorated since the dying-out of the chiefs some thirty years ago. These chiefs were superior to the ordinary natives both in intelligence and in stature, and it was through them that the Government enforced its wishes and made the Constitution flourish.

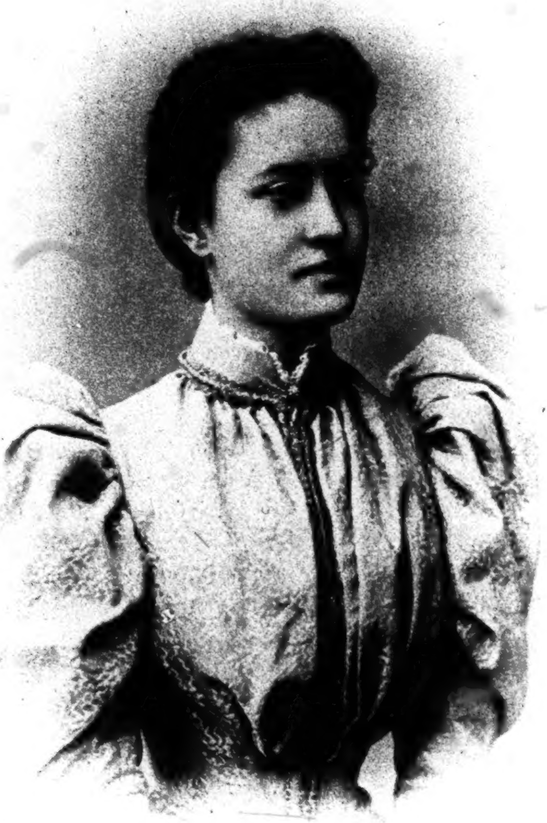
Kalakaua began his reign in 1874, taking the oath to uphold the Constitution. His first act was to appoint his younger brother Leleiohoku as his heir, but this Prince died somewhat mysteriously in 1877. The official report was that he had died of rheumatic fever, but the charitable (?) missionary party allege that the ex-Queen Liliuokalani had him poisoned.

On Leleiohokus' death, Kalakaua nominated his sister Mrs. Dominis, the wife of General Dominis, the Governor of the town, to succeed him. Mrs. Dominis afterwards became Queen Liliuokalani, and it is she who has recently been deposed.

The prosperity of these Islands increased greatly during Kalakaua's reign. In 1875 he visited the United States, and was most warmly received. In the following year a Reciprocity Treaty was entered into with the States, for a period of seven years certain, and on the expiry of that term to be terminable by the giving of twelve months' notice on either side. This treaty may be said to have been the first step towards annexation, for it opened up communication with the States, and ensured such privileges to the sugar planters on the Islands, by giving them a market for their commodities, that they found themselves in time wholly dependent on the United States for their prosperity. With the growth of the sugar industry, cheap labour became the desideratum, and the immigration of Chinese and Japanese under the "contract system" was encouraged.

During the year 1881, Kalakaua made a complete tour of the world, and on his way visited London. From all accounts he was a pleasant, easy-going man, happy enough so long as he was supplied with an unlimited quantity of champagne and could make up a party at "poker."

The Royal revenue was made up of an income of £5,000 allowed by the Constitution, plus the interest on the Crown lands, which latter amounted to £15,000. On this calculation, the ex-Queen's income was £20,000 per annum. It is reported that these Crown lands are now sequestrated, so the deposed Queen is dependent on the Provisional Government, or the United States, should they decide to annex the Islands, and it remains to be seen what income will be allowed her. The lands themselves will naturally increase in value, so if the ex-Queen receives less than £15,000 per annum, somebody will be making a profit on the transaction. However, considering the facts of the case,



Victoria Kaiulani

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From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company this "somebody," whoever it may be, can afford to be liberal both to her and the Princess Kaiulani, who was the "heiress-apparent," as on the ex-Queen's death there will be no one to whom this money will have to be paid.

The Princess Kaiulani is the daughter of Mr. W. Cleghorn, who married the late Princess Likelike, sister of the ex-Queen. All who know her say that she is a most charming girl. She has been educated in England, and is thoroughly English in her sympathies. Such being the case, it would have been a question whether the Missionary or American party would have been likely to favour her cause.

Kalakaua, like his predecessors, was always short of cash, and even went so far, in order to raise the wind, as to allow Walter Murray Gibson, an adventurer and ex-pirate, but withal a very able man, and one of his Cabinet Ministers, to persuade him to accept a bribe of 71,000 dollars, for granting a license to sell opium contrary to Statute.

This man Gibson was one of Kalakaua's worst advisers. The account of his life reads stranger than fiction; and had I space, I would give a short summary of his career, from which it would be seen how a freebooter turned Mormon missionary, robbed the natives, fleeced his own church, stole an island, which his heirs still hold, and, finally, became a Cabinet Minister, holding every possible office in the Government. At one time he was a Minister of Finance, afterwards Minister of Foreign Affairs, then Attorney-General, and wound up as Minister of the Interior. The closing act in the chapter of his official life occurred at a mass meeting held in 1887, when it was made a *sine quâ non* that he should never be allowed to take any office again. The natives were so incensed that they would have lynched him, had he not been provided with a bodyguard, and quietly shipped away at the first opportunity. It seems almost incredible that the people of Honolulu, knowing full well what manner of man this Gibson was, should have elected him to any office. They knew that he had taken possession of the Island of Lanai by fraud, that he had been little better than a pirate, and should have placed no faith in a man who could write such a letter as the following to the natives of Lanai:—"My heart is with the red-skinned children of Abraham. I am a child of the Ocean, and of God. It was his servant the prophet, who chose me to abide with you constantly. . . . Like Moses shall I lead you; like Joshua shall I fight for you; and like Jesus, if God wills it, I will die for you. (Signed) WALTER MURRAY GIBSON." The man must have been a madman or a consummate hypocrite, and, of course, not to be trusted in either case, as the sequel proved.

It was not the Missionary party who pushed him forward; for, although he was a Mormon missionary in 1861, he was not a member of the ruling clique of the Missionary party. He did not live long after his expulsion from the Islands, and, although he had professed Mormonism so long, died a Roman Catholic.

After the mass meeting which brought Gibson's career to an abrupt close, Kalakaua was compelled to sign a new Constitution, which had the effect of very much curtailing his powers. There can be no doubt that this action was a wise one on the part of the Hawaiian subjects, as under the old *regime* and Constitution they had no security, especially considering the general laxity which prevailed.

The Committee of Thirteen, which was appointed on this occasion to carry out the details concerning the new Constitution, showed greater forbearance to Kalakaua at this critical moment of his career than they did to his sister Liliuokalani, on the occasion of the recent rupture (January, 1893). They gave a last chance to the King, but none to the poor Queen.

After the new Constitution was signed in 1887, Kalakaua and his Government went along peaceably for a time. But the King felt the curb of the new *regime*, and having another bad adviser in the person of a half-caste, by name Robert Wilcox, he made an attempt to get the, to him, obnoxious Constitution rescinded. This led to a certain amount of bloodshed, but the effort to restore a state of affairs admittedly corrupt, failed. Wilcox and party now attempted to gain by constitutional measures what they had failed to carry by force. At the elections they defeated the Missionary or Reform party, but they were unsuccessful in their endeavours to bring about any material change, and the Constitution maintained its sway. Kalakaua naturally found playing at King under the new Constitution unsuited to his dignity; but in his easy-going way he allowed matters to take their course, contenting himself occasionally with trying to thwart his Cabinet. His sister, however, with all a woman's love of power, was furious with him for surrendering his rights so easily. Thus, when she came to the throne, she had no very friendly feelings towards the party which had been instrumental in curtailing the kingly prerogative.

Under these circumstances, therefore, it is not at all surprising to find that the merchants and planters, who had a large amount of capital invested in the Islands, should at last have grown weary of the perpetual attempt of the monarchy to run counter to their interests. Many who, at that time, were prepared to welcome annexation only did so in the hope of obtaining some stable form of Government. With regard to the planters, who were the loudest to cry out for annexation, their interests were evidently centred on the two cents per pound bounty which they *hoped* to obtain on sugar, as it would be considered home grown in the event of the United States carrying out the annexation of the Islands.

The Reciprocity Treaty with the States, of which I have spoken, went along satisfactorily for the Hawaiian sugar planter, until the passing of the fatal McKinley Bill, which "fairly knocked him out." Previously there had been a duty on all sugar imported into the States, with the exception of Hawaiian, which went in free. The McKinley Tariff of 1890 took the duty off entirely, and so Hawaiian sugar had to compete on even terms with the rest of the world. To protect planters in America, a bounty of two cents per pound was given to home-grown sugar. Hawaii not being part of the States, the planters there looked on sadly; for though they themselves were American, and seven-tenths of the capital invested in Hawaii was American money, they could not claim the two cents bounty accorded to their fellow-countrymen in Louisiana.

The importance of the industry will be seen in the fact that the export of sugar in 1876—the year in which the Reciprocity

Treaty was made—was 13,000 tons, whereas in 1890 it had reached ten times that amount—viz., 130,000 tons. The bounty, or rather remission of duty, on this amount of sugar represented in English money just £1,000,000 yearly. From 25 to 70 per cent was, prior to the McKinley Tariff, an average annual profit on a plantation. After the tariff became law, many of the planters gave up the business, and those who did not were happy when they made both ends meet. The Louisiana bounty is so unpopular throughout America that it is almost sure to be taken off, but a duty will be put on all imported sugar, from which duty Hawaiian sugar may be exempt. This, therefore, for them, will mean a return to prosperity. At least, that is what they hope for; but it seems very doubtful. There are, of course, several important side issues which may materially mar this *couleur de rose* aspect of future affairs in the event of annexation.

Contract labour is contrary to American law, and even if exception is made in favour of Hawaii, the labourer, or his Government, would have to be considered. The Japanese, who are almost all employed on the plantations, have increased enormously during the last few years, and now number over 20,000. These, with the exception of the Hawaiians, are more numerous than any other nationality. For this labour, even if not entirely withdrawn, a much higher price will have to be paid.

That the Japanese Government is quite alive to the interests of their subjects is clear, for, although a training ship (the *Kon-go*) was in the port of Hawaii when the news of the change of Government reached Japan, it was not considered enough, and a modern ironclad, carrying guns more powerful than any before seen at Honolulu, was immediately sent off with a Special Commissioner on board to watch the march of events.

The question of the annexation of the Islands by America is not popular with the Japanese, judging from what I heard from Japanese naval officers I met. The terms of the engagement of these labourers were arranged between the Imperial Government of Japan and the Hawaiian Government, and if, therefore, they should not be allowed to remain, the sugar planters will find themselves in a very awkward position.

Whilst speaking of Japan, I cannot refrain from mentioning the celerity with which the Japanese ironclad—the most powerful vessel in the port—steamed in and took up her berth. It was done in such a seamanlike manner that the officers of any smartly-manned English vessel might have been proud of the feat. When one considers that on board the *Naniwa* there is not a European or American, and that she is fitted with all the latest scientific improvements, an idea may be formed of the rapidity with which Japan has shot ahead during the past few years. If "imitation is the sincerest form of flattery," then we should indeed feel proud; for, whilst visiting the *Kon-go*, I noticed that our naval service is the model upon which the whole of their system is based—even, I believe, to the rations served out to the bluejackets.

After the Japanese, the Chinese are the most numerous, there now being some 15,000 of them on the Islands, though a Restriction Bill has been latterly introduced to prevent other than agricultural labourers from immigrating. No census has been taken since 1890, and then there were little more than half the number of Japanese which are now to be found. The following approximate table may be considered fairly accurate for 1893:—

Native-born Hawaiians	32,000
Half-castes	7,000
Chinese	16,000
Japanese	20,000
Portuguese	9,000
Americans	1,800
British	1,200
Germans	2,000
Hawaiians, born of foreign parents	7,000
French, Norwegian, and others	1,500
	97,500

or, in round numbers, we may call the population of the whole group 100,000, which is an over, rather than an under, estimate.

Neither Chinese nor Japanese have the franchise; and the Hawaiians have, or rather had, 8,777 votes out of a total register of 13,593. The half-castes had 777, and the Portuguese, 2,091.

It will be seen that the American, German, English, and other nationalities only held 1,848 amongst them. I do not suppose there has been any great change since 1890, when the number of registered voters was recorded. If, on the question of annexation, the voters had been consulted, there is little doubt that, out of this 13,593, 10,000 at least would have voted against it. I shall be told that, admitting the natives, almost to a man, are averse to annexation, it is the minority of the voters that represent the wealth of the country. Allowing this to be the case, does it furnish sufficient excuse for ignoring the wishes of the natives in order to humour a small contingent of speculators, who, if they did not like the state of affairs, could have left the Islands?

However, I am going ahead too fast, and must return to Kalakaua. The king, not being in good health, left in an American war-ship for San Francisco, where he died in the early part of 1891. In another chapter, I mentioned that his death had been foretold by Kahunas, it did not, therefore, greatly surprise the people, when the ship, which brought back his remains, signalled to the natives that the dead body of their king was on board.

It was quite anticipated that there would be difficulty with the new queen. She was said to be so averse to the concessions made by the late king, her brother, that it was scarcely expected she would consent to take the oath to uphold the Constitution in its then existing form. To the relief and surprise of all, except the Wilcox party, she did all that was required, and was duly proclaimed queen, on the day that the dead body of the king arrived at Honolulu, January 29th, 1891; so that before being deposed she had reigned nearly two years.*

Sorry as one must feel for the Queen, who has many amiable qualities, and is an educated lady, there is no question but that it was, in a measure, her own obstinacy which caused her downfall. She had been warned by friends that her position was somewhat precarious, and that she must govern on strictly constitutional lines. Indiscreet remarks, attributed to her, of having sufficient force behind her to drive every white man out of the town, if the necessity arose (probably untrue), coupled with the fact of hard times, made her anything but popular with the business element.

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* The Queen's version of her accession, reign, and deposition, will be found in a subsequent chapter.

On my arrival at Honolulu, I found a good deal of excitement over the possibility of the Islands being made the future home of the Louisiana Lottery, and it was a question whether the Government would not be defeated on this point. There was also before the House an Opium Bill. Both these bills were unpopular with the respectable members of the community. The Cabinet in office at this time consisted of the best men in the Reform, or Missionary party, and these men could not only be trusted, but largely represented the commercial interests of the Islands. In fact, it was one of the best Cabinets which could have been selected. The fight was a close one, and on the first division 21 voted for and 21 against the Lottery Bill. The sort of language indulged in by the House can hardly be called parliamentary, although it must be said to *their* credit, that they stopped short at fisticuffs. There is no saying that "a spade is an agricultural implement" about the following report:—

"Noble *Thurston* said that he did not wish to say anything on the merits of the bill again, but he did desire to show the depths to which friends of this bill had to descend in an endeavour to gain their ends. He held in his hand a paper which purported to be a *subpœna* issued by Judge Whiting and calling for the presence of Rep. Kapahu away from the Legislature. The speaker read the *subpœna* so as to show that it was in proper form and bore the signature of Judge Whiting. He said that he had spoken to the judge, but that gentleman had denied all knowledge of having signed such a paper and pronounced it a forgery; and so it was, a base attempt to spirit away one of the members who was supposed to be opposed to the bill. Words were not strong enough for him to use to show his contempt for the lawyer, the member of the bar, who, it was stated, had perpetrated this trick, but had luckily failed in the entire fulfilment.

Rep. *Bush* did not wish to attempt to defend the actions of any lawyers, he believed that they were bad enough to do anything. This was only following in line with what he had witnessed the other day when lawyers and business men were earnestly engaged in their lobbying, and did it in a most unblushing manner. He knew that the other day money had been passed to some of the members by a merchant who does business on Queen Street. Having been shown that example by those who claim the honour of a higher race and better education, was it to be wondered that the Hawaiian would fall? He wished to say that he had a bitter feeling against those who proclaimed principle from the housetops but failed to carry it out in their practice. You (speaking to Noble Young) and your party have given me promises which you have failed to keep. You and your party can only blame yourselves for this evil, as you say it is (the lottery), that is now upon us.

Noble *Young*: 'You talk as if you were the only man in the House that had any principle!'

Rep. *Bush*: 'I am man enough to hold a principle and act with it, and I have just Scotch enough in me to let you know that I am a man!'

Noble *Young*: 'You are mistaken! You are a thing, not a man!'

Rep. *Bush*: 'There is the lost principles of a party pledged to me and which I believed in, yet to be kept.'

Noble *Young*: 'I say that you are lying.'

Rep. *Bush*: 'I say that you are a liar.'

Noble *Young*: 'I did not say that you were a liar, I said you were lying.'

Rep. *Bush*: 'And I say that you ——.'

The President's gavel at last reached a tone which drowned the latter portion of the Representative's remarks.

Rep. *Iosepa* said that he did not consider that it would be of any use to talk any longer. The bill could only work evil, not good. If the people in Louisiana had become anxious to get rid of the monster and could only succeed after much effort, how was Hawaii to get clear if it was once established here? The people here now had a knowledge of the evils of "che fa," people now mortgaging their lands and selling their heirlooms to obtain money for this gambling game. He moved the previous question. Carried."

Eventually the Government was defeated, and the Queen appointed a new Cabinet, consisting of Samuel Parker, Minister of Foreign Affairs; W. H. Cornwell, Minister of Finance; J. F. Colburn, Minister of the Interior; and A. P. Peterson, Attorney General.

The two Bills required the Queen's signature, which they duly received, much to the disgust of the community generally. On Saturday, January 14th, Parliament was prorogued, and, after this ceremony had been performed, the Queen sprung a mine which caused all the subsequent trouble, and, in the end, led to her dethronement and the attempted annexation of her country.

On the morning before the prorogation of the Legislature, a rumour was current that the Queen intended to promulgate a new

Constitution that afternoon. This, following closely on the vote of want of confidence which had caused the downfall of the Wilcox* Cabinet, created the greatest uneasiness. This feeling was not only confined to the American party, but was shared by all who had anything to lose. An informal meeting of business men took place, but it was concluded to be impossible for the Queen to seriously contemplate taking such a rash step. For once, however, rumour proved correct. No sooner was the ceremony of prorogation over than the "Hui Kalaiaina," a native political society, went over to the palace and besought the Queen to grant them a new Constitution. Of course, this was said to be what is commonly called a "put up job." The Queen replied, almost before she could know what the petition was about, that she would grant their request. She summoned her Cabinet, and, telling them the business she had on hand, demanded their signatures to the draft at once. The Ministers refused to sign it, and strenuously endeavoured to dissuade her from pursuing so unconstitutional a course. They had, however, an angry and obstinate woman to deal with, and in a decisive tone Queen Liliuokalani said: "Gentlemen, I do not wish to hear any more advice. I intend to promulgate the Constitution, and to do so now." Finding them obdurate, she threatened to open the window and inform the excited native crowd outside that she was willing enough to give them all they wanted, but that the Ministers were barring the way. The four gentlemen, whose lives were doubtless in danger, suddenly remembered that they had other immediate and pressing engagements and hastily retired without giving the Queen a chance of carrying out her threat.

The Cabinet next sent to some of the most prominent citizens to know whether they could rely on their support in this crisis. As soon as the news spread, the foreign residents, American and English, the advocates of the Lottery Bill and its enemies, met to see what could be done at this crisis. A Committee of Thirteen, called the Committee of Public Safety, was nominated; the Ministers were advised that they might rely upon the very fullest support of the citizens, and that all parties were unanimous in opposing the attempt of the Queen. Upon this, the Cabinet again interviewed the Queen, and finally she agreed to temporarily postpone her project. It was said that Her Majesty intrigued to overthrow the Wilcox Cabinet, because she thought they were too American and were in favour of annexation, and also because the revenue was decreasing, and she hoped if the Lottery and Opium Bills were passed, it would make her less dependent on her Ministry. Nominally she had, as before stated, some £20,000 a year, but owing to bad times was, probably, not receiving that amount. Then the new Cabinet she had appointed in place of the Wilcox Ministry was of a very different calibre, and commanded no respect. To go into the history of these gentlemen would be unnecessary—suffice it to say, that the sequel to the whole business will be more easily understood when I say that it is an open secret that two of the four Ministers were deeply in debt to a leading firm, whose interests lay in the direction of annexation. It was only natural that the Queen should be a very angry woman at seeing herself thwarted by a Cabinet she had expected to find so pliable, the members of which, it is said, had promised to support her in procuring the new Constitution, but whose hearts failed them on finding how antagonistic the whole community was to the proposed change. After consenting to the temporary postponement of the measure, she returned to the Throne Room, and addressed those of the Legislature who had remained, as follows:—

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* This gentleman must not be confounded with the Wilcox who was at the head of the Revolt of 1888.

"PRINCES, NOBLES, AND REPRESENTATIVES:

I have listened to the thousands of voices of my people that have come to me, and I am prepared to grant their request. The present Constitution is full of defects, as the Chief Justice here will testify, as questions regarding it have so often come before him for settlement. It is so faulty that I think a new one should be granted. I have prepared one, in which the rights of all have been regarded—a Constitution suited to the wishes of the people. I was ready and expected to proclaim the new Constitution to-day, as a suitable occasion for it, and thus satisfy the wishes of my dear people. But, with deep regret, I say that I have met with obstacles that prevent it. Return to your homes peaceably and quietly and continue to look towards me, and I will look towards you. Keep me ever in your love. I am

[illegible] PALACE
HONOLULU

7,

obliged to postpone the granting of the Constitution for a few days. I must confer with my Cabinet, and when, after you return home, you may see it, receive it graciously. You have my love, and with sorrow I now dismiss you."

The Queen afterwards appeared on a balcony and addressed her native subjects, telling them that the perfidy of her Ministers had alone stood in the way of her granting their requests, but that they should have the new constitution at the earliest possible opportunity. Rep. White, a half-caste, then addressed the crowd, telling them that, instead of going home quietly, they should break into the palace and murder the Ministers.

In another chapter I mention meeting one of the officials whom Rep. White had advised the crowd to kill. Whilst talking to him, another gentlemen joined us, and, speaking of Rep. White, I said, "He ought to have been shot for using such seditious language," when, to my surprise, the new-comer said, "I never made such a remark; it is a lie; the papers wrongly reported me." It was a little awkward to find that the new-comer was the very Mr. White whom I said should have been shot! However, he did not seem in any way to resent the remark.

Oddly enough, no one seems to have had a copy of the constitution which caused all the trouble. Mr. Peterson, the Attorney-General, is said to have carried it about in his pocket for a fortnight beforehand, so that he, at least, should know its contents. As far as I was able to learn, it disfranchised all the whites, with the exception of those who were married to native wives. The appointment of judges was to last for six years only, with their salaries to be fixed by the Government; while the Queen was to have the selection of her Ministers and the power to remove them.

Of course, if this was all true, it is no wonder that the white residents became anxious about their rights. The Committee of Public Safety held a further meeting, and adjourned until the Sunday morning. That there was trouble in the air was clear, and a little determination shown by the Queen's party would have saved her throne, and, for a time at least, her country from the risk of annexation.

The Queen had one good adviser in her Marshal, and had his advice been followed, she would have been saved. Mr. Wilson, the Marshal, is by birth half white and half Tahitian. By trade, at least so report says, he was formerly a blacksmith, but being a fine fellow of commanding presence, the Queen made him her Marshal, which, of course, gave rise to the usual amount of scandal. Apart from being the head of the police, Wilson had a strong hold over the natives, and there is little question that, had he been allowed a free hand, the Revolution would have been nipped in the bud at any time between the Saturday night and Tuesday evening. He was the one man on the side of the Government who saw that the right move to make, was the proclaiming of Martial Law, the moment the Committee of Public Safety had been organized.

Allowing that the Queen, in attempting to force this Constitution through, was acting *ultra vires*, the Committee were equally out of order in attempting to oppose a Queen who was both *de facto et de jure*. It was the weakness of her Cabinet which lost her the cause, for, I understand, on the best authority, that Martial Law could not have been declared without the signature of Mr. Peterson, the Attorney-General, and that this gentleman went to see Judge Hartwell, in whose office the poor little man wept freely, and said he could not take such a step. Mr. S. Parker, another native member of the Cabinet, also favoured the Judge with a visit, and he, too, was moved to tears. If poor Marshal Wilson had had his way he would have swamped the whole business, by declaring Martial Law and arresting every member of the Committee of Public Safety.

On Sunday, January the 15th, the Committee again met, and called a mass meeting for two o'clock on the following day, at the Skating Rink. This meeting I attended, and, with one or two exceptions, never before listened to so many bad speeches. As a rule, the Americans are good speakers, and the average American, if called on to make a speech, is very much ahead of the ordinary run of Englishmen. Though this was a thoroughly representative meeting, half the speakers seemed men of imperfect education, and each fresh speaker, as he was called upon, merely reiterated what the previous speaker had said, and heaped fresh abuse on the Queen. The gist of the whole thing was, that they were weary of the sort of government under which they had been living for the last few years, during which period there had been something like three revolutions, or perhaps, more properly, revolts. They felt there was no security whilst this state of affairs lasted, that the credit of the country was being jeopardized, and that it was quite impossible the Queen could be allowed to act as she had done on the previous Saturday afternoon.

Prior to this meeting, the Cabinet had held a consultation with the Queen, as to what course it were best to take. The Cabinet, in declining to put the town under Martial Law, hoped to lessen the friction which existed between the two factions; for though, as subsequent events proved, Marshal Wilson was right in wanting to take this course, it was impossible to foresee that the Committee of Public Safety would go to the length it did. It was evident, however, that something must be done, and the Queen's advisers thought that a complete surrender would smooth matters over. The following proclamation was issued early on Monday morning, as it was hoped it would frustrate the object for which the Anti-Queen meeting was being summoned:

BY AUTHORITY.

"Her Majesty's Ministers desire to express their appreciation for the quiet and order which has prevailed in this community since the events of Saturday, and are authorized to say that the position taken by Her Majesty in regard to the promulgation of a new Constitution was under the stress of her native subjects.

Authority is given for the assurance that any changes desired in the fundamental law of the land will be sought only by methods provided in the Constitution itself. Her Majesty's Ministers request all citizens to accept the assurance of Her Majesty in the same spirit in which it was given."

One would have thought that, after this complete surrender on the part of the Queen, a last chance would have been accorded her. Probably it would have been, but there were wheels within wheels, and the party for annexation saw the loophole the Queen had given them, and were not slow to avail themselves of their opportunity. When, therefore, the above proclamation was referred to at the mass meeting, it was groaned and jeered at, as the unanimous opinion was, that no credence could be placed in the Queen's word.

Many who were against annexation go so far as to say, that the Queen was purposely advised to take the step she did, as her advisers knew what the result of such a course would be, but this seems to me far too remote and improbable. The resolution before the mass meeting was to confirm the appointment of the Committee of Public Safety, and to give its members full power to act as they thought best. Although, in the numerous speeches made, many harsh things were said against the Queen, not a word was mentioned as to her deposition. When the resolution was put to the vote, it was practically unanimous, only the British Vice-Consul and some two or three others voting against it. From what I could afterwards gather, a considerable number of the voters would have been averse to the course taken, had they known to what lengths the Committee were about to proceed. Though the majority would doubtless have voted in favour of dethroning the Queen, it would not have been so large, had they not thought that they were simply voting for a Committee of Public Safety, whose sole duty was to preserve peace and order.

The following were the resolutions passed at the mass meeting:—

"1. WHEREAS, her Majesty, Liliuokalani, acting in conjunction with certain other persons, has, illegally and unconstitutionally and against the advice and consent of the lawful executive officers of the Government, attempted to abrogate the existing Constitution and proclaim a new one in subversion of the rights of the people:

2. And whereas, such attempt has been accompanied by threats of violence and bloodshed, and a display of armed force, and such attempt and act and threats are revolutionary and treasonable in character:

3. And whereas, her Majesty's Cabinet has informed her that such contemplated action was unlawful and would lead to bloodshed and riot, and has implored and demanded of her to desist from and renounce such proposed action:

4. And whereas, such advice has been in vain, and her Majesty has, in a public speech, announced that she was desirous and ready to promulgate such Constitution, the same being now ready for such purpose,

and that the only reason why it was not now promulgated was because she had met with unexpected obstacles and that a fitting opportunity in the future must be awaited for the consummation of such object, which would be within a few days:

5. And whereas, at a public meeting of citizens, held in Honolulu on the 14th day of January, a committee of thirteen, to be known as the 'Committee of Public Safety,' was appointed to consider the situation and devise ways and means for the maintenance of the public peace and safety, and the preservation of life and property:

6. And whereas, such committee has recommended the calling of this mass meeting of citizens to protest against and condemn such action, and has this day presented a report to such meeting, denouncing the action of the Queen and her supporters as being unlawful, unwarranted, in derogation of the rights of the people, endangering the peace of the community, and tendering to excite riot and cause loss of life and destruction of property.

Now, therefore, we, citizens of Honolulu, of all nationalities and regardless of political party affiliations, do hereby condemn and denounce the action of the Queen and her supporters:

And we do hereby ratify the appointment and endorse the action taken and report made by said Committee of Safety, and we do hereby further empower such committee to further consider the situation, and further devise ways and means as may be necessary to secure the permanent maintenance of law and order and the protection of life, liberty, and property in Hawaii."

While the citizens of Honolulu were holding their meeting, another gathering, composed chiefly of natives, was held in the Palace Square; and to the credit of the Queen's party be it said that, notwithstanding the fever heat which all must have been in, this meeting passed off peaceably. However, few were prepared to give the Queen even the smallest credit for this, though there is not the slightest doubt that, with her 80 well-armed and well-drilled guards, a loyal and thoroughly efficient police, and hundreds of natives whom she could have armed, she might have controlled the issue to her advantage. Marshal Wilson distinctly said, in the British Club, that he was quite prepared to fight if it had been the Queen's wish.

The Committee of Public Safety did not allow the grass to grow beneath their feet, for on the same afternoon (January 16th) they wrote to Mr. Stevens, the American Minister, asking that a force might be sent to assist in maintaining order. This request was complied with, and 160 bluejackets and marines, together with two Gatling guns, were immediately landed. As a matter of fact, these men had been in readiness since the previous Saturday. They were drawn up in the road facing the palace, and there is no doubt that their presence there was supposed to be in support of the Provisional Government. This so disheartened the Queen's party, that bloodshed was prevented.

After the whole business was over, and I was on my passage to San Francisco, I had as a fellow passenger, Captain Wiltze, who was in command of the U. S. S. *Boston*. He told me, and I had his permission to repeat the same, that, notwithstanding what others may say to the contrary, his troops were at first landed simply to protect the life and property of American citizens. The men were drawn up in front of the palace for a short time, then a portion of them were marched to the American Legation, others to the Consulate, whilst the main body was billetted in a central hall so as to be easily available, if required. The moral effect was wonderful, and the general opinion, naturally, was, that they had been landed to support the Committee of Public Safety. This, however, Captain Wiltze emphatically denied, and stated that he was there in a strictly neutral position, and when the Navy Department published the orders given, this would be clearly seen.

Of course, to land troops in times of peace, without permission from the authorities, is a terrible breach of International Law. Consent to land is always first obtained, even if simply for drill purposes. It seems open to question, whether the Minister of the United States should have landed the troops at the request of a Committee which was clearly antagonistic to a friendly Power. There can, of course, be no doubt, that any Power has a perfect right to land troops from a war-ship for the protection of the property and rights of its subjects, as precedents have shown, even in these Islands. In this case, however, it was different. There was no actual rioting going on, and if any request at all had been listened to, it should surely have been that of the Queen's Government, which was both *de jure* and *de facto* at the time of the landing. No such request was made by the recognized Government, which had been officially recognized by the States in 1843, so that there can be little doubt that the action taken by the United States in thus landing troops was technically, if not actually, a wrongful act.

Though the presence of the troops was misunderstood, it was quite sufficient to maintain order; and Captain Wiltze further assured me he distinctly refused to recognize, in any shape or form, the Committee of Public Safety, and reiterated the fact that he was there solely for the purpose of protecting the property of American citizens.

Needless to say, the landing of these troops did not pass unchallenged, especially as there existed on the island an efficient army and well organized police, presumably capable of maintaining order.

The following protest, which has not before been made public, was sent by Governor Cleghorn, of Honolulu, to Mr. Stevens. Mr. Stevens's reply, for ambiguity, is almost Gladstonian :—

"OFFICE, GOVERNOR OF OAHU,
HONOLULU, *Jan.* 16*th*, 1893.

SIR,—

It is my duty to solemnly protest to your Excellency against the landing, this evening, without permission from the proper authorities, of an armed force from the United States ship *Boston*.

Your Excellency well knows that when you have desired to land naval forces of the United States for the purpose of drill, permission by the local authorities has been readily accorded.

On the present occasion, however, the circumstances are different, and, ostensibly, the present landing is for the discharge of functions which are distinctly responsible duties of the Hawaiian Government. Such being the case, I am compelled to impress upon your Excellency the international questions involved in the matter, and the grave responsibility thereby assumed.

While solemnly protesting to your Excellency against the unwarrantable proceeding to which I have referred,

I have the honour to remain, Sir,
Your Excellency's obedient and humble servant,
A. S. CLEGHORN, Governor of Oahu.

To His Excellency, JNO. L. STEVENS,
Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary."

"UNITED STATES LEGATION,
HONOLULU, *Jan.* 17*th*, 1893.

SIR,—

Yours of yesterday, the 16th, regarding the landing of the United States Naval force in Honolulu, is received. I have carefully read its terms and import. My responsibility as the United States Plenipotentiary at this critical time in Hawaiian affairs, it is impossible for me to ignore. I assure you, that in whatever responsibility the American Diplomatic and Naval representatives have assumed, or may assume, we shall do our utmost to regard the welfare of all persons and interests concerned.

Yours sincerely, and
In kindest consideration,
JOHN L. STEVENS.

Hon. A. S. Cleghorn,
Governor of Oahu."

Besides this, I understand, a formal protest was made by the British Minister, and also by representatives of other Powers. The German Consul, however, through his want of tact, got into bad odour with his *confrères*. Being a sugar planter himself, his inclinations were naturally biassed. He was, at first, one of the Committee of Public Safety. He went on the platform at the mass meeting and spoke against the Queen, and was on the Committee which gave a reception to Captain Wiltze prior to his departure.

So indignant did a German officer, who was travelling with me, wax over the matter, that he wrote a full report relating to the action of the Consul to the Home authorities.

It is needless to say that the air at this time seemed charged with electricity, and the natives were ripe for a row. Throughout the Sunday night, large numbers of people were about in the town, and those living in the hotel were kept on the constant *qui vive*, consequent on the clanging of the fire alarms and the dashing past of fire engines. We discovered next day that the fires which occurred were very trifling, and were the work of incendiaries. Of course, we did not know this at the time, so we telephoned to the police station to know what was up, and whether the revolution had broken out. They answered, "No, but expect it may at any moment." As we were living in one of the cottages adjoining the hotel, it struck me that if loot was their object we might possibly receive a visit, so we got out an assortment of weapons, varying from a rook rifle to a Colt's revolver, none of which, however, were required.

On January 17th, the Committee of Public Safety issued a proclamation deposing the Queen and certain of the officers, and appointing a Provisional Government, with Judge Dole as President.

THE PROCLAMATION.

"In its earlier history, Hawaii possessed a constitutional Government honestly and economically administered in the public interests.

The crown called to its assistance as advisers able, honest and conservative men whose integrity was unquestioned even by their political opponents.

The stability of the Government was assured; armed resistance and revolution unthought of; popular rights were respected; and the privileges of the subject from time to time increased, and the prerogatives of the sovereign diminished by the voluntary acts of the successive Kings.

With very few exceptions, this state of affairs continued until the expiration of the first few years of the reign of his late Majesty Kalakaua. At this time a change was discernible in the spirit animating the chief executive and in the influences surrounding the throne. A steadily increasing disposition was manifested on the part of the King to extend the royal prerogatives; to favour adventurers and persons of no character or standing in the community; to encroach upon the rights and privileges of the people by steadily increasing corruption of electors, and by means of the power and influence of office holders, to illegitimately influence the elections, resulting in the final absolute control of not only the executive and legislative, but to a certain extent the judicial departments of the Government in the interests of absolutism.

This finally resulted in the revulsion of feeling and popular uprising of 1887, which wrested from the King a large portion of his ill-gotten powers.

The leaders of this movement were not seeking personal aggrandizement, political power or the suppression of the native Government. If this had been their object it could easily have been accomplished, for they had absolute control of the situation.

Their object was to secure responsible government through a representative Cabinet, supported by and responsible to the people's elected representatives. A clause to this effect was inserted in the constitution and subsequently enacted by law by the Legislatures, specifically covering the ground that in all matters concerning the state the sovereign was to act by and with the advice of the Cabinet, and only by and with such advice.

The King willingly agreed to this proposition, expressed regret for the past and volunteered promises for the future.

Almost from the date of such agreement and promises up to the time of his death, the history of the Government has been a continual struggle between the King on the one hand and the Cabinet and Legislature on the other, the former constantly endeavouring by every available form of influence and evasion to ignore promises and agreements and regain his lost powers.

This conflict upon several occasions came to a crisis, followed each time by submission on the part of his Majesty, by renewed expressions of regret, and promises to abide by the constitutional and legal restrictions in the future. In each instance such promises were kept until a future opportunity presented itself, when the conflict was renewed in defiance and regardless of all previous pledges.

Upon the accession of her Majesty Liliuokalani, the hope prevailed for a brief period that a new policy would be adopted. This hope was soon blasted by her immediately entering into conflict with the existing Cabinet, who held office with the approval of a large majority of the Legislature, resulting in the triumph of the Queen and the removal of the Cabinet. The appointment of a new Cabinet subservient to her wishes, and their continuance in office until a recent date, gave no opportunity for further indication of the policy which would be pursued by her Majesty until the opening of the Legislature in May of 1892.

The recent history of that session has shown a stubborn determination on the part of her Majesty to follow the tactics of her late brother, and in all possible ways to secure an extension of the royal prerogatives and the abridgement of popular rights.

During the latter part of the session the Legislature was replete with corruption; bribery and other illegitimate influences were openly utilized to secure the desired end, resulting in the final complete overthrow of opposition, and the inauguration of a Cabinet arbitrarily selected by her Majesty in complete defiance of constitutional principles and popular representation.

Notwithstanding such result the defeated party peacefully submitted to the situation.

Not content with her victory, her Majesty proceeded on the last day of the session to arbitrarily arrogate to herself the right to promulgate a new Constitution, which proposed among other things to disfranchise over one-fourth of the voters and the owners of nine-tenths of the private property of the kingdom, to abolish the elected upper house of the Legislature and to substitute in place thereof an appointive one to be appointed by the sovereign.

The detailed history of this attempt and the succeeding events in connection therewith is given in the report of the Committee of Public

Safety to the citizens of Honolulu, and the resolutions adopted at the mass meeting held on the 16th inst., the correctness of which report and the propriety of the resolution is hereby specifically affirmed.

The constitutional evolution indicated has slowly and steadily, though reluctantly and regretfully, convinced an overwhelming majority of the conservative and responsible members of the community that independent, constitutional, representative and responsible government, ablé to protect itself from revolutionary uprisings and royal agression, is no longer possible in Hawaii under the existing system of government.

Five uprisings or conspiracies against the Government have occurred within five years and seven months. It is firmly believed that the culminating revolutionary attempt of last Saturday will, unless radical measures are taken, wreck our already damaged credit abroad, and precipitate to final ruin our already overstrained financial condition; and the guarantees of protection to life, liberty, and property will steadily decrease, and the political situation rapidly grow worse.

In this belief, and also in the firm belief that the action hereby taken is and will be for the best personal, political, and property interests of every citizen of the land, we, citizens of and residents of the Hawaiian Islands, organized and acting for the public safety, hereby proclaim as follows:—

'1. The Hawaiian monarchical system of government is hereby abrogated.

2. A provisional government, for the control and management of public affairs and the protection of the public peace, is hereby established to exist until terms of union with the United States of America have been negotiated and agreed upon.

3. Such provisional Government shall consist of an executive council of four members, who are hereby declared to be S. B. Dole, J. A. King, P. C. Jones, and W. O. Smith, who shall administer the executive departments of the Government, the first-named acting as president and chairman of such council and administering the Department of Foreign Affairs, and the others severally administering the Departments of Interior, Finance, and Attorney-General, respectively, in the order in which enumerated, according to existing Hawaiian law as far as may be consistent with this proclamation; and also of an advisory council, which shall consist of fourteen members, who are hereby declared to be: S. M. Damon, A. Brown, L. A. Thurston, J. F. Morgan, J. Emmeluth, H. Waterhouse, J. A. McCandless, E. D. Tenny, F. W. McChesney, F. Wilhelm, W. R. Castle, W. G. Ashley, W. C. Wilder, H. Bolte. Such advisory council shall also have general legislative authority. Such executive and advisory council shall, acting jointly, have power to remove any member of either council, and to fill such or any other vacancy.

4. All officers under the existing Government are hereby requested to continue to exercise their functions and perform the duties of their respective offices, with the exception of the following named persons: Queen Liliuokalani; Charles B. Wilson, Marshal; Samuel Parker, Minister of Foreign Affairs; W. H. Cornwell, Minister of Finance; John F. Colburn, Minister of Interior; Arthur P. Peterson, Attorney-General; who are hereby removed from office.

5. All Hawaiian laws and constitutional principles not inconsistent herewith, shall continue in force until further order of the executive and advisory councils.'"

Now that ~~it is~~ all past, one cannot help smiling at the cool audacity with which this Committee acted in deposing the Queen. As I have said before, if the Queen's party had shown anything approaching firmness and decision, this could never have happened. In fact, had not the seizure of the Government House been accelerated by the firing of a stray shot, it is more than probable that there would have been some severe fighting.

Such supineness on the part of the Queen's Ministers makes one almost think there must be something in the rumour that two of them were bought, and were not at all averse to the course things were taking.

While two of the Queen's Cabinet were enjoying a champagne luncheon at the Hawaiian Hotel, an event transpired which possibly altered the whole state of affairs. A man named Good was taking a waggon of arms and ammunition, which he had been collecting at various stores, to the Skating Rink for the use of the volunteers, when one of the native policeman, knowing that these arms were to be used against the Queen's forces, stopped him. Good drew his revolver, shot the policeman, and galloped away. This action precipitated the movement on Government House, which, by some extraordinary oversight, was left unguarded.

Mr. Dole, and the other members of the Committee of Public Safety, then proceeded, unarmed, to the Government House and took formal possession. I have since heard, that had they delayed half-an-hour they would have found a detachment of the Queen's guards, who would not have allowed them to enter. Once in possession of the building, the proclamation I refer to was read.

A Mr. Soper was placed in command of the Volunteer force, and invited Captain Wiltze, of the U.S. S. *Boston*, to co-operate with him in the maintenance of order. The Provisional Government, after issuing its proclamation, requested that the Queen's Ministers should deliver up the Palace, Police Station, and Barracks. The two former were delivered up on the same day, and the latter on the following day.

In their turn, the Queen and Cabinet issued the following proclamation and protest, which I think a very dignified one, considering the hurry in which it must have been drafted:—

> "I, Liliuokalani, by the Grace of God, and under the Constitution of the Hawaiian Kingdom, Queen, do hereby solemnly protest against any and all acts done against myself and the Constitutional Government of the Hawaiian Kingdom by certain persons claiming to have established a Provisional Government of and for this kingdom.
>
> That I yield to the superior force of the United States of America, whose Minister Plenipotentiary, his Excellency John L. Stevens, has caused United States troops to be landed at Honolulu, and declared that he would support the said Provisional Government.
>
> Now, to avoid any collision of armed forces, and perhaps the loss of life, I do under this protest and impelled by said force yield my authority until such time as the Government of the United States shall, upon the facts being presented to it, undo the action of its representative and reinstate me in the authority which I claim as the Constitutional Sovereign of the Hawaiian Islands.
>
> Done at Honolulu, this 17th day of January, A.D. 1893.
>
> (Signed) LILIUOKALANI, R.
> „ SAMUEL PARKER, Minister of Foreign Affairs.
> „ WILLIAM H. CORNWELL, Minister of Finance.
> „ JNO. F. COLEBORN, Minister of the Interior.
> „ A. P. PETERSON, Attorney-General.
>
> To S. B. Dole, Esq., and others composing the Provisional Government of the Hawaiian Islands.
>
> *Endorsed.*
>
> Received by the hands of the late Cabinet, this 17th day of January, 1893. (Signed) SANDFORD B. DOLE,
> Chairman of Executive Council
> of Provisional Government.

The Rev. Sereno Bishop, himself an Annexationist, in writing of the Queen says: "She has a perfect use of English, a good literary, and an especially good musical, culture. The Queen's manner is peculiarly winning, her bearing noble and becoming, the latter a characteristic of the Hawaiian Royalty. Few people were ever more stately and impressive than many of the old Royal Chiefs could be upon occasion."

While on my way to the Volcano, I had a long chat with a member of the late Cabinet, who gave the following as their reason for not fighting:—After the Proclamation of the Provisional Government, the Cabinet really meant to fight for their rights which had been so unjustly taken from them, but they were persuaded by the British Minister before doing so, to consult the American Minister as to the course he intended to pursue. According to my informant, the Cabinet waited upon Mr. Stevens and asked him whether, if they attempted to put down the Provisional Government which had deposed their Queen, they could look to him for support. To this he replied that they could *not*. They then asked if they could rely upon the neutrality of the United States in the event of their using their own forces, or would the States assist the Provisional Government? According to this gentleman, Mr. Stevens distinctly told them, severally and individually, that the United States would, in such a case, *assist* the Provisional Government.

The Cabinet had this interview with Mr. Stevens, the American Minister, before the surrender of the Police Station. Though the Government House had been quietly handed over to the Provisional Government, nothing would have been easier than its re-capture. Marshal Wilson had Gatling guns, and he states that he could have produced a force of 700 men. With but a handful of men and a gun, the Government House could have been re-taken, and it was far from being too late to recover the lost ground; but the assurance of the American Minister that he should support the Provisional Government, though, as yet, it only held the Government House, seemed to take the heart out of the Queen's party. I firmly believe, that had the Queen's Ministers entirely disregarded what they say Mr. Stevens told them, they could have retaken the Government House, and no attempt on the part of the United States troops would have been made to hinder them. In fact, Captain Wiltze, of the *Boston*, who alone could order the blue-jackets and marines to commence operations, assured me that he should not have thought of combining with the Provisional Government until they had gained possession of the Police Station.

It is therefore clear, if Mr. Stevens did inform the Queen's Cabinet Ministers individually, as they tell me he distinctly *did*, that the United States forces would support the Provisional Government against the Queen's party, (although the latter held the Police Station), he was purposely throwing dust in their eyes, as Captain Wiltze would have declined to carry out any such order. In fact, it must have been that at the same time Mr. Stevens was telling this to the Cabinet, Captain Wiltze was making a directly opposite statement to Commander Soper. It is practically certain that if the Queen's party had acted with promptness the United States would have observed strict neutrality.

The absurdity of the idea that the, for the most part, undrilled volunteers of the citizen's army would have stood any chance against Marshal Wilson and his trained forces is apparent. In fact, Judge Hartwell, a gentleman who had served through the American war, and was in favour of annexation, when invited to join the revolutionary party declined to do so, and frankly told them that undisciplined troops stood not the slightest chance against disciplined soldiers. He expressed the opinion that a few determined men on the Queen's side, with a Gatling gun, could hold the various positions with ease, and that he should not think of embarking on such a foolish undertaking. It was a clear case of what impudence will do, and the Queen's party, unless they were bribed, were fairly bluffed.

When Commander Soper, in charge of the Provisional Government Volunteers, asked Captain Wiltze to co-operate with him on the score that their having possession of the Government House gave them a recognised position, that officer promptly told him that he considered the possession went for nothing so long as the Queen's party held the Police Station, from whence they could at any time send fifty men, and drive him (Commander Soper) out. "No," he said, "don't look for any support from me until you have the Police Station in your possession, where the bulk of the Queen's forces, arms, and ammunition are to be found." This I had from Captain Wiltze himself, who said to Commander Soper, in the presence of several persons, "as a representative of a great nation, I am not going to lend my forces for the purpose of putting down a weak government, for in that case the United States would be waging war on the Queen. It is for me to satisfy myself that the Provisional Government is the *de facto* Government before I do anything."

Once having obtained possession of the Palace, Barracks, Government House, and Police Station, it was perhaps best for America to recognise the Provisional Government as a *de facto* Government, for it must be remembered that on that side were ranged almost the entire community of whites, and they represented all, or nearly all, the wealth invested in the Islands. It is certain that all the Revolutionary side were not in favour of annexation; they were simply drawn together by a desire to see some stable form of government. Many in the Revolutionary camp were averse to American annexation, but force of circumstances compelled them to join hands with the Provisional Government. In fact, at this time, though doubtless the Annexation party were working steadily to that end, it was not openly announced as a policy; neither, in fact, did the *Pacific Advertiser* state that that was the course which the Provisional Government intended to take.

To the English, and those of the Americans true to the past policy of the United States, the placing of the Queen's niece on the throne would have been popular; but, as I have said before, she is far too English in her proclivities to please the majority of Americans, who practically rule the Island. Once in possession, the Provisional Government did that which would have saved the Queen's Government—viz., they declared Martial Law and allowed no one in the streets between 9 P.M. and 6 A.M. During the height of the excitement the drinking saloons were all closed. A motley crowd of volunteers of all nationalities guarded the various public buildings and patrolled the streets. As they had no uniforms, it looked singular to see men in frock coats and straw hats slouching up and down doing "sentry go," with a rifle carried anyhow and a belt stuffed full of cartridges. These volunteers must have proved rather an expensive luxury, as they were paid eight shillings a day, and given their rations, a scale of pay that would make Tommy Atkins' mouth water, and which is considerably higher than a subaltern's pay in the British army. Not being to the manner born, the rifles, which were carried loaded, were repeatedly going off accidentally, and peaceable and sleep-deserving citizens were frequently awakened by the unintentional firing of these amateurs. At stated intervals each sentry hailed the next, and the cry was passed round. This was all very well whilst the town was under Martial Law; but to keep it up, as they did, for more than a month after everything was absolutely quiet, was simply ridiculous.

The two Governments were the exact opposite of each other. The Queen's Government was defeated owing to its own supineness; and the Provisional Government showed itself as vigilant as though it had a dangerous and crafty enemy to meet, instead of the most lethargic of foes, who did nothing when it had an opportunity, and certainly meant to do nothing afterwards.

The next step was the recognition of the Provisional Government as the *de facto* Government of the Islands by the various Ministers and Consuls. Whatever opinion may have been held to the contrary, they could adopt no other course, though the wording of the letters from the various Consulates was very different.

Within a few days, a special commission was sent to Washington, by the S.S. *Claudine*, which was chartered for the occasion. At the head of the Deputation was a Mr. Thurston, a gentleman standing high in the estimation of the business community at Honolulu, and a grandson of the first missionary who set foot in the island. *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.* The grandfather comes from America to the Sandwich Islands with no thought but the saving of the heathen soul, the grandson, seventy odd years later, reverses the order and departs from the Sandwich Islands to America to play a leading part in arranging for the Islands to be taken from their owners. Doubtless all for the best, but it must be difficult for the native to see the advantages derived from their intercourse with the Missionaries.

Of all people in the world we English are, I suppose, the greatest of land-grabbers, so that we cannot with any degree of fairness blame America if she does what we have always done ourselves. Moreover, *what is bred in the bone will sure to come out in the flesh.* It is proverbial, that when others show similar faults to our own we are most severe on them, so this expected move on the part of the United States was harshly criticised by us. Hitherto, except in the case of Alaska, the United States have so set their face against the acquisition of new territory that there was naturally some alarm amongst maritime nations at the new departure America was believed to be ready to make.*

It would have been more in accordance with one's preconceived idea of fair play, if the Washington Government had declined to recognise the deputation as officially representing the Hawaiian Islands. They really had no proper *locus standi*, and though representing a *de facto* government, were the messengers of a revolutionary party. They might have asked for a temporary protectorate whilst the more important question of annexation received careful consideration, and this would have also given the government an opportunity to hear the other side, instead of which, they exerted themselves to push through the Annexation scheme prior to the outgoing of President Harrison.

So careful were they in the *Claudine* that no emissary of the Queen should secure a passage, that the vessel was most thoroughly overhauled for possible stowaways before sailing. It was at first given out that no mail was to be allowed to go by her, but this ridiculous order was rescinded, and the Queen took the opportunity of writing a personal letter to the President of the United States. By the following mail steamer the Queen sent Mr. Paul Neumann, a German-Jew solicitor, to watch her interests in America. This gentleman is said to be possessed of considerable ability, but, according to many of her friends, the Queen's choice of a champion was considered unfortunate.

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* In an article in the Californian Magazine last year, on the annexation and sugar question, the author writes as follows :—

"It is because of this rich production that the question is continually rising as to the possibility of annexing the islands to the United States, but as this is against the fixed policy of this government it will probably not be accomplished in our day."

After the sailing of the *Claudine*, affairs went on smoothly enough except that there was apparently, if not in reality, a growing feeling against the Provisional Government.

The *Holomua*, a paper written in both the English and Hawaiian language, is a somewhat scurrilous organ. It is of course devoted to the Queen and native interest. The *Bulletin*, which professes to be independent is averse to annexation, while the third paper, *the Liberal*, is in favour of it.

On the American or Provisional Government side there is the *Pacific Advertiser*, and even its own supporters cannot call it brilliant. With the exception of the latter organ, the press have sorely harassed the Government, and whether they were, as they said, really frightened at the way things were going, or whether they thought if the flag was once up it would solve difficulties about hoisting it hereafter, I cannot say. Anyhow, on February 3rd, just prior to the departure of the mail for San Francisco the Stars and Stripes were hoisted and the Hawaiian flag hauled down, and this notice posted:—

"TO THE HAWAIIAN PEOPLE.

At the request of the Provisional Government of the Hawaiian Islands, I hereby, in the name of the United States of America, assume protection of the Hawaiian Island for the protection of life and property, and occupation of public buildings and Hawaiian soil, so far as may be necessary for the purpose specified, but not interfering with the Administration of public affairs by the Provisional Government. This action is taken pending and subject to negotiations at Washington.

J. L. STEVENS,
Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary
of the United States.

Approved and executed by
G. C. WILTZE,
Captain, U.S.N., commanding the United States ship *Boston*.

The *Pacific Advertiser* was careful to inform its readers that "the raising of the flag does not of course indicate a cession to the United States." It said, "the incessant agitation on the part of certain whites, coupled with the efforts of one English and two native newspapers to discredit the Government, have been the chief agency in spreading through the town a feeling of uneasiness and disquietude. It was therefore thought wise to secure the direct assistance of the United States Government, in the preservation of property, and the maintenance of order."

This was at the time looked upon as the closing chapter in the history of Hawaii as an independent country, but with the advent of President Cleveland, wiser counsels prevailed. From conversations I had with Captain Wiltze, it was easy to see he was living in a fool's paradise. Having been so much with Stevens and the annexation party, he had learnt to believe what he wished to believe, viz., that the people were really in favour of being annexed and disfranchised.

Of the adverse side he had seen and heard nothing. The *Holomua* printed the following extract (which I showed him) from an American paper, considered the smartest in California:—

"In regard to the whole proposition the *Bee* says:—'Whether viewed in its political, commercial, social or moral aspects we can arrive at no other unbiased conclusion than that this proposed scheme is both dangerous and impolitic and a wrong to self, greater than it is to Hawaii—the Government of which, by menace, undue influence or physical force, we are called upon to overthrow!'

About the Americans living here the following opinion is given:—

'Now, the majority of those so-called Americans living in Hawaii are fortune or political place-hunters, many of whom have voluntarily and for years resided on the islands, and if they have not denationalized themselves by formally swearing allegiance to the Government of Hawaii, the most of them have virtually abjured American citizenship by shirking its duties and responsibilities during a protracted self-expatriation in pursuit of the almighty dollar.'

The authority of the Provisional Commissioners is treated in the following lines:—

'In this project of the Hawaiian-American Commissioners, the subversion of a foreign Government is undertaken and the immediate annexation of a heterogeneous people proposed without their sanction or consent.

But it is proposed to have their acts hereafter ratified by the people of Hawaii. That is an admission of the want of that authority which they should possess before submitting the proposition of annexation. Ratification of their illegal acts, initiated in wrong and done in usurped authority, would be valueless without a restoration of the status existing prior to the so-called provisional government.'

And here are some very good common-sense remarks for the special consideration of the alleged Americans here:—

'If the Government of Hawaii does not suit the American resident there, let him leave, or, if it injure him in person or property, let him seek redress in its Courts. If he is injured by any act cognizable by the law of Nations or any treaty, this Government will protect him. If so supremely powerful there it is a sad commentary on existing affairs that the American element could not direct the Government of Hawaii as the natives have done, without appeal to the United States. If, as is claimed, American interests overshadow all others and they control ninety per cent. of the Hawaiian trade, why, in the name of common sense, do they wish to grasp the other ten per cent. by an expensive annexation scheme. The fact is that the Sandwich Islands have become the rendezvous, the politico-commercial gambling den, the favourite Monaco-Mecca refuge—of a class of speculating agitators in political and commercial affairs—the rear-guard of that system of civilization which, from respectable cannibalism, has reduced the native element to become in its turn a fit morsel for the political glutton and the financial cormorant.'

Unfortunately the writer to the *Bee* is not Secretary of State, because this is how he would have acted, and thereby been entitled to the greatest sympathy and support of any party:—

'United States Minister Stevens raised the American flag in Honolulu, and claims or assumes the right, at invitation of the Provisional Government, to protect that usurped authority, pending negotiations at Washington. He should be recalled at once, dismissed, shelved and labelled in that large collection of political relics, who go commissioned to other countries as representatives of our Government, who seldom know their duties and rarely perform them—yet manage to come home with swollen heads and pockets. And as to Commander Wiltz, or Wiltse, of the *Boston*, who landed his forces on the island in abetting the United States Minister, he should be cashiered from the service. It seems to be a joke on the part of some of our super-serviceable navy officers to masquerade with as much show and pomposity in foreign waters as if they were ordering corn beef hash at Delmonico's.

If Stevens and Wiltze had been hanged to a cocoanut tree by the Kanakas, it is doubtful if this Government could have legally exacted indemnity for the exhibition. Neither as officers of this Government nor as private citizens had they any right, by violence or show of arms, to invade or accept the invitation of any power in the islands to invade that territory to protect or uphold any form of Hawaiian government. They have no greater right to act in the assumed capacity of conservators of the peace in these islands than the representatives of Japan or China, whose subjects out-number the belligerent so-called Americans domiciled there.'"

As will be seen from an account the Queen is said to have written of the whole business, she accuses Mr. Stevens of having been her enemy all through.

Mr. Stevens probably saw how impossible it was, that a government as rotten as this is said to have been, could possibly go on for long. Realizing, therefore, the immense importance that this group of islands would be to his country in a few years, he attempted to bring this *emeute* about, though his *modus operandi* was not one to commend itself to people who like square dealing.

Probably not one in a thousand of his countrymen, realizes the value of these Islands in the future to the United States, but if they live to see the cutting of the Nicaragua Canal, and the growth of their navy, they will discover the treasure the Americans in Honolulu would have forced upon them. But for the way he, humbugged and schemed, I was going to say, though I change it to, diplomatically misled, the Cabinet, as to the action he intended taking, Marshall Wilson would at once have received instructions to clear out the Provisional Government; the ringleaders of the revolution would have been arrested; and the Islands would still have been under the rule of the Queen.

That the Queen, without some decided improvement in her Administration, could not have continued long on the throne is certain, considering the state in which affairs stood at her deposition. During twenty weeks there were five different Cabinets, and it was a farce to have elected many of the ministers.

The sympathies of all right-minded people were alienated from her by her action in regard to the Lottery and Opium Bills. No better instance could be given as to the rottenness of the Queen's Government, than to mention that the Queen should, for the sake of the money likely to accrue to her from the passing of these Bills, have consented to put her signature to them. It is true that opium had been so openly smuggled that she may, with a certain amount of reason, have thought its introduction might as well be legalized, and the money paid for the privilege of introducing it, pocketed. All things considered, it was clear matters could not go drifting on in the way they were. Sooner or later everyone would have become bankrupt, and the majority of the moneyed class naturally looked to the United States to get them out of the difficulties they were in. If the United States are bent on colonizing, these Reciprocity Treaties are a good and far-sighted policy. How necessary America was to Hawaii was fully realized when the McKinley Bill came into operation. Possibly some of the West India Islands may find out that they, too, would be left high and dry without the fostering care of the United States, which are, undoubtedly, their natural market.

In the future, Pearl Harbour, Honolulu, and possibly Hilo, will be found of great value as coaling stations. That this has been foreseen for some time, there is little question, for numerous articles have appeared in the American papers and magazines under such titles as, "Shall we annex the Sandwich Islands?"

The best article I have read on the subject is by the Rev. S. Bishop, of Honolulu, who seems rather fond of mixing himself up in political questions. He hits the right nail on the head in an article which appeared in September, 1891, when he gave his fellow countrymen the following warning, which practically advocates snatching the prize *before* England realizes the future importance of the group.

Speaking of the enormous importance the Sandwich Islands will attain on the cutting of the Nicaragua Canal, he writes:—

"The vast commerce about to traverse the Pacific will imperiously demand adequate shelter and protection at the common port of supply—Honolulu. A Government must exist there so strong as to assure complete security from disturbers within or aggressors from without. Such Government must possess sufficient enterprise and ability to furnish and maintain the largest conveniences and facilities of every kind, to the ships calling there.

The great Hotel of the Pacific must be in charge of some party who knows 'how to keep an hotel.' The certain coming preponderance of British shipping will tend to increase the number of British residents, and to enlarge British political influence in Hawaii. There will grow up a pressure, not now existing, for Great Britain to take possession of the Islands, in order to provide for the security of her growing commerce across the Pacific. At the present time, the United States has a thorough and pleasant understanding with England, and Hawaii is to be regarded as rightfully falling to the United States, rather than to any other Power. Germany and France fully concur in this view. None of the great Powers would, at the present time, think of interposing obstacles to any amount of domination that the United States might seek to exercise in Hawaii. These are well ascertained facts.

What England, however, might become inclined to do, *after* the sudden growth of her shipping in the Pacific, consequent upon the cutting of the Isthmus, is another question. The strength of the United States is so formidable, that their views in the matter could hardly fail to receive the utmost respect. Germany, France, and Russia would naturally prefer America to England as controlling Hawaii.

But in preventing England from furnishing protection and facilities to commerce, it would be difficult for America to evade the responsibility of herself supplying all that was necessary, in the most efficient manner. England would experience an additional motive to occupy Hawaii as she has done with Egypt, on account of the former being so directly on the road between British Columbia and Australia.

Hawaii has justly been very proud of its continued independence and autonomy, alone among all the groups of the Pacific. It has owed this to its own good conduct and capable government, and to the friendly offices of England, and especially to those of the United States. This sentiment of patriotic attachment of Hawaiian autonomy has been peculiarly strong in the hearts of that large body of American citizens and their children, who, for fifty years, have been closely identified with the growth and development of the Constitutional Government, and with that popular education which is indispensable to such Government. Associated with these are many of English and German origin, who share the same attachment to the Hawaiian flag.

It is with greatest regret and apprehension, that these persons observe the, apparently, inevitable consequences of the new period of multiplied commerce which is about to open. It is with pain, that they have to admit that no considerations of Hawaiian national sentiments are likely to withstand any pressing necessities of the situation."

Mr. Bishop's regret at having to annex the Islands, reminds me of the Walrus in "Alice through the looking-glass"—

"'I weep for you,' the Walrus said,
'I deeply sympathize;'
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size.
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes."

It is many pages ago since I bade *aloha* to Honolulu, and if I have tarried by the way, it has been to give my readers an insight into the stirring events which transpired during the latter portion of my sojourn in the fair city. Up to the time of my departure for San Francisco, owing to the absence of a cable to the Islands, the only news we had received was that the Annexation Scheme found favour with the United States Government, that the terms of the Treaty were drafted, and that President Harrison was anxious to have the *kudos* of pushing the matter through before retiring from office. During the voyage we had some heated discussions. I maintained it was very unlike the usual policy of the United States to act without hearing both sides of the question, and that I should not believe that the Islands were annexed till I saw the statement confirmed.

Captain Wiltze, like his friend Mr. Stevens, was so keenly in favour of annexation, that his jingoism seemed to have blinded him to the equity of the case.

I soon found, however, that nearly all the other Americans on board were desirous that the natives should have fair play and obtain a hearing. According to the *Pacific Advertiser*, which on the morning of our departure, published what purported to be a draft of the Treaty, the native Hawaiian was to be disfranchised, the Queen given £5,000 and the Islands treated as is Columbia. When, therefore, the pilot came on board bringing the newspapers, informing us that the Islands had *not* been annexed and were not likely to be until the whole question was carefully considered, and a commission appointed to enquire thoroughly into the matter, everyone, I think, felt glad that the Hawaiians were to be dealt with justly, or, at least, with some show of justice. We were all much interested in reading the following :—

"TOO MUCH HASTE DISPLAYED.

CLEVELAND'S OPINION REGARDING THE ANNEXATION OF HAWAII.

THE NATIVES' RIGHTS MUST BE RESPECTED.

He will recommend the sending of a Non-partisan Commission of three to the islands to investigate. Matters will probably be delayed at least a year. An English view of the Situation.

(Special to the *Examiner*.)

WASHINGTON, *March 11th.*

'I think the last administration acted too hastily in sending in the Hawaiian Treaty,' said President Cleveland to a visitor to-day. 'If the Islands are to become a part of the United States we are as much concerned in seeing that their interests are protected, and their wishes considered, as in making an advantageous bargain for this country. I do not think sufficient care was taken to ascertain the wishes of the people. There would have been no doubt in my mind had the Commissioners who came to this country been elected by the people for the purpose of negotiating the Treaty, but they seemed to have been appointed by a Provisional Government which has had to rely upon the United States for the maintenance of order."

On the subject of a Commission, President Cleveland said it was the best way he knew of, by which to ascertain the wishes of the Hawaiians. It was one thing, to permit the admission of an intelligent people who were willing to come in, and another to annex territory against the protest of its inhabitants.

It was a little severe on Captain Wiltze, that everyone should offer him a paper, and it was easy to see he was far from pleased at the news.

Amongst the passengers was the Editor of the *San Francisco Examiner*. This paper came out with a double number the day after our arrival, giving all the latest news from Honolulu, and also the Queen's version of the whole business. Beyond the proclamation she had issued, saying, that she yielded to the United States troops, not a word had been publicly uttered by the Queen. In fact, through all the proceedings, her conduct had been most dignified.

Judging from the Queen's remarks as to Mr. Stevens' treatment of her, if true, there is little doubt she had good cause of complaint against him. There is no question that the way he behaved towards the Cabinet on January 17th was "tricky," and I quite expected to hear, as I soon did, that he had received a severe reprimand. That he is lacking in proper gentlemanly feeling, is evidenced by the way he spoke of the Representative of Great Britain to a newspaper Interviewer. If this is all the tact he possesses, it is no wonder that he bungled his business in other respects.

America's growth has been so rapid that certain changes should of necessity have been made, in order to keep pace with the times. It was all very well for the States thirty years ago to push any office-seeker into a Consular berth; but now, the greatness of the nation demands a different class of man with much higher pay. Of course, I am aware the Envoy Extraordinary of the United States to the Hawaiian Islands is not a Consul, at the same time it is clearly time that America, for the sake of her own reputation, should cease to employ men, not only of doubtful manners, but so sadly deficient in tact, as to speak slightingly of the Minister of another country to an Interviewer.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES MINISTER AND A NEWSPAPER REPORTER.

"Minister John L. Stevens, speaking about the plot to cause English sailors to get into a fight with Americans, said yesterday: 'In any other land the ex-Queen would not have been allowed the liberty she has enjoyed here. She would have been kept under constant surveillance, if not under restraint. I have no doubt but that her encouragement was given to the actions of the guards, and that it was at her intimation that the Britishers were invited to her house.'

'It is charged that Major Wodehouse, the British Minister, is hand and glove with Liliuokalani in this matter,' said the correspondent.

'That is not at all surprising,' replied Mr. Stevens. 'Major Wodehouse is undoubtedly fostering all the ill-feeling that he can. He has a political and personal motive in this. His relations with the royal family are such that the coming of Princess Kaiulani to the throne would have given him and his the run of the palace. The British influence would have been in the ascendancy. It is a bitter pill for him to swallow, this witnessing the American flag hoisted over these islands. If he joined with Liliuokalani in seeking to create disturbance it would not be surprising.'

'Do you fear any trouble now between English and Americans?' was asked.

'No, I do not. We have the stronger force here, our men are under excellent discipline and will be kept in restraint. The Provisional Government has a strong hold upon affairs, and from now on will be vigilant. Knowing the wish of the ex-Queen and those associated with her, they will prevent any action that might lead to trouble. It is no longer a question of the animosity of Hawaiians towards Americans; I think that is ended, and that the natives, with good grace, and, indeed, with thanksgiving, will receive the American flag. It is now a question of Americans against English. It is the same old story, and Great Britain's emissaries will do all they can to stir up strife. In this it is evident that they are ably seconded.'

'Do many natives side with the ex-Queen and Major Wodehouse in this matter?' was asked.

'There are a few on this island,' replied Mr. Stevens, 'especially those who held office under royalty's reign, and who have been deprived of a certain amount of revenue by the recent actions. There are others who, for reasons of relationship, for business interests, sympathise with the Britishers. This is more true in Honolulu than in any other part of the islands. I have recent reports from every island of the group, and have not the least hesitancy in saying that the majority of Hawaiians favour annexation.'"

The concluding five lines contain the most mendacious statement I have yet seen in print. No one knows better than Mr. Stevens himself that this is absolutely untrue.

A QUEEN'S APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

"To form a correct judgment on any event, whether political or otherwise, two things are necessary—acquaintance with both sides of the question, and a knowledge of those things which directly or indirectly have led to the consummation of the event. In order that I may afford an opportunity to any fair-minded person to form a correct judgment of those circumstances which have for the time being deprived me of my throne, and which threaten to do away for ever with the independence of my people, I now propose to publish what I believe to be a truthful account of such events of my reign as have led to the recent revolution.

No darker cloud can hang over a people than the prospect of being blotted out from the list of nations. No grief can equal that of a sovereign forcibly deprived of her throne, with the consciousness that her name will be handed down as that of the ruler from whose hands national independence was forcibly wrested.

Hitherto the tale has been told by one side only. My enemies have had a free and unimpeded field of action. Nor have they failed to take advantage of their position. I have not opened my mouth. Under protest I have submitted and I have counselled peace. Nevertheless, while I have remained in the privacy of my home, while I have refused to see or in any way to receive the representatives of the press, both in public and in private, in the church and in the columns of the newspapers, the present representatives of the United States have not ceased to vilify me personally.

I had resolved to maintain absolute silence throughout the negotiations, believing that the question would be settled on its political merits alone, but I am forced from my retreat by the slanders, the cruel calumnies, uttered against my person and character by those who are believed on account of their diplomatic position, and who know better than they speak. I do not mean to refute their utterances—I am a Queen.

I am a woman, a Hawaiian woman, a child of those whose parents first received the Christian faith. We have been taught to believe that chivalry, that defence of the defenceless, especially of woman, should be the leading characteristic of a nation claiming the first rank among Christian people. But we have not found this to be the case among the present representatives of that nation. They have not hesitated to utter and to spread infamous calumnies about a woman who could not defend herself, and whose hospitality they eagerly enjoyed and then ridiculed when it was over.

I do not believe that these men may fairly be said to represent the great American people. I do not believe that the American nation will ever approve of the means that have been employed to entangle the sovereign of little Hawaii in difficulties so that on the first appearance of pretext she should be dethroned and her people overwhelmed.

It must not be supposed that the revolution was the child of an hour. No! It is the flower of a tree planted years ago deep in Hawaiian soil by the hands of political adventurers. The pretence of astonishment and surprise at my desire to promulgate a new constitution was not sincere. To show this it will be necessary for me to refer to the day on which I ascended the throne of Hawaii. That was a day full of sorrow. I had but one brother, and, in spite of all my enemies may say, our relations were most affectionate. The story of his going to California is fresh in our memory. The news of his approaching return was the signal for an outburst of loyalty. Triumphal arches were erected. I caused invitations to be extended to all the leading citizens of Honolulu for a state ball of welcome.* Alas! the *Charleston* appeared at 10 o'clock with yards crossed, and the lifeless body of my beloved brother borne to burial and not to triumph. My own inclination was to abandon myself to my personal grief. But I received a peremptory message from my Cabinet conveying the necessity of immediately swearing to uphold the Constitution, and naming 1.30 as the appropriate hour.

It seemed to me that there could be but little need for such haste, but my husband, since then removed from my counsels by death, advised me to accede to the request, and I did so. At the conclusion of the ceremony the Chief Justice stepped forward to congratulate me and made a remark, the importance of which I did not for the moment realize.

After a few kindly words of congratulation he added: 'Your Majesty will not of course dismiss the Cabinet.' As I retired from the apartments in which I had taken the oath a piece of paper was slipped into my hand by some unknown person. I did not immediately open and read this paper. When alone I did so and read: 'Do not sign the Constitution; there is no reason for doing so.' It was too late to consider the matter further. I had already sworn to support the Constitution. Subsequent events will prove I have never broken my oath, as is stated by my enemies.

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* To show to what lengths the Annexationists will go, I was told by several people that, had the King—her brother—landed she had hired people to kill him.

In the course of the afternoon the members of my Cabinet requested me to confirm their retention of their respective portfolios. I replied that it would be better to consider the situation and to defer an expression of my opinion until after the funeral of my brother. Accordingly nothing further was said at the time. It is the custom with Hawaiians that the interment of the sovereign shall not take place for thirty days. I was glad of this respite, as it gave me some little breathing space for sisterly sorrow, for I was in poor condition of mind to face the delicate difficulties of sovereignty thus unexpectedly fallen upon me.

The moment I began to study the situation I at once realized the alarming deficiency of the Constitution. No provision of any kind was made for the existing state of affairs. But I inferred that with the death of a monarch all appointments to the Cabinet ceased to bind the successor. When, therefore, I met my Cabinet after the obsequies of the late King, I told them that I considered it the prerogative of a new sovereign to appoint her own Ministers, nor could I consent to forego my prerogative and form a precedent antagonistic to the rights of the Crown. My Ministers refused to resign. I declined to authorize any enactment until they should resign, and so the executive authority was at a deadlock. I saw no solution except in an appeal to the Supreme Court for an interpretation of this unfortunate silence of the Constitution on a fundamental and recurring point of prerogative. The Supreme Court supported my views, and the Cabinet resigned. It may readily be believed that a Constitution which is silent on so fundamental a question as the above will be found deficient time and again in all kinds of political and judicial situations. So, in fact, it proved to be. The Supreme Court has consumed a great deal of its valuable time in elucidating, explaining, interpreting and supplementing the obscure passages of this very faulty document. As one instance among many, there was at one time danger of a complete abrogation of the contracts affecting the Chinese labourers employed in the sugar industry. The danger arose simply out of the ambiguity of the wording of constitutional rights in the matter, which may be truly regarded as the foundation of the national prosperity.

Shortly after my accession I made a tour of the islands. Nothing could be more affecting than the loyalty of my people. But from every side petitions came pouring in imploring me to give a new Constitution.

Thousands of signatures, the names of those from all classes who felt that by the existing Constitution the natives were deprived of their just and inalienable rights. I am a Hawaiian. I love and sympathise with my native poor. I would not deprive one white man of one legitimate right, but under this Constitution any newly arrived white man without interest or intention of residence is placed as a voter over the heads of thousands upon thousands of my poor subjects, to whom God has given these islands—and no other home besides.

Suppose, in a town in California, the wealth of the place should lie principally with a few Chinese merchants. Would he be considered a respectable ruler who should give the preponderance of votes to the wealthy Chinese and practically disfranchise the native-born American?

Hawaii Nei is as dear to the Hawaiian as America to its people. The mere fact of wealth—frequently obtained by fraud and deception practiced on the unsuspecting native—does not or should not place its possessor in a position of preponderating influence.

Is it not an illustration of the old story taught me by the missionaries of the two men, the one rich and the other poor? The rich man had many flocks and herds, but the poor man had nothing but one little ewe lamb which he had bought and nourished, but the rich man took the poor man's lamb. May I not add, 'And he shall restore the lamb fourfold, because he had no pity.'

The position taken by the present American Minister has been consistently unfriendly and quarrelsome. The address he delivered to me on my accession would lead me to suppose that he considered the American protectorate established at that day. It was a lecture, and not the expression of seasonable sentiments. I did think it a most inconsiderate speech. Not one of the other representatives chose my coronation day as the occasion for threats and penalties. Again, in October last, Mr. Stevens sought an audience of me. It is the usual etiquette on such occasion to inform the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the object of the audience, so that the sovereign may not be taken by surprise at the presentation of some unexpected matter. The American Minister deemed it consistent with his idea of courtesy to refuse to give any intimation of the cause of his visit.

I received him notwithstanding in a room known as the Blue Room. No sooner had I bowed to him than he gave signs of labouring under strong excitement. He read a paragraph from the *Daily Bulletin*, the Honolulu evening paper, which he said was an infraction of his rights as the accredited representative of a foreign power. Trembling with emotion, he read a section from the International Code, or some such book which he had brought with him.

At the conclusion of his remarks I informed him that I should leave the matter in the hands of my Ministers, who would give it their immediate and earnest attention. I thereupon withdrew. The American Minister declared that he would hold the Hawaiian Government responsible for the articles complained of. Now a more unreasonable act I cannot conceive. The *Bulletin* was the Conservative journal. The Legislature had given to it the publication of announcements by authority. It was not directly or indirectly controlled by the Government, and, except in the way above recited, was in no sense an official organ. My Ministers explained this position of the case to the American Minister, who declined to be pacified, or to even believe their assurance of irresponsibility. He was evidently bent on picking a quarrel. His manifest aim was to embarrass me. His reluctance to accept a sincere explanation was in distinct contrast with the conduct of my people in immediately withdrawing from an indignant position they had taken concerning Mr. Stevens' startling remarks at the cemetery on Decoration Day. At the time, certain men were being prosecuted for rebellion and treason. Some escaped on a technicality, some were committed for trial. In the midst of the trial Mr. Stevens delivered his Decoration Day speech. He ridiculed political trials; he drew comparisons most unfavourable to Hawaii. He sneered at royalty, speaking of monarch-cursed countries; and the question seriously presented itself to the minds of many people if this speech did not constitute a glaring infraction of the duties and courtesy pertaining to the representative of a foreign Power. It was announced that the speech could not be fairly construed as referring to things as they were in Hawaii, because it had been written a year before. Nevertheless, those who saw the manuscript declare that the offensive remarks did not form part of the original document, but had been recently interpolated. However, it was thought more courteous and more prudent to believe the American Minister, but courtesy and prudence are not always identical with fact and truth.

The Legislature was in session. It was my intention to abstain from any interference in political affairs, but I soon began to find that the corruption of native members was largely resorted to. Now here let me ask a vital question: Who were the bribers?

It has been said that the Ministers of my choice were poor men. This is true. Is it likely that men without means, in pecuniary embarrassment, would go on bribing throughout a session of eight months' duration? Bribery is not effected with smiles and not often with promises. My friends were poor. They could be bribed—they could not bribe. It may be said that to be bribed is disgraceful—that is true. But is bribing honourable? I know of more than one member of the Provisional Government who repeatedly went to the House and played on the poverty and weakness of my poor subjects, and who now, either in Washington or here in Honolulu, denounce the corruption of former days.

At length the faultiness of the Constitution reached its culminating point when the Supreme Court decided that any amendment to the text might be made without my approval or signature. What then was to prevent any revolutionary amendment from becoming law? The sovereign could be amended out of all right and prerogative. I was Queen not even in name. I could be thrust aside, ignored and politically killed by a summary amendment.

I appeal to any fair minded person: Was it not time for a new Constitution, if Hawaii was to retain its chosen form of government?

I did nothing hurriedly. For thirty days the proposed Constitution was being revised and reformed by my legal friends. I implored them to make it as perfect as possible. I solemnly warned them that I desired not to cause the slightest loss of prerogative to any class of my people whether white or native. I desired them to perfect and supplement the existing Constitution on those points in which the Chief Justice himself acknowledged it to be deplorably deficient.

Was I in this revolutionary? Certainly not. If the oath to support the Constitution forbids any attempt to reform then any amendment by the Legislature is equally revolutionary. By the Constitution I was permitted to submit measures to my Cabinet, and with their approval expressed in the signature of any member to promulgate such measures as law. I did no more than this. In a private room alone with my Cabinet I submitted the terms of the new Constitution for their approval. They declined to indorse the instrument, and no attempt at promulgation was made. If I had ignored my Ministers—if in spite of their unexpected refusal to sign, I had given forth the new Constitution—I might with reason have been accused of breaking my oath and of attempting revolutionary acts I did nothing of the kind. I yielded to my Ministers, and yet I was wrong. Here then was the situation: The body of my people were clamouring for a revised Constitution; the American residents determined to oppose any change except such as I could not control. I tried to do what was best.

When people are bent on quarreling a pretext will not be hard to find. The American capitalists were resolved that the monarchy should be in the wrong. I could not help recalling a fable written, I believe, in ancient times. The wolf was determined on devouring a lamb. The lamb was particularly offensive in that it stirred up the mud in the water the wolf was drinking. The stream, however, flowed from the wolf to the lamb. The wolf was impatient of being contradicted by the lamb, whose ancestors for generations had molested the long-suffering wolf. No argument availed, however, and the lamb was devoured. So with so-called American interests and the Hawaiian monarchy. Were I to tell the innumerable and paltry reasons advanced as arguments against the crown my readers would be inclined to think that I was inventing stories not even plausible. Of the events of the 17th January I need only say that my one anxiety was to avoid violence and bloodshed.

I had abundant force to quell a revolution three times as strong as the one with which I was confronted. But one shot was fired—a poor native policeman was shot down while attempting to prevent the departure of arms and ammunition for the Provisional Government, which then had not yet made its proclamation, and therefore had no *de facto* authority to order murder in the public streets.

The American Minister had already landed his troops in secret understanding with the revolutionists, and no sooner was the proclamation read than he immediately recognized the Provisional Government, giving it the support of the United States forces. To those forces I yielded under protest, knowing that a conflict with our mighty neighbour could only result in aimless bloodshed, and feeling confident that when the Government of the United States should investigate the entire occurrence it would not uphold injustice to my people and to myself. The circumstances of the case do not call for a change of Government. Annexation is repugnant to the feelings of every native Hawaiian, as well as to many foreigners. Annexation is not necessary for the ends of peace or of civilization, or of commerce or of security.

The prosperity of the merchants is abundant refutation to the assertions of those who bewail commercial bankruptcy. Personal liberty is as secure in Honolulu as in Washington. Probably no city can show a record so free from crime of all kinds—where a burglary creates a sensation. The wealth of the missionaries is evidence of the free scope allowed to the professors of religion. What, then, is the ground for these alarming rumours of insecurity and danger so rife in America? It must be manifest to any dispassionate inquirer that the reason is to be sought in the restless agitation of a small section of the community, led on and captained by the American Minister, and one or two others who came to Hawaii as paupers, and use the wealth they have wrenched from the poor Hawaiian to reduce him to a level below that of his birthright.

America has always indignantly protested against the grasping policy of those nations who annex unwilling populations. Now is the time for that great and magnanimous people to turn its eyes from the glittering temptation of plundering the defenceless. Let not the American people listen to the statements of men whose only idea is the restoration of the sugar bounty. Let not the Americans commit the ignoble un-American act of forcibly annexing a population struggling to raise itself from the traditions of recent barbarism, but who still cling to its rightful but humble place among the nations.

It will be an everlasting blot on the flag of liberty so dear to the mighty republic, but not dearer than is the Hawaiian flag—the pride of every native heart.

In justice I beg that the vote be taken, and the untruthful statements of the native desire will be exploded for ever.

The Queen of Hawaii raises her solemn note of protest. The Hawaiians detest the very thought of annexation. It is not antagonism as yet to the United States, but it is the overwhelming grief with which our native eyes shall behold any flag surmounting our fair shores except that one which is associated indelibly with the memories of our glorious past—glorious, not in might and battle, but in the noble efforts of our nation to clothe itself with the fair robe of enlightenment, religion and commerce."

I was glad to see that His Excellency the United States Minister was taken to task by the son of the English Minister.

The correspondence appeared in the *San Francisco Examiner* on March 17th, 1893:—

MINISTER STEVENS' SLIP.

"In one of the official communications from Minister Stevens to the Secretary of State at Washington the statement is made by the American Minister that Major Wodehouse, the British Minister Resident, has a son who is married to a half-caste. The publication of this article and the circulation of the newspaper containing it here has caused quite a flutter in English society. Major Wodehouse and his son are extremely indignant over it and condemn the use of the expression. Mr. Stevens was also spoken to in reference to this, and said that he had told the truth in his dispatches, that the wife of Major Wodehouse's son was in reality a half-caste, even as that term is understood by the English, that he had written to his Government of this in explanation of the attitude taken by the British Minister towards America at this time. Stevens said he was perfectly willing to take the social consequences, if there be any, for his statement, and did not care whether he had incurred the displeasure of Major Wodehouse or not.

YOUNG WODEHOUSE ON THE WARPATH.

At a late hour I have been put on the track of some correspondence which will be of interest to the *Examiner* readers. I have mentioned elsewhere how young Wodehouse was wroth because Minister Stevens referred to Mrs. Wodehouse, jr., as a half-caste. As will be seen from the following, the son of the British Minister has taken Stevens to task on the subject:—

HONOLULU, *March 9, 1893*.

SIR,—In the *Pacific Commercial Advertiser* of a recent date I notice, under the heading 'From Minister Stevens,' a dispatch dated Washington, February 22nd, purporting to be an extract from a communication from your Excellency to Secretary Foster at Washington.

In this article your allusions to my family in general and to my wife in particular are at once objectionable, impudent, and uncalled for. The term half caste as applied here is suggestive and not generally understood, in its true significance, in the United States.

If you had studied the genealogy of Kaiulani's family and connections a little closer, you would have learned that my wife is her half sister—the progeny of the same father; that Kaiulani shares the blood of Princess Likelike, while my wife is the issue of a previous marriage of Mr. Cleghorn, and has no claims upon the throne by right of inheritance or influence; consequently your allusions to my father and to my wife in this instance were uncalled for. Uncalled for also when couched in the language used and the inference drawn from it outside of Hawaii, when it is known that you have many times enjoyed hospitalities at Mr. Cleghorn's home when my wife, his daughter, was hostess.

I am inclined to the belief that the dispatch was written in a newspaper office here, and did not emanate from you. Will you kindly advise me if I am correct?—Very truly, &c.,

JAMES HAY WODEHOUSE, JR.

To His Excellency JOHN L. STEVENS,
Envoy Extraordinary, &c.

STEVENS' REPLY.

This was sent to Stevens at breakfast time this morning, and shortly afterwards young Wodehouse received the following reply:—

UNITED STATES LEGATION,
HONOLULU, *March 9, 1893*.

MR. JAMES HAY WODEHOUSE, JR.

DEAR SIR,—Your note of this date received.

I have only to reply that whatever communications I have made to the United States Government in relation to the status of individuals in Honolulu were official, confidential, and intended to serve only American public interests, for which I am responsible only to my Government.

If in any particular I have made mistakes as to the genealogy or relationship of any lady, I will cheerfully correct it, especially if in any particular relating to you or yours. If I have used in writing the term 'half-caste' I have merely adopted language in common use, not thinking or designing in the remotest degree to disparage yourself or wife, in regard to whom I have never expressed other than kind opinions.

Sincerely yours,
JOHN L. STEVENS.

At midday Wodehouse Jr. sent the following to Minister Stevens:—

SIR,—I have your esteemed favour of even date, replying to mine regarding certain dispatches to the United States Government, referring to my family in a manner objectionable to both my wife and myself.

Your expressed willingness to correct such statements is satisfactory to me, and I trust you will do so through the same channels that gave them life. If, as your letter would suggest, private and confidential dispatches are made public through a leakage in the State Department at Washington, I am encouraged to believe that your corrections may be made public through the same means.

Sincerely yours,
JAMES HAY WODEHOUSE, JR.

To His Excellency JOHN L. STEVENS, Envoy Extraordinary, &c.
Honolulu, *March* 9, 1893."

As if Mr. Stevens' absence of tact had not already landed him in sufficient difficulties, I understand he is likely to have a further reprimand from Washington for having spoken disrespectfully of the wife of one of the officers of the U.S. S. *Mohican*. Unhappily for him, the lady in question happened to be the daughter of a man who is an old friend of the present President. I should not mention such gossip as this, did I not wish to show the sort of individual Queen Liliuokalani had to deal with, and which improves the chances of her story being true in the main.

About a fortnight after my arrival in America, Mr. Blount was sent as Special Commissioner by the President of the United States to fully enquire into the whole business. It is quite clear that he had arrived at a pretty correct estimate of the facts, and did not intend to allow dust to be thrown in his eyes by those interested. Mr. Blount's treatment of the American Minister, on his arrival in Honolulu, conclusively proved that the opinion I had formed of that gentleman's actions was the correct one. Mr. Stevens expressed himself as being chagrined at the Commissioner's treatment, because Mr. Blount carried out his own ideas in apparent unconsciousness of Mr. Stevens' existence, and maintained a Sphinx-like demeanour which was simply maddening to the Annexation contingent.

To show Stevens' bias in favour of annexation, the following is part of his despatch to Washington. (The italics are mine.)

It is easy to believe he would not stick at trifles in order to bring about the plucking of the fruit he so much wants. The clap-trap at the end about Great Britain is an old game, which might please the Californians, but is unworthy of a Minister:—

"The main opponents of annexation are the lower classes of natives led by unscrupulous foreigners of little property, mostly from California, Australia, and Canada, who wish to maintain the Hawaiian Monarchy for their own unworthy purposes, and who think their opportunities for power and spoliation will be gone if annexation becomes a fact. *The Hawaiian pear is now fully ripe, and this is the golden hour for the United States to pluck it.* If annexation does not take place promptly, or is held in doubt and suspense for six or ten months, there certainly will be a revolution here, and these people, by their necessities, might be forced towards becoming a British Colony, for the English people here of the monarchical type would then avail themselves of their opportunity, and stir up all possible opposition to annexation."

But a short time elapsed before Blount took a step similar to the course which Admiral Thomas found it proper to adopt after Lord Paulet's action, viz., the Stars and Stripes, like the British flag, was hauled down and that of Hawaii once more went aloft. The flag certainly was restored, but it is now the emblem of the Provisional Government, and not of Queen Liliuokalani.

Needless to say, there was a terrible howl by the Annexation organs throughout the States. "Old Glory" is a term of endearment applied to the national flag:—

"OLD GLORY.

THE FLAG BLOUNT LOWERED AT HONOLULU.

President Cleveland's instructions enforced to the letter.

WASHINGTON, *April 14th*—(By the Associated Press.)

The startling news from Honolulu, *via* San Francisco, of the hauling down of the United States flag, it is said, was the subject of an animated discussion at the Cabinet meeting to-day. It is said that in hauling down the United States flag at Honolulu, Mr. Blount followed the instructions given him before leaving here to the letter, and that the reason for keeping the fact that he was empowered to do so a secret, was to prevent possible disorder on the islands, and keep any other foreign country from stepping in unexpectedly."

In the same paper in which this appeared, was also a despatch from ex-secretary Foster, snubbing Mr. Stevens for the proclamation he had issued, assuming a protectorate over the

Islands:—"Your action in setting the authority and powers of the United States above that of the Government of the Hawaiian Islands in the capacity of protector, or to impair in any way the independent sovereignty of the Hawaiian Government, by substituting the flag and power of the United States as a symbol and manifestation of paramount authority, is disavowed."

To witness the humiliation of her enemy must have been a source of gratification to the Queen, though a poor compensation for the loss of her throne.

Amongst a large section of the Democratic Press, President Cleveland's action was fully approved. *The Pittsburg Dispatch* said:—

> "There is a great deal of uncertainty as to just what is meant by Mr. Blount's mission to Hawaii, and more, as to exactly what its outcome will be; but the sending forth of this Commissioner, under sealed orders as it were, at least indicates the new administration's intention to proceed with due caution and dignity, in a matter certainly important enough to demand them. The United States had far better maintain its principles and precedents than violate them to acquire a costly burden, establish a new system of foreign policy, and all without any remunerative return."

The Kansas City Times stated:—

> "That the people are up to the sugar planters' little game is clear; but do they know that the leading annexationists are shipowners? These firms own British-built vessels which they now trade with under the Hawaiian flag. Once annexed, they hope to be able to get a special Act of Congress passed, permitting them to sail under the American colours. At present an English-built ship may not trade from one American port to another. Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Gresham are going to be careful that the sugar plantation barons are not going to speculate themselves into billionaires through annexation. Mr. Harrison might have made a name for himself by adopting the same conservative course. He chose, however, to hastily scribble a treaty and attempt to rush it through regardless of the consequences. That treaty is now in the President's inside pocket."

The whole question is a very difficult one. It would be a cruel wrong to annex the Islands against the wish of the people. If the United States do annex them eventually, they should, if they desire to treat them fairly, give them representative institutions; otherwise how can they tax them? I have never heard, what I considered, a good business argument advanced in favour of unconditional annexation by the States. The whole cry was the outcome of interested parties and sentimentalists. The Islands are almost entirely dependent upon the sugar industry, and, if America annexes them, the contract system of labour must be abolished, that is, the engagement of Chinese and Japanese labourers. If it is not, no American could compete, and, if it is all given up, it will be the death blow to the trade. No contract-labour, no bounty or remission of duty on sugar, plus annexation, would indeed be a judgment on the so-called missionary party, and it may yet come to that.

It is only fair to the Harrison administration to state, as the *Examiner* puts it, "That if it had remained in power, and the ratification of the annexation treaty had been delayed until the present time, Mr. Stevens' effusive bit of *opera bouffe* diplomacy would undoubtedly have been annulled." In fact, this is practically proved by the extract I give from ex-secretary Foster's dispatch.

If, and it appears certain that such is the case, the instructions to Mr. Blount were that he was not to consider at all the question of annexation unless the natives desired it, the chances are at present very much against its ever being brought about. It will be remembered that in one of his dispatches Mr. Stevens informed his government that the natives wanted annexation, this from personal intercourse with them I knew to be false, and have so stigmatized it in what I have already said.

Mr. Stevens' chickens seem coming home to roost, for he has been severely rebuked for acting in a manner contrary to the avowed policy of the country he represents. That he should have endeavoured to protect the Provisional Government against the Queen and her people, was certainly not within the scope of his authority. However, enough of the United States minister. I should not have dwelt at such length on the subject but for two reasons.

The first is the natural interest I feel, as an Englishman, in the fate of these Islands, which, as I have already said, are of such paramount importance to any maritime nation. Further, the question of their annexation by the United States is of more importance than it may at the first glance appear, for, their taking them into the fold would be the first step in a new policy to which it would be impossible to set limits.

Foreign possessions, like an untoward event, often brings trouble in its train *(un malheur porte toujours un autre)* or, should I say, with foreign possessions it is a case of *l'apetit vient en mangeant?* And, if America once departs from precedent, our interests are the more likely to clash in the future, which would almost certainly entail a calamitous war.

The two countries have recently set the world an example, by submitting their little differences to arbitration, and, it is to be hoped that the two great English-speaking nations may never have any future misunderstanding, which cannot be settled in the same bloodless fashion.

My second reason for having devoted so much space to the rebellion is my natural dislike of unfair play.

The position is now as follows:—

The Queen is deposed.

The United States recognise the Provisional Government as the *de facto* Government of the Islands.

The United States are, by this time, perfectly aware that their own minister acted *ultra vires* in ordering troops ashore when there was no real necessity.

They, moreover, through their Commissioner (Mr Blount), must have ascertained the truth of the statements made in the earlier part of this chapter—namely, that it was only due to the promise of assistance given by Mr. Stevens to the revolutionary body that the Queen refrained from using force. Mr. Blount will also be able to inform his Government that, but for the Queen's horror of shedding blood, she would have been on the throne to-day, for when her Ministers were informed that the United States bluejackets and marines were behind the revolutionary party, it was only that feeling which prevented her from offering resistance.

We may safely assume that the United States Government perceives the extremely trying position in which the Queen is placed, and recognises the fact that the loss of her throne is the direct outcome of the machinations and mis-statements of its Minister.

The Provisional Government is in power, and even if common justice demanded that the Queen should be replaced in her former position and dignity, would it be expedient to do so? Would this Provisional Government again permit the rule of a monarch? In a recent number of one of the Hawaiian papers I read that the party in power proposes to allow the Queen some miserable pittance, after sequestrating all the crown lands.

If America cannot reinstate the Queen, let America at least remember that through the fault of its representative she finds herself in her present plight; and if unable to restore her to the throne, every reparation should be made to her.

The Commissioners who were sent by the Provisional Government to Washington waxed very wroth over the complete failure of their mission. In an interview, one of them, to vent his spleen, furnished a reporter with a grossly exaggerated account of the Queen's private life.

It is possible that there may be a certain amount of truth in some of the charges these *gentlemen (?)* bring against her. As I have said before, it is impossible to judge a native of the Islands in the Pacific by the same standard of morality we would apply to our own women-kind. That she is a kindly-disposed, well-educated, charitable, middle-aged lady, there is no doubt, and allowing (although there are two sides to that question) she was wrong in her attempt to force the new Constitution on her subjects, two wrongs do not make a right. She had given her promise that she would not again attempt anything of the sort, except by constitutional means, but was given no opportunity to prove her good faith.

There is no doubt, annexation was Minister Stevens' pet scheme, and, together with the other annexationists, he was watching the Queen as a cat would watch a mouse; and the moment they saw a chance, they pounced upon it.

One cannot help feeling sorry for the poor Queen, for, to use a "poker" expression, she was completely "bluffed" by the action of the Minister of a friendly Power. The whole trouble could have been obviated but for her strong belief that she could afford to wait, and that, as soon as the Government of the United States learnt the true facts, she would be reinstated. It is easy to be wise after the event; but, as I have already said, if, instead of being thus confiding, she had assumed a bold front and arrested the ringleaders, she would still be Queen of Hawaii.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

UNLESS one gets shipwrecked, all voyages on steamships nowadays are much alike; therefore, of the passage between Honolulu and San Francisco I will say next to nothing. People accustomed to believe what they read, must be horribly disappointed on finding the Pacific Ocean so different to anything that the pamphlets would lead them to expect. Of course, I allude to people arriving from Australia, China, or Japan; for those coming from America will have been already so often taken in by other equally mendacious advertisements, that they will probably long before have ceased to believe anything they see in print.

It appears to be the custom of the country to let veracity go to the wall where self-interest comes into question. In the little book entitled "A Trip to Hawaii," the charms of the voyage are lauded to the skies. The Pacific is described as being always calm, the temperature always perfect, the ships a dream of luxury, and the *cuisine* such as would put the finest restaurant in Paris into the shade.

The real state of affairs is, however, rather different. The boats which are thus vaunted—the *Alameda, Mariposa, Monowai,* and *Australia*—are vessels of 3,000 tons. The cabins are fairly comfortable, but they are in many respects years behind the times, and the people one meets would seem more in place in the second-class of an inferior ship, than as first-class passengers in an expensive line.

After my experience on the *Mariposa,* the catering on board the *Australia* seemed, by comparison, good. The chief steward was an Englishman, and thoroughly efficient. The men under him were quick, smart, and obliging, in strong contrast to those on the *Mariposa.* We had, however, the same disagreeable meal hours, viz.—breakfast, 8.30; lunch, 12.30; and dinner, 5.30.

If the reader should decide to visit Honolulu *viâ* America, let him try to arrange his journey so as to catch the *Oceanic,* or, failing this boat, the *China.* On the former, the table is excellent, and the wines good and reasonable. The *Oceanic* is an old White Star boat. The *China* belongs to the Pacific Mail Company. Do not mix up the *Oceanic* of the Occidental Line with the Oceanic *Line,* to which the four above mentioned vessels belong.

There are parts of the Pacific I have visited which *do* justify its name. Along the coast of Peru, north to Panama, and along part of the Mexican Coast, the sea is all that the pamphlets say it is between San Francisco and Honolulu.

During my stay in the Sandwich Islands, the *Australia,* which runs between Honolulu and America, came in late and reported having encountered very heavy weather, the captain or chief officer having been washed off the bridge, receiving a severe wound in the head. *We* enjoyed what is called a smooth passage, and had the fiddles off *one* day. The chief engineer said even that was a very unusual occurrence. For the first few days, not many persons put in an appearance and, on one occasion the only lady present[*] was Mrs. Pederson, who had been recently shipwrecked. This lady, with her husband and three sailors, had passed twenty-seven days in an open boat, and had endured most intense suffering and many privations before reaching Honolulu. The passage was an excellent one, and although there is always the heavy beam swell, we experienced rather less of it than usual.

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[*] To tell those who travel far and wide that "truth is stranger than fiction," is a truism. No novelist dare introduce such improbabilities as one repeatedly meets in real life. The Captain and Mrs. Pederson I mention, were wrecked on a partly submerged reef 1,500 miles south of Honolulu. The crew left the wreck in two open

I always find my digestion becomes ruined in America; the demon of unrest seems to have taken so strong a hold on the race, that even when they have nothing in the wide world to do, they will not give themselves time to eat in comfort.

The American man is a strange anomaly: he bolts his food and finds no pleasant relaxation or enjoyment in his meals. He will grudge five minutes to swallow a mouthful of luncheon in the middle of the day, and yet he will let a barber fiddle about his face, long enough, it would seem, to exhaust anyone's patience. Half this time is spent in fussing about in quite an unnecessary way, and is a waste of time to which, one would think, only the idlest of men would submit. This demon of unrest seems not only to pervade the men, but the women; they also must be incessantly on the move and doing something.

On the *Australia* the quantity and choice of food can best be judged from the following menu:—

To properly enjoy such a meal, and to give one's digestive organs a fair chance, one would suppose an hour would not be too much to comfortably bestow upon it. Brother Jonathan

boats, and made for the Hawaiian group. It was 27 days before the Pederson's boat made the port of Honolulu. With the other boat they had parted company in a gale, and nothing more had been seen or heard of their comrades. The missing boat was but 14 feet long, whilst theirs but was two feet more. A search party was organized, and a steamer was specially despatched to seek them, but returned just previous to our departure after a fruitless errand. During the voyage to San Francisco I had long yarns with the skipper (Pederson) about his hair breadth escape. They had suffered terribly, and his poor wife had changed from a young into an old woman. I asked him if he still had any hope for the missing boat, and he said that he had. I must say I had none. Now comes the strange part of the story. An hour after our arrival at San Francisco, Pederson and his wife were standing on the wharf when a boat put off from a schooner which had just brought up, landing almost at their feet the rest of the crew, who had been in the other boat. It appears this schooner had picked them up when about 300 miles from Honolulu and brought them on direct to San Francisco, and the mail steamer, arriving just in the nick of time, the whole of the barques crew were once more re-united, 3,000 miles from the scene of the wreck! The novelist who would depict such an improbable meeting need be a bold one.

thinks otherwise. The shortest time I ever saw our passengers make, was from soup to coffee, 22 minutes—that is to say, we sat down punctually at 5.30, and at eight minutes to six I was the only one left at table out of about fifty persons. As a rule, however, the meal never exceeded 30 minutes.

MENU.
Mayonnaise des Crevettes.
SOUPS.
Victoria.
FISH.
Salmon à la Chambord.
ENTREES.
Filets de Poularde à la Française.
Calf's Head, Brain Sauce.
Petits Filets de Bœuf à la Chateaubriand.
ROASTS.
Loin of Pork, Sauce Apple.
Sirloin of Beef, with Brown Potatoes.
Saddle of Lamb, Red Currant Jelly.
Turkey, Stuffed, Sausage Meat, and Sauce Cranberry.
BOILED.
Corned Beef and Cabbage.
Jambon d'York à la St. James.
Smoked Ox Tongue.
Corned Pork and Sauer Kraut.
VEGETABLES.
Onions, White Sauce.
Green Peas.
Potatoes au Crême and Baked.
PASTRY.
Peach Cobbler, Hard Sauce.
English Jam Tart, Champagne Jelly.
Ornamented Jelly Cakes. Peach Meringue.
Macaroons, Small Pastry, and Cake Assorted.
CHEESE.
Cal., Swiss.
DESSERT.
Fruit in Season.
Figs, Dates, Raisins, Prunes.
Nuts, Assorted. Bonbons.
TEA AND COFFEE.
PONCHE AU RHUM.

Since my last visit, men chew less, although with women the habit has increased. I do not, of course, mean that the women chew tobacco; it is gum they affect. On board there were but few of the lady passengers who did not chew this sticky stuff, and a packet would be passed round in the same way in which men would hand about their cigarette case. It is not a pretty sight to see all their jaws working like cows chewing the cud. Although tobacco chewing is on the decrease, it is still very prevalent, and a Texas millionaire on board so bespattered the deck near him that ladies had to gather up their skirts in passing his neighbourhood.

However, as Canon Kingsley says*:—"We see in travel but the outside of people, and as we know nothing of their inner history, and little usually of their antecedents, the pictures we might sketch of them would be probably as untruthfully as rashly drawn. Crushed together too, perforce, against each other, people are apt on board ship to make little hasty confidences—to show unawares little weaknesses, which should be forgotten all round the moment they step on shore and return to something like a normal state of society. The wisest and most humane rule for a traveller towards his companions is to

'Be to their faults a little blind,
Be to their virtues very kind,'

and to consider all that is said and done on board ship like what passes among the members of a club, as on the whole private and confidential." (?)

The road to heaven is said to be a rough and narrow one, and in the same way there are certain unpleasantnesses and difficulties to be encountered before one reaches the earthly paradise of Honolulu. Besides chewing gum, our lady passengers were inveterate card players. I don't mean for a moment that they were gamblers, but mild poker or whist kept them busy morning, afternoon, and evening, that is to say, after they had "gotten" over their sea-sickness. What they will do in the hereafter if no rocking-chairs, chewing gum, and constant excitement are provided, I can't say. I am afraid a halo and harp won't fill the bill!

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* *At Last*, by Charles Kingsley.

Amongst our passengers was the old lady who had been with us at the Volcano. What her age was I had no idea, until she told me she had a grandson twenty-three years of age. This grandmama had more energy than many girls of eighteen. At the Volcano, she climbed up places in which a nimble goat might have felt at home, and "rode horseback" in a bloomer costume cross-legged, after which, holding out her—I supposed they are called—pantaloons, she favoured us with the *pas seul*, of which I have already spoken. She meant well, but was terribly effusive.

On nearing San Francisco, I felt the cold terribly. I had been told that in March the weather would be fairly warm, or I should have remained longer in the Islands.

The Customs gave me a good deal of trouble on arrival, the officers insisted on opening every package, and made, in our case, the most complete overhaul to which I have ever been subjected.

When I left England I hardly knew myself what my plans would be, so brought enough things with me to last for a year, these, together with a big case containing guns and fishing rods, made up, with the traps of Miss A. and man, a sum total of about fifteen pieces.

Among the first to board the vessel, was Mr. T. D. McKay, one of the most enterprising of a class of men unknown in England, but in America considered indispensable, under the title of "passenger agents." Although I was furnished with Cook's through tickets, I found him quite ready and willing to give me any information I required on my journeyings. As there was nothing to be made out of me, his attention afforded an agreeable surprise.

Until my arrival in America, my luggage had not been the slightest trouble to me, and but little expense, neither had it been subjected to any harsh treatment. It may be, I am myself catching some of the American fondness for exaggeration, but, as far as I can remember, I have never discussed with an American the various institutions peculiar to England and America, unless he has, with pride, introduced his beloved system of baggage-checking. It is a favourite subject with ninety-nine Americans out of a hundred, and every American considers it his duty to read an Englishman a lecture on the shortcomings of England in this respect.

Now, I am quite willing to admit, that a worse system than ours it is impossible to imagine, in fact, it is an anomaly to call it a system. In England, we see our belongings labelled, and, at the end of the journey, one points them out in a most primitive fashion to a porter, who collects them and puts them on a cab. That it is a hap-hazard happy-go-lucky way I grant, yet, with all its faults, I prefer ours, with its numerous defects, to Brother Jonathan's. Perhaps, if I were a millionaire, I might object less to be fleeced at every turn, but when I was constantly asked to pay dollars for what in England I should pay sixpences, I questioned the beauty of the American system.

After years of experience with our English method, I can only say, in defence of its apparent defectiveness, that I have never lost a piece of luggage, neither do I remember any friend or relative losing any, nor having anything stolen, though, doubtless, such things do happen. In England, unless I have an unheard-of quantity of things, they never think of weighing them, nominally we are allowed 256 lbs. free, as against 100 lbs. (a ridiculously small allowance) in America.

From the quay to the Palace Hotel at San Francisco is about a mile. At home my luggage would have been put on, or into, a four wheeled cab or an omnibus belonging to the hotel, and the whole business would have cost, at the outside, seventy-five cents or a dollar (three to four shillings). This American perfect express system (!) took all my luggage, except dressing-bags and odds and ends, and I was charged in my hotel bill three dollars for its transport. Not being able to walk to a tramcar with the smaller articles, we took a carriage, for which also we were charged three dollars. As we were only about ten minutes in the conveyance I questioned the charge, but was told at the hotel it was the fare. Thus, to transport myself and my belongings less than 2,000 yards, cost me, with tips, just thirty shillings. To continue my journey, I had to pay another six dollars, for cab and express, and I calculated that a few months of such travelling would land me in the bankruptcy court.

By the time I reached Los Angeles, including a "stop over" at Fresno, my luggage had cost me thirty dollars, or £6 sterling, considerably more than its transportation from London to San Francisco, including its journeyings to and fro in Egypt!

The American will say, "the man must have been a fool to travel about with so much luggage in America." Well, that may be true; but I did not know for certain that I should re-visit the country which boasts of this "perfect system." Furthermore, an American will add, "riding in carriages is not the custom of the country." True again; and, as this was my fourth visit to the States, I was quite aware of it; but there are occasions when one must do some things, even if a certain unmentionable gentleman is the driver. The American will also tell me, "You should bargain with the expressman." That I also know, and generally did so; but where the baggage goes straight to your hotel, the hotel pays it and charges it in the bill.

Had I arrived at St. Katherine's Wharf, London Bridge, and driven to De Keyser's Hotel (about the same distance as I rode in San Francisco), and taken two cabs to Blackfriars, and the next day continued my journey and driven to Euston, stopped *en route*, and then gone on to Edinburgh, the whole of my expenses for luggage would have been under five dollars, the length of each journey being about the same. Further, "though I says it as shouldn't," my trunks, till they reached this "perfect system," were as strong and good-looking a lot as one could desire, and not of the cheap and trashy description—in a month in America they were smashed, broken, and torn out of recognition.

I am quite aware, my dear American friend, the Express Company is, theoretically, liable for all the damage they do; but this happened by degrees, and, moreover, who is going to bother to put the matter into a solicitor's hands, and run the risk of being further mulcted.

It may be thought I have devoted too much space to so trivial a subject, and perhaps I have; at the same time, I am so utterly sick of everlastingly hearing the American "gas" about the advantages of their checking system, that I want to prove it to be a delusion and a snare, except for people to whom money is no object, or to those whose boxes are of cast iron.

Apart from the damage to luggage, it quite "broke up" my man. He seemed to be more grieved than I was at the way the "perfect system" turned out. I warned him on arriving, of what we might expect; but he ridiculed the idea of their being able to harm "our" things. Afterwards, when I proposed any side trip, he would beg me not to undertake it, saying: "Well, sir, if you go making all these journeys I don't know what will happen to the luggage." I once watched a hand-truck, piled with a lot of trunks, trying to pass under an archway into Los Angeles Station, or rather "depôt," as the Americans say. They were stacked too high to go through, and rather than take the trouble to lift down the Saratoga which caused the obstruction, the man called two others to help him and purposely *charged* through—the box falling a distance of at least twelve feet to the ground, bringing several others with it—amidst the laughter of the clowns looking on.

Having vented my spleen, let me give a word of praise to the Palace Hotel, San Francisco. A few years back, its reputation as a first-class house was pretty low, but since Captain Percy Smith, an Englishman, has had the management, it is as good as an hotel can well be. There is only one thing against the place. If the reader of "In Search of a Climate" ever goes there, let him order an outside room. In the inside ones you have to burn the electric light all day long, which is most depressing. At first we went upon the American system, which, though very good, I did not like. It is impossible where a set dinner goes on from six to eight, to have the same palatable food one can obtain by ordering it in the restaurant. To take one's meals outside, or in the restaurant, is called the European system, and comes a little more expensive.

A grill-room has recently been opened (for men only) in the hotel which, though quite a new thing, has turned out a great success. Where I found the hotel so exceptionally good, was in the perfect way they have of bringing up meals to one's bedroom. As a rule, especially in England, a breakfast or dinner served out of the usual routine is a failure. At the Palace the subject has received the greatest attention. Little spirit lamps are placed under each dish, and every small detail that could contribute to one's comfort is carefully studied. So well is it all carried out that the veriest invalid would be tempted to eat. For this little luxury only a shilling is added to the restaurant price. I did not visit "The California," which is another very high-class hotel; but I am told that the restaurant is quite as good as at the Palace. There is one thing I do not understand, and that is, why hotels in America charge such exorbitant prices for wines and spirits. At the Palace there is but one price for Champagnes, viz., £1 per bottle. This, of course, is ridiculous; but what is still more so, is, that American Bourbon Whisky, which one buys at the stores in London for 3*s*. 6*d*. a bottle, costs here 10*s*. at all the hotels. One may not so much object to paying a shilling a bottle for imported soda water, but the fact that one can, at an hotel in London, buy the best American whisky at half the price charged for it in its native country, is, as Lord Dundreary used to say, "one of those things no fellah can understand."

Of my stay in San Francisco I shall say very little. I was there for a week only. I noticed but little improvement in the streets since my last visit in 1880. Right opposite the Palace Hotel, in the principal part of the town, the same ugly cobble stone roads are still to be seen. Something like those one finds in Clovelly, a village in Devonshire. This is all the more strange, since cable and electric cars run all over the city. This is one of those glaring anomalies which continually strike one in America. Of course, I dropped in for another weather event "not in the memory of the oldest inhabitant." On the second night after my arrival, we had a very heavy gale, with torrents of rain and snow, accompanied by a thunderstorm such as had "never before visited the city." In the morning the assistant manager came to my room and remarked, it was the first time he had heard thunder since he had left the Eastern States twenty-four years previously! From what he said, one might imagine that thunder storms in San Francisco are almost unknown.

The weather was horribly cold and wet during my stay, and it was, of course, pronounced "exceptional." I was anxious to proceed to Southern California, the Mecca of my pilgrimage, about which I had read so many books, written by Americans, all of whom described it as an earthly paradise, to which the Riviera, Algiers, Egypt and all other health resorts "paled their ineffectual fires."

I hope the Recording Angel will not be too severe on these men, and will not debit them in full with all the lies they have propagated, otherwise their chance of seeing any other Paradise than the one they have themselves depicted will indeed be small.

When I had previously visited the Yosemite Valley, I was told that I had made the greatest mistake of my life in returning to Europe without seeing Southern California. Los Angeles had been, figuratively, thrust down my throat continually. I wonder why it is, that as soon as a man finds he has been to a place you have not visited, he should immediately say "Well my dear fellow, if you did not go there, you might as well have stayed at home, it is the only place really worth seeing." So many friends, from what they have read (doubtless in books written by Americans interested in the place), have urged me to go to Los Angeles, that little by little I had come to regard it as a sort of heaven on earth, though my previous experience of Americans ought to have taught me they are not to be believed where it is their interest to make out a good case.

On my way to Los Angeles I broke my journey at Fresno. My object in calling there was to view the Barton Vineyard in which I am a shareholder. This vineyard the owner had cleverly (like the San Francisco brewers) foisted upon a confiding English public in the form of a limited Company, floated in London, some few years back. Since then, it is almost superfluous to add, it has not paid a cent by way of dividend. *En passant,* let me ask my dear fellow Britishers, why are we such confounded idiots as to go on finding the money for Jonathan's little games? He knows too well his own people wouldn't look at his swindles, and yet, notwithstanding the number of times John Bull has been hooked, he is still good for further plundering.

Of course we must all admire proficiency, which on broad principles deserves to succeed. But, I doubt, whether the perfection to which Jonathan has brought the art of issuing prospectuses is really worthy of the success he has thereby attained.

Oh, foolish, though naturally cautious British investor, when will you learn that you are no match for Brother Jonathan? You are no more fit to cope with him than a man with his fists is able to compete with another armed with a six-shooter. What he considers as only "smart," you would stigmatise as roguery, and the stamp of "promoter" out west does not look upon dishonesty in the same light that you do. He has been brought up in a different school: from a boy he has heard shady business actions, outside the law, pass uncondemned, and has never been taught that, to take advantage of another by wilful misrepresentation is anything but the right and proper thing to do.

I don't suppose my advice will have the slightest effect, but if I save only one would-be investor from loss it will be something. Having burnt my own fingers I have no wish to see others do the same. I don't say that there is not money to be made out there, because there is and plenty of it, for those willing to work. All I do advise is, don't believe a word in any prospectus about real estate, because the real estate agents shine even amongst past masters in the art of lying. Don't invest your money in fruit or cattle ranches, real estate Companies, tin, silver or gold, or in fact, in anything out west, without going out and satisfying yourself of the *bona fides* of the promoters.

If you believe nothing you read, absolutely nothing of what interested parties may tell you, and less than half of what you see, you may come out all right. I am glad to find that both the British and the Eastern States people are hanging off just now, and the Californians, though all more or less millionaires (on paper), are at present stewing somewhat in their own juice, waiting for another boom!

Fresno is hardly in Southern California. The hotel we stayed at was quite a large one. In the bedrooms there are both gas and electric light. Imagine, however, the management deeming it necessary to put up large notices in the bedrooms, "Do not blow out the gas"!

The Barton Estate I found under the direction of Colonel Trevellyn, a retired English officer. This gentleman was in the Balaclava charge when in the 11th Hussars, and commanded the 7th when he was but 27 years old. It was an agreeable surprise to meet so charming a man in such an out-of-the-way spot. I believe the Colonel and Sir Roger Palmer are the only two officers left who were in the 11th at that period.

The weather at Fresno was cold and bracing, and though we saw oranges growing, it was hard to believe one's eyes. The Jack rabbits are somewhat of a nuisance, and every week or so at certain times of the year big drives are organized. I was told that sometimes as many as ten thousand are killed in one of these drives. The Colonel said it was a cruel sport, for when they were all driven into a sort of corral, men go in with clubs and kill them, and, he added, that their cries were piteous.

CHAPTER IX.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

CONTINUING our journey the next day, we arrived at Los Angeles early in the morning. I intended to make the place my headquarters for a month or so, taking short journeys in the neighbourhood. I had been told by everyone the "Westminster" was without doubt the best hotel, and thither I accordingly went. Within an hour, I was satisfied that it would not suit me. I had some preconceived notion that the "Pueblo de la Reina de los Angeles," or the town of the Queen of the Angels, would turn out to be an ideal spot; that the hotel would be surrounded by a beautiful garden; and everything would be found that could conduce to one's comfort and happiness. This is what I found—an hotel right on the street; a hall, to which every lounger in the town had free access; a temperature of over 70 degrees; the air oppressive and used up; stoves giving out a fierce heat; and men smoking and expectorating all over the floor. For our rooms we were charged considerably more than at the Palace Hotel. The food and the attendance were disgracefully bad. The restaurant was a wretched little room, without windows, in which it was necessary to burn gas during the day. The head waiter was like the man in the circus, who comes in dressed as a waiter, and, whilst pretending to be very busy, does nothing and gets in every one's way. The bedrooms were small but beautifully clean, and that is the sole word of praise I can give. Immediately after breakfast, I went round to look at the other hotels, but found them as bad and quite as dear.

If ever there was a chance of making money, it is by starting a really good tourist hotel in Los Angeles. The present hotels, bad as they are, are always full in winter, and command their own prices. My readers must not think the above growl due to the petulance of a semi-invalid, because all the Americans I have met from the East fully endorsed all I have said as to these hostelries.

A wretched hotel, a temperature like a hothouse inside and a cold wind out, made me heartily wish myself back in Hawaii. In fact, the hotel in Honolulu was, by comparison with those in Los Angeles, an abode of bliss; at least, one looked out of the restaurant there on a beautiful garden, and not on four plaster walls.

Thus was my first fond delusion dispelled, though after a time I became used to disappointment. Tired as I was after my journey, I knew I could not stand this, so I took a train to Rodondo Beach, of which I had read glowing accounts. It is 18 miles from Los Angeles, and situated on the sea. There I found a capital hotel and a most obliging and enterprising manager. I was taken all over the building, and shown the kitchens which were presided over by a French cook, who received £240 a year.

This hotel was also very full, but I was offered two of the best rooms on the ground floor, inclusive of board, for three dollars each a day, just half of what we were paying at the "Westminster" at Los Angeles. There was, however, a "but" here too. For although so well pleased with the hotel, the place itself was dreary, bleak and uninteresting. Cold as it was in Los Angeles, it was much colder at Rodondo Beach; in fact, I have known it often far warmer and pleasanter at Brighton in March than it was there on the occasion of my visit. Fortunately I had left my luggage behind, so, returning to Los Angeles, I determined to spend the night at the "Westminster," and search inland the following day. Whilst I was on this journey, I had sent my man to Pasadena, a place about which the guide-books rave, to make enquiries as to whether we could be taken in at the Raymond Hotel. The report he brought back was somewhat ambiguous, so I went out myself on the following morning. The "Raymond" is situated some ten or twelve miles from Los Angeles. It is built on a slight elevation, and commands a very fine view. It is an exceedingly handsome building, and, I am told, thoroughly well kept. The manager is, in appearance, rather portly, has the manner of an ambassador, is dressed like an Englishman, and speaks with an English drawl; in fact, to use an Americanism, I would have gone my "bottom dollar" he was English, but he wasn't. As a "Raymond" excursion party of thirty persons were expected from the East the following day, the landlord could offer me but one room, which, of course, was useless to me. Raymond is to Southern California what Cook is to the Nile. Instead of running tourist boats, Raymond sends out excursion trains from the Eastern States, with sleeping, dining, and drawing room cars attached. At places of interest, they are either switched off for a few hours, or a day or two, and it is an agreeable and pleasant way of seeing the country, especially if one travels with one's own friends. Of course the company is apt to be mixed, but if you have your own party, you are as independent of the rest as you would be in an ordinary train. I have met at the various hotels several people travelling in this way who hailed from New York and Boston.

Thinking that perhaps I had expected too much from Southern California, I have always made a point of asking visitors from the Eastern States for their views of the climate and country, and, almost without exception, they have expressed themselves sadly disappointed with the former. I am so fond of warmth that I often hesitate to give my views on this subject, thinking they might be prejudiced. It was, therefore, a satisfaction, when I heard a New Yorker reading to an appreciative audience some of the nonsense about the charms of the climate, to hear the jeers it called forth.

Of course, I was told that that was one of the worst winters ever known, that never before had it been so wet, and all that sort of thing. That may be so, but I only set down what I myself experienced. I find the following note about this portion of my journey made in my diary during the second week of April at Santa Barbara :—"It is now midday, I, like others in the hotel, have a roaring fire in my room and yet the thermometer is under sixty degrees. Outside of the verandah, ladies are walking about in sealskins and sables, and the men with ulsters and turned-up collars. David, had he lived here, might have taken any amount of time to arrive at the same conclusion to which he came in his haste, and have run no risk of being wrong, if he had confined his remarks to those who have written on the perfections of this climate."

During the first month I was in the country we had but three or four really fine days, and out of those, two or three were too hot for comfort. The guide-books talk of the marvellous equability of the climate, but this is, as far as my personal experience goes, all nonsense. Of course, people coming from the severe winter in the Eastern States, naturally find (in Southern California) an agreeable change from the bitter frost and snow they have left behind, but to those who have been used to warm climates it is most disappointing.

As the Raymond Hotel could not take us in till the following day, the manager advised us to go to one some few miles off for the night. As this hotel was situated in the San Gabriel Valley, close to L. J. Rose and Co.'s Sunny Slope Vineyard, a concern in which I was interested, the arrangements suited me very well. I also wished to see and learn all I could about that undertaking.

The drive to the San Gabriel Hotel was a very pleasant one, through a little town called Alhambra, and past the old San Gabriel Mission, built more than a century since. It is a novel sensation to see anything old and crumbling amongst these spick-and-span new buildings. About the houses in Southern California I cannot speak too highly. They are mostly built of wood, and no two are alike, for as architects the Americans appear to excel.

Compared to the hideous brick buildings clerks and mechanics live in, outside our cities at home, these houses are simply beautiful. Charming little dwellings as they are, the ship is spoilt for the want of the proverbial "ha'porth of tar," and the whole effect ruined by a ragged grass plot, with weeds growing in the paths, and a pile of oil, and other, tins scattered about in front of the house. Of the better houses, with some few exceptions, the same may be said. Surrounded by a well-kept garden, and a hedge shutting off the public sidewalk, these residences look charming, but the effect is about as incongruous as it would be to meet a beautiful and well-dressed woman with a greasy bonnet and a burst-out pair of shoes. These old tins are a great eyesore, and crop up everywhere. The nuisance arises, I believe, from the fact that the authorities cannot compel householders to collect their own litter, the result is, one finds rubbish all over the place. Not only rubbish, but stray bits of barbed and other wire, and, on more than one occasion, my horse just missed getting entangled in these abominations. Twice he put his foot through corned-beef tins lying in the road, but, as he did not bolt, familiarity had, I suppose, bred contempt for the clatter they created.

The East San Gabriel Hotel, though full, we found so quiet and, apparently, comfortable, that I telephoned to Los Angeles to my man to bring out the luggage. Here we stayed for nearly three weeks. For good large bed-rooms, with bath-rooms attached, inclusive of meals, I paid three dollars a day each. This is reasonable, and, as I have said before, out of all proportion to what one's payments are for small things.

I must say I do not like the American hotel system, for unless you go to meals punctually, the food has a stewed-to-death appearance, and there is the same sort of flavour about everything, whether beef, pork, or mutton. The tables looked very pretty, on each stood a magnificent bunch of freshly picked roses, and these, together with the beautiful navel oranges, would make any table look pretty. The weather for several days was cold and wet. The hall at this hotel was used only by the visitors staying in the house, in fact, there was no one else to use it, as the hotel building stood alone, right in the country.

The heat we found suffocating; in all the reception-rooms were open fires, in the hall a large stove, and in the corridors hot water pipes. I began to think I must be back in Russia, instead of Southern California, the much belauded semi-tropical spot with no winter at all.

One would have thought that, after the deluge of rain we had experienced at Honolulu, I might have been spared any more treats of this description—the breaking of any more records; but it appeared as though we had only fallen from the frying-pan into the fire. It rained with a persistency that seemed to be our fate. The papers were full of accounts of floods, and damage done to property. The train service was demoralised by "wash-outs"—as the sweeping away of bridges and embankments is called.

The route to San Diego was closed for three days, and the mails were all late. The manager at the vineyard I speak of, told me that the rainfall in the first three months of 1893 exceeded in quantity the *entire* fall of 1891 and 1892, and that twenty-six inches of rain had fallen in twelve weeks. From the statistics of several years, before me, I cannot find any annual rainfall at Los Angeles equalling in amount the rainfall for these three months.

Like Honolulu, it is a wonderful place for drying-up, and however hard or much it may rain, twenty-four hours sunshine dries up the roads. Unfortunately, these turn themselves into rivers on such occasions, with the result that, after the weather clears, holes and water-courses make travelling anything but agreeable. Of course, one never hears anything about these little annoyances, for it is not the policy of those who write up the country to mention any of its drawbacks.

Of the effects of the storms which raged at this time, a San Diego paper says:—

"The San Diego River is raging, and is higher than at any time during the past five years. Approaches to the ford on both sides are washed away, and the valley road to Old Town is swept by its floods. The Tia Juana River has been rising constantly since Tuesday morning, and stock on low lands has been driven to higher ground, and household goods are prepared for removal. Considerable anxiety is felt by settlers lest a visitation similar to that of two years ago may follow. 'Wash-outs' are reported on the San Diego, Old Town, and Pacific Beach Railway on the Cuyamaca, and the whole break in the California Southern between Sorrento and Del Mar is giving serious trouble. Up to Wednesday noon, rain was still falling at intervals, with the prospect of continuance."

Another disadvantage of these heavy rains is that the torrents which pour down cause the streams to overflow, and leave boulders and *débris* over the adjacent land; this considerably spoils the look of the landscape. However, there is an end to everything, and after a week of it we had our second really fine day.

Whilst at the hotel we had the good fortune to meet an English General and his wife. They had been staying three weeks in Santa Barbara, which they advised us to visit as the rides and drives in the neighbourhood were excellent. Both the General and his wife said that during almost the whole of their stay there it had been wet and disagreeable, and they had both been laid up with colds. I should add, however, that, with the possible exception of a slight shower, there is no rain between May and November.

There is an endless number of charming rides to be had in the neighbourhood of San Gabriel, and, when the weather permitted, we explored the country. One, however, requires to keep one's weather eye open. Once, in riding to Pasadena, I noticed a train coming towards us. It was running parallel with the road. Suddenly our horses swerved, and looking over my shoulder I saw the train crossing the road just behind us. The crossing was level, the curve a very sharp one, and as the rails were barely perceptible I had not noticed them, so that had the horses not refused to go on we should have been run over. Of course, I am used to the trains running in the streets, but I had not previously met in the country a train crossing the road at right angles without any post to warn the traveller.

On another day we rode to Sierra Madre, where a good hotel had been opened. I had heard it was a favourite resort for invalids, and remarked to the proprietor "what a beautiful glass corridor (facing the south), you have made, and how the invalids must appreciate it!" I had evidently made a mistake, for he replied "Invalids, I don't want any of them, why I have turned hundreds of people away this season as I have not room enough as it is." In fact, I pity any sick person who went out that year. Never before had the hotels had so busy a season, and their proprietors were all as independent as could be. They could fill their houses without taking in invalids, and, even if they did, the poor invalid would have stood a bad chance of receiving attention in such a rush and turmoil as there was. Everybody was bent on having "a lovely time," and small blame to them, but as, according to the guide-books, it is the one place in the world for sick people, such guests would have been disappointed on finding themselves completely out of it. Apart from any questions of climate, I am sure any person requiring care and attention would do far better to take apartments or a house. A good book to buy on the country is "California of the South," by Walter Lindley, M.D., and J. P. Widney, M.D.

I cannot say my short experience bore out all they claim for the climate, but possibly during my visit the weather *may* have been really exceptional. I think, however, Dr. Lindley "piles it on rather stiffly" in the following paragraph :—

> "The health-seeker who, after years of suffering in both mind and body, after vainly trying the cold climate of Minnesota and the warm climate of Florida, after visiting Mentone, Cannes, and Nice, after travelling to Cuba and to Algiers, and noticing that he is losing ounce upon ounce of flesh, that his cheeks grow more sunken, his appetite more capricious, his breath more hurried, that his temperature is no longer normal, that his pulse beats 100 instead of 72, that his fingers curve ominously, turns with a new gleam of hope towards the Occident."

As to the wonderful equability of the place, one may be able to show it by figures, but my own experience conclusively proves that there are exceptions to the rule.

About the 24th to 27th of March, we had three days of heat which the Californians told me were almost, if not quite, as severe as it ever is in summer. I read in the weather reports that the temperature was 28 degrees above the average on these days. Yet, notwithstanding these three phenomenally hot days, the mean temperature for the month of March, 1893, at Los Angeles was only 54 degrees, Fahrenheit! The early morning sunrise reading in the sheltered San Gabriel Valley, showed a difference of fully 40 to 45 degrees between that and noon. I have said elsewhere that at Riverside the difference in the temperature in twenty-four hours is often in winter from 40 to 50 degrees, and in summer from 50 to 60. The lowest temperature I have heard of at Riverside (1892) is 17 degrees Fahrenheit, or 15 degrees of frost. The highest shade reading is 110 degrees. In this extreme heat one would feel it less than at Madras, at 88 degrees, owing to its humidity.

I heard some ladies expressing disappointment to the gardener at Pasedena, at the absence of strawberries. His reply was that the frost had killed the plants, and he threw in the remark "how could it do otherwise, with ice strong enough to stand on, like we had this winter." I did not see this ice with my own eyes, so do not vouch for the accuracy of his statement.

I visited the Sunny Slope Vineyard; it consists of 1,900 acres, and is one of the show places tourists drive to see. Most people will remember the land boom in Southern California some few years back, of which Los Angeles was the centre. It was, in its way, a small edition of our own South Sea Bubble, as everyone went perfectly mad at the time.

For many miles outside the town of Los Angeles, the land is staked out in town lots, and boards with the names of streets and avenues are to be found miles from any house. If space permitted, I could repeat some good stories about the boom. Of course, when the crash came, those who had paid money on deposit for the land they had purchased, either had to pay up the balance or sacrifice what they had paid. Needless to say, there were endless failures, and many of the so-called millionaires of to-day would find a difficulty in raising a thousand dollars. However, if they ever have another boom, the man who is a millionaire at the present time, on paper, may be able to sell his property and really become one. I heard an amusing story of a real estate agent, who had distinguished himself by describing the district of Los Angeles as possessing everything a human being could desire, and had written of the place in such a way as would make Paradise seem tame in comparison. Well, the story goes, that the mendacious one died shortly after the boom collapsed, and was buried in due course. A report, however, went the round of the "boys," that his ghost had been seen wandering about with a very dejected air. One of his former friends screwed up courage to enquire what ailed him. The real estate agent's ghost replied, that if ever a man had had hard luck it was he. "When I died," he explained, "I rapped at the wicket-gate to be allowed in, but Peter, as soon as he heard my name, said, 'What, are you the Mr. Smith, real estate agent of Los Angeles?' Of course I said, "why certainly I am;" then said he, 'the sooner you quit the better,' for, continued Peter, 'we never like to disappoint, and, as we are unable to go one better here than you described Los Angeles to be, we guess you had better return from whence you came and run your own Paradise there. In fact, after reading your glowing account, had we not known the sort of man you were, we should have struck camp, closed our show, and come and opened with you right away.'"

This is, of course, very blasphemous, but it is in itself a good illustration of their wonderful power of exaggeration, as such a quaint idea is peculiarly American.

Whilst at San Gabriel, I rode out several times to look at the property in which I was interested. The estate, which formerly belonged to L. J. Rose, was turned into a public company just at the beginning of the boom. It was floated in England for 1,000,000 dollars, and all Rose's friends were envious of the magnificent price he had obtained. Had Rose known what was coming within a year's time, he would never have parted with it; for, within the period I speak of, the directors, had they not been Bedlamites, could have sold the entire property for 2,000,000 dollars, or the half of it for a million. We might thus have had our entire capital back and half the fine property for nothing. Instead of doing so, however, the board held on, notwithstanding they were strongly urged to sell by those who were on the spot. The result has been, that owing to disease amongst the vines and oranges, and gross mismanagement in the past, things went from bad to worse, and finally the company liquidated. It was re-floated, and those who came in under the new management, paying 2s. 6d. cash for £1 shares, are in for a good thing, as the land is worth a great deal more than they have paid for it.

Wanting some of my notes type-written, I rode over to ask the manager if he knew where I could get it done. He told me they had a type-writing clerk, but that he was just recovering from pneumonia. I pricked up my ears at this, for only that morning I had been reading in a book written by a Californian doctor, that pneumonia was practically unknown in these parts. "Surely," I enquired, "you do not have such a thing as that out here?" The manager looked at me to see if I were joking and replied, "Well, what can you expect with the sudden changes of temperature we are subjected to." The book-keeper also told me his health, which had been perfect before his arrival in Southern California, was not nearly what it had been, "for," said he, "I find it very trying in the winter, and the summer is terribly hot."

During the two or three days of the "heat wave," I again went over, and, this time, interviewed the clerk who was back at work. "I am sorry to hear you have been laid up with inflammation of the lungs," I remarked, "what do you suppose brought it on?" "Why, I guess, I took a chill, as the weather has been very wet and cold. Just notice the heat to-day—(end of March)—well, in a few hours time I shall want a thick over-coat. I expect, too, after this hot spell we shall have it very cold the first week in April, as that is what we usually have." He proved a true prophet, as I have alluded to the roaring fires we needed to keep us warm at Santa Barbara in April. Thus has another fond delusion vanished!

I was also under the impression that strong winds were unknown; but whilst talking of the prospects of the property, I learnt from the manager that a cyclone, some three years back, had swept over our estate and destroyed trees and oranges valued at £4,000. It was from this gentleman I learnt of the extraordinarily severe frost at Riverside last year, which did so much mischief to the young plants. From what I could gather from men who spoke disinterestedly on the subject, small landowners seem to have a better chance than the big estates. The price oranges are now sold at, I am informed, gives but a small margin of profit. The trees seem heir to many ailments, so that between white and black scale, with the chance of red—which is fatal—the orange grower's lot must be far from being a happy one. According to the allurements held out in the pamphlets issued by the Southern Pacific and other railways, estate agents, and others, you have but to buy land, and plant your orange and lemon trees, to be very soon in a state of affluence. There is little doubt that for a young farmer, not afraid of work, with a small capital behind him, his chance of success out there would be far greater than by remaining at home.

I met, at the San Gabriel Hotel, a landowner who told me that he had recently let twenty acres to a tenant. Apparently no money had changed hands. The first step is, the tenant puts up a house which he mortgages with the land to his landlord. In this instance, the tenant planted his orange trees and a crop of potatoes, and in the first year sold potatoes enough to produce 200 dollars, which was sufficient to pay interest and to keep him. As a rule, the tenant-farmer during the first two or three years takes work on adjoining farms as an agricultural labourer, and by this means earns from 2 to 3 dollars a day. Whilst his own trees are growing, he can do all the work on his twenty acre lot in his spare hours. The price of land suitable for the purpose is from 200 to 300 dollars an acre. Instances are recorded of orangeries producing fruit in quantities to yield over 1,000 dollars an acre; but these are like 60lb. salmon stories, they *have* been caught, but don't reckon because you rent a fishing on that river that you are going to catch one. *Apropos* of big fish, I think our sporting estate agents wouldn't run such a very bad second to the American real estate agent. Of agriculture I know absolutely nothing. However, I think, were I a working man, with a small capital, I would much prefer to invest in California than in England.

The following is from the *San Francisco Chronicle*. The fact that it is an extract from a newspaper gives it no special claim to veracity. It is against taking these statements too literally that I would warn the reader :—

"Having started in to demonstrate that twenty acres of the fertile soil of Southern California is all that an industrious man needs in order to receive an ample income for the support of an ordinary family, the *Chronicle* proposes, whenever occasion offers, to add proof on proof of the truth of the assertion. Hardly a day passes but additional facts are learned in support of the twenty-acre theory. The latest comes from Los Angeles County, near the City of Orange. A fruit grower there has twenty acres planted in oranges, lemons, grapes, apricots, peaches, apples, pears, and walnuts. The citrus trees are eleven years old, and the vines and other fruit seven years of age. When the trees and vines were eight and four years of age, respectively, the income derived from them was as follows :—

Sale of fruit from ten acres of oranges and lemons...	dols. 1,946 89
Sale of fruit from five acres of Muscat grapes ...	1,023 32
Sale of fruit from five acres of peaches, apricots, apples, &c.	38 02
Total	dols. 3,008 23

Two years ago the income from the twenty acres was as follows :—

Sale of fruit from ten acres of oranges and lemons...	dols. 2,780 00
Sale of fruit from five acres of Muscat grapes ...	819 39
Sale of fruit from five acres of apricots, peaches, apples, &c.	66 85
Total	dols. 3,666 24

This year the deciduous fruits bore more heavily than previously, and, as a consequence, the gross income from the twenty acres will be not far from 4,500 dollars. If this is not proof of the assertion that twenty acres is enough, it were in vain to look further.

Lest it may be asserted that this is an exceptional case, here is a case from Fresno, mentioned in a recent number of the *Republican* :— The owner of eleven acres of four-year-old nectarine trees near that town sold the crop this year for 1,810 dollars. From six acres of four-year-old peach trees 800 dollars worth of fruit was sold. Ten acres of Zinfandel grapes (about the lowest priced ones that could be grown) yielded 750 dollars. Four acres of young pear trees yielded 500 dollars. Five acres of alfalfa have produced seventy tons of hay, worth six dollars a ton (farther south it would be worth 20 dollars), or 420 dollars. Besides this, the enterprising fruit grower has 75,000 Muscat cuttings rooted in his orchard, which are worth at least 1,500 dollars at present market prices. Here there is a gross return from thirty-six acres of 5,330 dollars, or at the rate of nearly 150 dollars an acre. Allowing one-third for expenses, and that is a high ratio, there would still be a profit from twenty acres of 2,000 dollars, which is ample for the ordinary needs of any family living in the country."

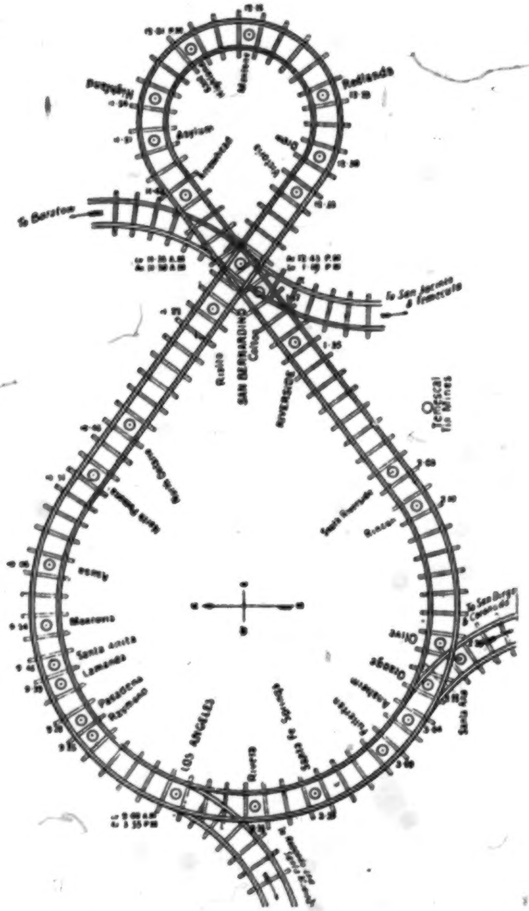
The style of the next paragraph is about the same as that which pervades all these accounts. They seem written in a spirit of levity, and, apart from exaggeration, it is difficult to know whether the writer is serious or not :—

LAND SPECULATION AND CLIMATE.

"The foci of land speculation, where prices are inflated hopelessly beyond the productive power of the soil, are few and small in area. Compared to the whole State they are like the pleiades upon the expansive sky, and considered separately, like them, one star differeth from another star in glory. By this we mean, that in Southern California the value of a location is not always fixed by the productive capacity of its soil, but by the clemency and constancy of its climate. Given a man in Springfield, Ohio, who has consumed one lung in making one million of dollars ; add a place in Southern California where the climate is so kindly that his one lung is as good as two in Ohio, and he will to his living lung sacrifice a share of the million which his dead lung earned. All that part of California is the lung of the stricken East. Men go there, not to buy land, but to buy lungs. All that a man hath will he give for his life, and we have long been convinced that that part of the States is to attract, not only the transient travel of the world which seeks escape from austere winters, but an enormous permanent population of the rich, who have everything in the world except a prospect of length of days. The boom may burst, but the climate won't. Nature runs a bank that never breaks, and she is in business down there ; hence the boom. It may check, it may slip back, but it will gather force again. If you don't believe it, look at the jealousy of Florida, and listen to the gnashing of teeth along the Riviera."

In order to obtain a good idea of the country in the Los Angeles district (the town of Los Angeles lies in the county of that name), the best plan would be to take a buggy or saddle horse and make a week's tour through the places shown on the kite-shaped track. For anyone who is merely desirous of getting a glimpse of the country, the run round by train will suffice. The whole trip costs but three dollars and it takes about seven hours, to make the complete circuit.

"Train (shown below) leaving Los Angeles at 9 a.m. daily, makes complete circuit of the kite-shaped track without change of cars, going *via* Pasadena and Highland, returning *via* Riverside and Orange. A stop of twenty-five minutes is made at San Bernardino for dinner.


Redlands
Mentone
Asylum
To Barstow
To San Jacinto & Temecula
SAN BERNARDINO
Colton
Rialto
RIVERSIDE
Temescal Tin Mines
Rincon
Monrovia
Santa Anita
Lamanda
Pasadena
Raymond
LOS ANGELES
Rivera
Santa Fe Springs
Fullerton
Anaheim
Orange
Olive
To San Diego & Coronado
Santa Ana

The way we did it, was to drive to Lamanda Park—a station about three miles from the St. Gabriel Hotel—where we took the train to Riverside. We could have changed at San Bernardino, but preferred to go on in the same train round the small loop and remain in the cars till we were put down at Riverside without any change. Many of the little townships, with high sounding names like Arcadia and Mentone, consist of but a few scattered houses. One of the prettiest places we passed was Monrovia, nestling as it does at the foot of the mountains. At San Bernardino Station, of all places in the world, we found an excellent luncheon awaiting us, and here we enjoyed the first well-cooked meal since we quitted the Palace Hotel at San Francisco.

The name of this station reminds me of a deed of blood which recently occurred there, which makes it appear that, notwithstanding the state of civilization the Californians flatter themselves they have attained, there is still a strong leaven of the savage in them. I am not one of these carping critics who take exception to everything that is not cut and dried, on the contrary, I think, during the time the country was being opened up, it would have been almost impossible to have maintained order amongst such herds of lawless men, without Judge Lynch being from time to time requisitioned. There is no shadow of an excuse, however, for the way in which the inhabitants of San Bernardino behaved in this instance, and my readers can form their own estimate of the sort of people they really are when the veneer is scratched off.

SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY.

ADDITIONAL DETAILS OF THE LYNCHING OF JESUS FUEN.

MANY OFFICERS WERE PRESENT, BUT THEY WERE POWERLESS BEFORE THE DETERMINED MOB—A NUMBER OF WOMEN IN THE CROWD.

San Bernardino.

" The lynching of Jesus Fuen, the brutal murderer of Francisca Flores, his mistress, and William Goldkoffer, the old man who attempted to defend her, was the talk of the town yesterday. The full details of the frightful double murder appeared in the *Times* yesterday morning, but owing to the lateness of the hour only a comparatively brief account of the sequel appeared.

By 4 o'clock Thursday afternoon the talk of lynching that night seemed to have subsided, and not until late in the evening did the matter seem to take much shape. But by midnight it became evident that something was going to be done, and at 12.20 a body of about twenty men, wearing white masks, came marching up Court Street, and pounding upon the jail door demanded of Jailer Newt Brown that they be admitted. Jailer Brown was in the building and alone. His friends wanted a *posse* to be stationed in the jail with him, but he insisted that in such a case it would be better for him to be alone, lest more be killed, and that he could do as well as more. Brown failed to respond to the demands of the mob until they got a sledge and began trying to drive in the steel door of the jail entrance. He then appeared at the window in the second story and advised the crowd to disperse. The people refused to do so, and demanded the keys to the cell. Brown said he would not give them up so long as he was alive, and fired several shots into the air to arouse the police officers. While he was at the window several shots where fired at Brown, but he never moved from his post.

Finding that the sledge made no impression upon the door, the mob went to the courthouse and got one of the large iron girders and brought it to the jail. From the time the first blows were struck a crowd began to assemble, and people kept coming until fully seven hundred had gathered, about one hundred and fifty of whom were women. When the shots were fired by Jailer Brown there was something of a scattering of the men, but the women rushed up as though they would proceed with the work, and the men then took new courage. Some thirty men took up the girder and used it as a battering-ram, striking powerful blows upon the door. But it resisted so well that after nearly an hour's hammering, some one suggested battering in a window. With a powerful blow the bolts were broken in the window next the door, and the bars swung back bent and twisted. This gave an entrance to the corridor of the first floor. From this into the hall-way the double doors were unlocked. About fifty people clambered in through the window and went upstairs into the corridor, the doors here being unlocked. An attempt was made to break the west door from the corridor into the cell room, but it was given up after being badly bent. Cold chisels were then brought and the rivets cut to the east door and then the bar was driven back and clamps broken, giving entrance to the cell. The men worked in a most determined manner.

Although officers appeared on the scene, they could do nothing more than get the names of the men engaged in the work. As soon as the work was well under way the men grew bolder and the masks were removed. While at work someone fired a shot at the prisoner as he lay in his bunk. It was but a moment's work to cut the bolt which worked the lever locking the door to tank, and the bars were driven back, and the man brought out with his hands tied behind his back and a rope about his neck. When the fiend was brought to the window he was hurried down the girder amid a pandemonium of shouts of 'Hang him,' 'Kill him,' 'String him up to the nearest pole,' 'Do him up,' and similar expressions. But the leaders of the mob seemed to have had their plans laid and were following them out. The wretch was led to the Warm Creek bridge of the Redlands motor track, the crowd shouting like mad. The fiendish Fuen seemed to take all coolly, and said he was ready to die, only wishing to see his three children. Stopping upon the bridge, he was given a chance to speak. He said whisky brought him to his present state; that his woman had played him false, and he did her up for it. When asked why he killed Goldkoffer, he said the old man shot at him. He spoke in Spanish. In his leg, bird shot were found; but in whose hand the gun was when fired will probably never be known. When he was through speaking, the end of the rope having been made fast to a tie, he was told to stoop down. He was then given a kick and sent off the edge, falling about six feet. He brought up at the end of the rope with a swinging jerk, at just 2.30 o'clock on Friday morning. The victim died with scarcely a kick of the legs, his neck being broken by the fall. Some one fired a rifle shot at the body, but this was discountenanced by the leaders, and the mob soon dispersed.

Friday morning a stream of men, women and children set in toward the scene of the lynching, and hundreds viewed the suspended body of the dead greaser before it was cut down by the coroner at 7.40 a.m.

The coroner's jury returned a verdict to the effect that the man came to his death by strangulation at the hands of a mob.

During the evening, word was received that the scene of the day had so shocked the nervous system of Mrs. Goldkoffer, wife of the murdered man, that she had died from the effects of it. This seemed to make the mob all the more determined. The report was false, however, and Friday she was much better.

While the jail was being forced, there were stationed at the street crossings all about that part of the town, squads of from four to a dozen armed men, who stopped all officers of the law and warned them not to interfere. Although a number of officers were present they were powerless to do anything, save note who were present taking part in the affair. The names of some thirty were secured, and they may be proceeded against.

The opinion is general that, though lynch law is not approved of, the man who could commit such a heinous crime should meet summary punishment. While on the way from the jail to the bridge, Fuen asked for a cigarette, and a lighted one was placed between his lips and he smoked it. When he had finished his talk and stooped to be pushed off into eternity, he asked for another. It was placed between his lips, and he was puffing away most vigorously when he met his doom.

The work of repairing the damage to the jail was begun at noon, Friday, but will not be completed for several days.

No attempt was made to discover who the leaders of the mob were, and it is even rumoured that two or three of the coroner's jury were participants in the hanging bee. Talk of arrests is dying out, though but few of the mob wore masks and all are well known to a hundred spectators."

The concluding lines of the account are deliciously American. "It is even rumoured two or three of the coroner's jury were participants in the HANGING BEE." Why they wanted to hark back to old times I cannot say, for the man was certain on such evidence to have been convicted.

It will be noticed the *Los Angeles Times*, from which this is taken (Friday, April 7th, 1893), does not denounce the act.

A few days after the above incident, I culled the following from the *San Francisco Examiner*:—

MADE HUMAN SACRIFICE.

A MOB CONSTRUCTS A FUNERAL PYRE FOR A LIVING VICTIM.

THE WRETCH THROWN INTO FLAMES WHILE WHITES AND BLACKS EXULT IN WATCHING HIM WRITHE—GUILTY OF MURDER.

[Special to the *Examiner*.] EUFALA (ALA.), *April 14*.

"It was a fiendish-looking scene last night across the border in Georgia, when an angry mob stood around a funeral pyre which had for its sacrifice a negro who had committed a murder during the early part of the day. The crowd was composed of 200, of whom one-third were white. The victim had been brought to the spot by the whites, and when it was resolved that the wretch should expiate his offence upon the pile, the negroes were called in to do the work of gathering the fagots.

On the line of Clay and Quitman counties there was a store kept by Jefferson Burnett. Thursday morning Burnett was found in a dying condition with several shots in his body. In an hour he breathed his last. A clue was obtained casting suspicion upon a strange negro who had been seen coming towards the Alabama line. A posse, following the path which they found through the swamps, came upon him within four miles of Quitman.

AN APPEAL FOR MERCY.

He was seized, bound, and thrown across a horse, and taken back to the scene of the crime. No sooner did he come near to it than he began to appeal for mercy. He acknowledged that he had slain the young man. 'It was the devil that tempted me,' he said.

'Let us burn the wretch,' said some one, and immediately the crowd began making preparations. The negroes readily joined in, even the women, and began carrying rails and fagots to the spot, which were piled up around a stump until they were about 10 feet high.

With a heave the screaming victim was thrown to the top of the pile, kerosene poured upon it, and in an instant by the application of a match to the fat pine the flames rose up 15 or 20 feet. The wretch made a desperate attempt to roll off, but he was prodded back whenever he came to the edge by the negroes, who apparently enjoyed the privilege of taking part in such a scene.

OUT OF HIS MISERY.

Finally his efforts to escape became so strong that several shots were fired, which was the signal for a general fusillade. The quivering body did not much longer give any sign of life. The fire was kept up until there was not a vestige left except ashes to tell of what had happened.

The crowd then slowly dispersed. The negroes who helped in the tragedy are so elated with their part that they are almost beyond control, running about over the country like demons."

There was no editorial comment on the case, and it was considered, by all to whom I spoke on the subject, a right and proper way of treating the culprit. It seems to have been a very ordinary sort of murder, and the lynchers displayed a fiendishness in their revenge which marks them as the semi-civilised barbarians they really are, and it is a disgrace to the country to allow such usurpers of the law of the land to escape scot-free.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., *May* 7, 1893.

"George Spencer, a painter over fifty years old, assaulted to-day the nine year old daughter of John A. Bean, a prominent citizen. He was soon afterwards arrested and identified by the girl. To-night the jail is surrounded by a mob of five hundred men, determined to lynch Spencer. The jail is guarded by seventy-five deputies armed with Winchesters, and it is feared that a bloody battle will take place before morning."

Another bad case was at a town called Paris, in Texas. Here a drunken negro assaulted a white child of three. It was a diabolical affair, and he deserved hanging. The revenge, however, which the Americans took brought them down to as low a level as the negro. The father of the child, the fifteen year old brother, and the uncles tortured the poor wretch to death with hot irons. Men and women of social prominence watched the proceedings with approval!

These cases of lynching are not in any way selected, but are a few that occurred whilst I was in the States. Probably they do not represent a quarter of those which actually took place. One case was so horribly revolting in its wicked cruelty that the *Chicago Tribune*, during my stay in that city, came out with a most indignant article.

It appears that a white girl in one of the Southern States had been assaulted by a negro. Suspicion fell on an innocent man: he, knowing what was in store for him if an infuriated mob caught him, fled some miles to the Governor of the State and claimed his protection. "This brute," says the *Tribune*, "sent the poor wretch back to the small town from whence he came, where he was seized by the mob and confronted with the girl and her father. No sooner did the girl see him than she, without hesitation, declared that he was not the man. The father here interposed and said that might be; but as his daughter had been outraged, somebody would have to suffer, and, as the crime had been committed by a negro, the one they had on hand would answer their purpose, and so they hanged him, knowing him all the time to be innocent. His murderers still go unpunished, as does the Governor who handed him over to them and denied him the protection he was entitled to demand." Comment is superfluous; but when the American vaunts the superiority of his country over effete England, it does him good to remind him that white savages are still to be found and are allowed to go unpunished in his enlightened land.

The following clipping appeared in the Omaha *Evening Bee*:—

THEY HANGED HIM ANYHOW.

CHARLES MILLER PAYS AN AWFUL PENALTY.

TEN THOUSAND CITIZENS OF THE SECTION SPEND THE DAY IN BARDWELL, PREPARING AND EXECUTING A TERRIBLE SENTENCE ON A SUSPECT.

[Special Telegram to *The Bee.*] CAIRO, ILL., *July* 7.

"Charles F. Miller, a mulatto, who is thought to have murdered the two Ray sisters, near Bardwell, Ky., on Wednesday, was lynched this afternoon and his body burned.

The only evidence against Miller was circumstantial, and the strong plea made by him when it was decided to burn him at a stake, convinced many that they might not have got hold of the right man after all. It was decided that it would be less terrible to hang an innocent man than to burn him, so the former course was adopted."

On the following day the man's innocence was clearly proved, so the lynching party must have felt pleased at the clemency they had shown!

One of the leading Chicago papers, in commenting upon another lynching case, came out with a big heading—

"THEY JERKED HIM TO JESUS."

From the various cases of lynching I have given, would it not seem that the American Missionary could find work enough amongst his own semi-civilized people, instead of attempting to instil new religious ideas into nations far less barbarous and blasphemous than themselves?

After reading such horrible accounts as these, Mr. Murray may well ask—

"HAS AMERICAN JOURNALISM GONE ROTTEN?

In the *Arena* for October, Mr. W. H. H. Murray makes a very serious indictment against American journalism, and proposes, as a remedy for the rottenness which he observes in that great institution, the establishment of an endowed press.

THE JOURNALIST AS A CARRION-SEEKING BIRD.

Mr. Murray maintains that American journalism, as it is practised at present—

Is only a species of gossiping run mad, of ill-bred rehearsing in public and private circles, before men, women, and children, of what its all-devouring eyes, lensed like a carrion-seeking bird for all distances, beholds in this God's and devil's world of ours. To call such an employment a profession is to travesty human language and insult the noble practice of men who distinguish and ennoble, by honourable classification, the worthy endeavours of mankind.

If journalism consists in raking up from the four corners of the earth all the evil and spreading it broadcast, then it had been better for mankind if type had not been invented.

HIRED TO LIE WHOLESALE.

Further, American journalism of to-day is untrustworthy, and absolutely under the dominance of the money power. The editor writes what he is told to write; the reporters act under orders, selling their pens as the free lances in the mediæval times sold their swords.

Money has no conscience, no honour, no patriotism, no sympathy with truth, right, and decency, and never has had. It loves and seeks but one thing—profits. Whatever will make the paper sell goes into it, right or wrong, true or untrue, slanderous or just, clean or unclean: it is all the same to money. Whatever will make the greatest sensation; whatever will fetch the most dirty pennies from dirtier pockets; whatever will make the most sensational publishment and call for a more sensational counter-statement in the next issue, goes in. And this is called good journalism among us!

The power of the Press is often made the subject of eulogy. That is one side of the theme. There is another. It is also an object of dread. By it a lie can be nationalized in a day; a vile slander made continental; an honourable reputation—that noblest reward of right living—blasted for ever; and a mean suspicion against the noblest of men popularized to a hemisphere. If a public man dare defend himself, his very defence is turned against him. If, maddened at the outrage, he shows his anger, he is jeered at and misrepresented the more. If the attack drives him from public life, he finds no protection in privacy. The arrows of innuendo, of sneers and insult, still rain upon him, and only the interposition of the grave into which he sinks at last can protect his anguished bosom from their poisonous points. And this is good journalism!"—*Review of Reviews.*

After this digression, I will return to the much advertised "eight hours of happiness on the kite-shaped track."

We discovered, whilst on the cars, that we could get off at Riverside, take a drive for two or three hours, and catch what is called the Motor Railway, connecting with the Southern Pacific at Colton. By taking this route we were put down at the San

Gabriel station, within half a mile of our hotel. I shall always be glad we visited Riverside, for it is certainly one of the pleasantest spots we saw.

One of the sights of the place is Magnolia Avenue, so-called, I imagine, from the absence of Magnolias. This wonderful avenue is from nine to ten miles long, and each side of the road is lined with eucalyptus and pepper trees, from fifty to sixty feet high.

This road was the best I had yet seen in California, and at right angles to it are other roads, which make Riverside a delightful place, for what the guide-book would call, the equestrian. What we all were so much pleased at, was the well groomed appearance of the whole place. There was an absence of old sardine and kerosene oil tins and rubbish generally. Neither were there holes in the road. The houses, with some few exceptions, had neat and prettily laid-out gardens, and were shut off from the road by well-clipped box hedges. We learnt afterwards that Riverside is the head-quarters of a large English Colony engaged in growing oranges. These oranges bring the highest prices, and Riverside may be said to be able to show the rest of California how an orange grove should be kept. It certainly was a revelation to me, after Sunny Slope, to see how beautifully these trees were tended. Besides oranges, almost every variety of fruit is grown, though, beyond oranges and an occasional apple, we saw none of them at table. The Californian tinned peaches and pears we get in England are, apparently, unknown in that State.

I should have thought a firm like Crosse and Blackwell would have done well with a fruit ranch in Southern California. Freight to Europe by Cape Horn is cheap enough, and they could grow almost everything required for preserving.

The following list of fruits, according to the *Rural Californian*, can be purchased in the town of Los Angeles at the seasons given :—

Oranges	Christmas to July.
Lemons	All the year.
Limes	All the year.
Figs	July to Christmas.

Almonds	October.
Apples	July to November.
Pears	July to November.
Grapes	July 15th to December.
Raisins	October 28th (new).
Peaches	June 15th to Christmas.
Apricots	June 15th to September.
Plums and Prunes	June 1st to November.
Cherries	June.
Japanese Possimons	November.
Guavas	Nearly all the year.
Loquats	May 15th to June 15th.
Strawberries	Nearly all the year.
Raspberries	June 15th to January.
Blackberries	June 15th to September.
Currants	May 15th to June 15th.
Gooseberries	June.
Water Melons	July to October.
Musk Melons	July to October.
Mulberries	July to December.
Nectarines	August.
Olives	December to January.
Pomegranates	September to December.
Quinces	October to December.

On the whole, I enjoyed my stay at the San Gabriel Hotel, and remained there in preference to going to the Raymond, which, undoubtedly, is the largest and best hotel in the neighbourhood. The charges at the Raymond are very high, and the hotel has been unable to accommodate hundreds who have wanted to put up there. If you seek gaiety, by all means go to the Raymond, as there the people are always "on the go." The cooking, however, is but little better than at the other hotels. I was never more surprised than to find, towards the end of my stay, that the cook at the San Gabriel was a Frenchman. One can, as a rule, discover his touch in the soup, but that was always bad. It is, I think, cooking by steam which is the cause of the lack of flavour in everything. At all the leading hotels the head cook was a Frenchman, and his subordinates Chinese, and yet the cooking was uniformly bad. I should not grumble had I put up at some little unfrequented hotel, but in these palatial buildings, where no money has been spared to make the guests comfortable, it does seem too ridiculous that they cannot cook food in a palatable way. I shall send a copy of these notes, as soon as they appear, to the author of "Jonathan and his Continent," for, from him I know I shall get sympathy. He, if I remember rightly, indulged in a whine upon the same subject. In Southern California it is not likely they will improve in this respect, for if every hotel there is reaping a golden harvest, they can afford to let things go, and not bother about pleasing a minority, when the majority, so long as they have enough, are satisfied.

It is a truism to say that seven people out of ten do not possess palates. So long as the food is not bad or too tough, they eat away contentedly, and it is all the same to them whether their meat is cooked in an oven, by steam, or roasted. Of course, those English and Americans who have lived a great deal abroad, have had their palates educated, and keep the hotels they frequent up to the collar in this respect.

At one of the large hotels in Southern California, the manager asked me what I thought of the place. Amongst other things I told him that were I running it I could save many dollars daily, and please the guests at the same time, by not giving such enormous portions. "Last night" I continued, "I had a soup plate of Brobdignagian proportions filled to the brim, soup enough in fact for four people, and this was followed by a plate of beef which a healthy cow-boy might have got through in two meals!"

As I told him, this sort of thing is calculated to take away one's appetite, besides being a terrible waste. The manager laughed, and replied "why we have to do that, or people would think us mean. Do you know we have lots of people coming here from the big hotels in Florida, who complain bitterly of the small portions of meat they have been given there."

Nearly all the doctors who write on Southern California say that in this climate meat once a day is sufficient. I do not know from statistics, but merely judge from what I have seen, that there is no country where more meat per head is consumed than in Australia; after Australia, I should say America ranks next as a meat-eating country.

In Australia I was not surprised to see women indulging in large quantities of steak, or a few chops, for their breakfast, but to see some fragile-looking American women eating beefsteak at 8.30 a.m. was a little startling. On the S.S. *Australia*, I had, on my left, a little, delicate-looking woman, opposite me were two other American ladies. As soon as they got over their sea sickness, their morning meal commenced with, not a "filet mignon," but a good honest steak covering the whole of their plate. I am a particularly good goer myself at breakfast, and do not belong to the tea-and-toast brigade and nothing more till luncheon. At the same time, I could not attempt to emulate this feat, and could only look on in undisguised admiration, whilst they gratified their strong carnivorous instincts.

I have noticed all through the States, that the American girl has a much healthier appetite than her English sister. It has become such a ridiculous custom now for women in England to pass dish after dish, that, unless they have surreptitious snacks in the housekeeper's room, it is difficult to know what they thrive upon. I like to see girls behave sensibly and eat like rational beings, at the same time, I must admit, I am not yet reconciled to seeing a young lady demolish a large steak the first thing in the morning, especially if it happens to be "rare"—American for under-done. Speaking of Americanisms, I heard a new one whilst in California. I was talking to a young American lady, and made the remark that a girl who happened to pass by had very pretty hair. She replied she did not think so, but pointing out another girl said, "now Miss —— has to my mind a good 'suit of hair.'" I asked some people from New York if it was a permissible expression, and they told me it was often used.

A term I strongly object to, is the universal use, at least in the Western States, of the word "parlor." In England it is only used in connection with small country public houses. In the States it is synonymous with sitting-room or *salon*, and in Santa Barbara, one of the leading livery stables is called "The Equestrian or Saddle-horse Parlor;" of course, ice cream parlors abound by the score, but "Equestrian parlor" is distinctly quaint. Perhaps the quaintest of all is an advertisement I saw in the Santa Barbara paper stating, that at such and such an address were "Undertaking and Elegant Embalming Parlors." It is true the Americans do not drop their h's nor put them in wrong places, but amongst the ordinary people the use of "was" for "were" is almost as ugly.

The day before I had arranged to leave San Gabriel I was taken sick. I was not really ill, but a rash came out which made me think it would be better to ask a doctor's opinion about it before travelling. I rode out with a view of calling on a doctor living a few miles off, but, finding the wind too cold, asked a friend to go over for me. This merely by way of introduction to the following:

After a few professional enquiries, my new doctor asked me from whence I last came. I told him from Honolulu. This was like setting a match to a train of gunpowder, for he began a panegyric in praise of the Sandwich Islands. It appears he had spent a short time in the Islands a year or two before. "It is," said he, "the dream of my life to return there, and I hope next year to remove to Honolulu with my wife and children, and pass the rest of my days in Hawaii. Should we annex the Islands, I shall probably alter my plans, for in that case the place will be spoilt."

"Tell me," I asked, "how long have you lived in this country?" "Sixteen years," he replied. "And what do you think of the climate." He laughed and said, "what is the good of my talking to you of the climate in these parts, when you have just come from Honolulu, why ours bears no comparison to that of Hawaii." Once fairly started on his hobby, he forgot all about the cause of his visit, till just before he left he said, "your rash is nothing, only indigestion." This man struck me as a veritable prize, as such a frank avowal is unparallelled in this part of the world.

I do not mention his name, if I did his fellow-practitioners might treat him, as the San Bernardino mob did Fuen, although I doubt if, in view of the enormity of his offence, he would be given even a drop of whisky and a cigarette before being hanged.

The day after my interview with this truthful medico I left San Gabriel for Santa Barbara. Fearing that the place might be full, I telephoned (110 miles) to enquire if we could be taken in at the "Arlington." The answer came that we could be accommodated. Judge then our annoyance to find, on arrival, that the house was crowded to suffocation, the manager disclaiming all responsibility for the action of his clerk. That night we had to turn out in the wet and cold, but the next day I was given a room in the hotel, Miss A. was given another in a separate building, and my servant was lodged a quarter of a mile off.

If I abuse the place it will be said "Oh, you cannot believe what a man of that sort says; why, in the introductory chapter he admits he is a semi-invalid, and he naturally views things with a jaundiced eye." I am so conscious that there might be some truth in a remark of this sort, that I always take considerable trouble to learn what other travellers may have to say. I interviewed one much-travelled old gentleman whom I perceived struggling with a thick ulster, which he was trying to pull on over a great-coat. Like myself he had been everywhere, and, also like myself, he expressed himself as being greatly disappointed with Southern California. Some friends, to whom he introduced me, had been staying in the hotel since November, and although they had some fine warm weather in January, for the rest of the time the climate had been very different to what they had anticipated. Even in summer out of the sun, and after sunset, the inhabitants wear great coats.

Whilst driving from the Raymond Hotel to San Gabriel, the driver (a Scotchman) remarked, "What I like about this place is that I can wear an overcoat on a summer's evening!" Of course there is no accounting for tastes. My notion of perfection is where overcoats are unknown, and I should like never to require such a thing again. So careful have I been not to rush hastily into print, that I interviewed at least a dozen people, and found them all terribly disappointed with the climate of Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.

With the Americans I cannot sympathise as much as with the Britishers, they know, or should know, the funny little ways of their fellow countrymen, and should not believe the "boomer's" version. Let me quote from the Santa Barbara guide-book and then compare my own experiences.

"Santa Barbara, California, is situated in latitude 34 degrees 25 minutes north, and longitude 119 degrees 42 minutes west, of Greenwich. It is remarkable for its flora, which combines the fruits and flowers of the temperate zone with those of the tropics. Its climate is most delightful; no other place on the globe can show a record of so many beautiful sunny days in a year. At the same time, the heat is not oppressive. The climate is more like the Riviera of the Mediterranean than any other, but those who have carefully compared both pronounce Santa Barbara far superior. The restoring influence of the climate in cases of nervous depression is most remarkable. The day on which this is written, the 12th of January, is an average winter day. Sitting in my room, which has never had a fire in it, with doors and windows open, I see ever-blooming gardens in every direction and hear the birds singing in the warm sunshine. By going to the beach the tourist might be seen taking a plunge in the rolling surf; and ladies clothed in their summer gowns gathering sea moss."

All I can say is, if the author never, as he states, had a fire in his room he must often have been very cold. From my arrival I found one necessary, and my experience was in no way exceptional. This I know, that on April 12th, 1893, after having been there some ten days, and at a time of the year, when we should have expected to find mild spring weather, it was apparently far worse than it was when the above account was written in January. As to the tourist bathing in the surf, if he was such an idiot, he must have belonged to the same fraternity as those who break the ice to take their morning dip in the Serpentine. If the ladies had disported themselves in their summer gowns on the beach, they would certainly have been laid up with colds, as for days it blew a moderate gale when it was not blowing great guns.

A few years since, Wm. Smith Brown, in an article in *Harper's Magazine* on "The Health resorts of three Continents," objected to Santa Barbara because it was a windy place, and subject to frequent dust storms and fogs. In commenting on this, the guide-book remarks:—

"Where he could have obtained this information is a puzzle to those who live here, as a careful record of the movement of the wind shows the average velocity of it to be 3.3 miles an hour, or only about one-third of that at Philadelphia, proving it to be one of the least windy places in the whole country."

Mr. W. S. Brown if he visited Santa Barbara must have experienced the same kind of weather as I did. The sea sometimes was a grand sight, and for a few days it was very rough indeed. If there is one thing more than another I detest (except when I am racing) it is wind. One morning I tried to ride, but gave it up in disgust, having swallowed as much dust as I should have done in a March gale at home. For those in robust health, I should think it a delightful climate. Battling with a fresh wind, a charming variety of getting nicely warmed in the sun, and afterwards being chilled in the shade, robs it of any approach to monotony. It is, as the guide-book says, perpetual spring, and so, too, it possesses all spring's fickleness.

Any of my fellow-countrymen who contemplate travelling in the States will do well to refrain from expressing an opinion whilst there, especially if it is adverse, upon anything American. John Bull is supposed to be somewhat irritable, but for hyper-sensitiveness to criticism there never was such a nation as the Americans. They are like spoilt children in this respect, and adverse criticism of anything relating to their country, its customs and institutions they take almost as personal. One irascible gentleman, with whom I travelled, nearly foamed at the mouth at the mention of Max O'Rell's "Jonathan and his Continent." This individual, by careful and judicious handling, afforded us considerable amusement. However, we were obliged to give up the sport, for, as he was a very stout man, we feared he would have a fit of apoplexy. The climax was reached when an Australian remarked that, at a first-class hotel in the States, he put his boots outside the door to be cleaned, and that was the last he ever saw of them. The sensitive one immediately offered to bet every one present a hundred dollars that such a thing was impossible, and that not only would they not be stolen, but would be found cleaned and in their right place, outside the door, in the morning, in any good hotel in America.

Whilst making some small purchases in Santa Barbara, I remarked to the storekeeper, "There is something I find charming about your climate of which the guide-books say nothing." Naturally, he wanted to know what this was, and I replied: "It is so homelike; I come from London, and all I need to do out here is to stand at the corner of the block with my eyes shut, to make myself believe I am back in London on a March day." He did not at all relish my feeble attempt at humour, and replied angrily: "It may be a little cold to-day, but anyhow, take it all the year round, we have the finest climate in the world." I don't suppose his experience is very great, but that did not cause him to hesitate in pronouncing it to be "the best." That the people in Southern California will hear nothing likely to detract from the country is best evidenced by the local press. On our way to Santa Barbara we had to wait some time at Sagus Junction. Whilst standing on the ground between two trains, I saw the one I was facing oscillate, and heard the cars making a lot of noise. I thought an engine had run into the train, but at the same time I felt the peculiar giddy feeling one experiences in an earthquake, and soon realized that it was one. From the adjoining hills volumes of dust mounted suddenly, and at the station we were at, the chimney fell and bottles and crockery were smashed.

I have been at Monte Carlo in some of its famous earthquakes, but none of those shocks were so severe as this one. One would have thought that, with their love of sensational head lines, the local newspaper next morning would have come out with flaming accounts of "Terrible earthquake," &c., &c. Not a bit of it. The *Los Angeles Times* is like a fond mother, who will see no fault in her own child. The editorial I give is like the servant girl's apology for her baby—"Oh, but please, it is such a little one."

In Los Angeles city some of the shops had the window panes cracked across and crockery broken, but the *Times*, which, like all American papers, would give headings with letters an inch long to any sensational murder or brawl, treated an earthquake as unworthy of notice:—

> "There was a slight tremor of earthquake yesterday afternoon, just to remind people that it is hard for a country to throw off its old habits. But it was a mild affair, after all, and we can let it go as a harmless idiosyncrasy."

The *San Francisco Examiner*, not being in the same "fond mother" position (since San Francisco is not Southern California), gave a very different account, which I append:—

MADE THE EARTH YAWN.

SCENES OF AWE, TERROR, AND DESTRUCTION CREATED.

TERRIBLE WORK OF TEMBLORS

THE REGION NEAR NEWHALL VISITED BY A SERIES OF EARTHQUAKES—MOUNTAIN PEAKS SEEMINGLY CHANGED TO VOLCANOES.

[Special to the *Examiner*.] LOS ANGELES, *April 8*.

"Alarming reports of seismic disturbances have just been received from the residents of the oil region of Newhall, thirty-five miles distant from this city.

Dating from last Tuesday, the day on which Los Angeles experienced a slight shake, there has been a terrifying series of temblors, accompanied by subterranean explosions.

These disturbances have occurred frequently since last Tuesday, and have been accompanied by landslides from the mountains of an alarming and dangerous description. A letter received from there to-day gives an account of the shock on Tuesday. It is dated from Pico Canyon, about eight miles southwest from Newhall. It reads substantially as follows:—

'I was driving this morning, when my horse became frightened without apparent cause, and there came a rumbling sound which grew terrifying. I looked up and saw an awful sight. Landslides from every peak came tumbling down with huge boulders. The mountains appeared as if myriads of volcanoes had burst forth and were combining their efforts towards universal destruction.

When I got to the long bridge I saw Mr. Thomas standing dazed, holding to the railings, and others came running across the bridge. The earth opened in a number of places, and the scene was indescribable. Men cried, prayed, and swore; and one kept shouting, "My God, we are all going down to hell."

When I reached my house I found everything upset. Pictures, dishes, and everything breakable were smashed, and two stoves were broken all to pieces. All the afternoon lighter shocks continued, and also through the night.'

Another letter dated on Friday says:—

'On Wednesday night, just as I had gone to bed, Crash! came another great shock. All night long they continued, keeping us up until morning; and all day Thursday they continued, each preceded by a heavy subterranean explosion. The house the foreman lived in was demolished this time. Last night was less exciting, and at three o'clock this (Friday) morning we had another, which was fully as terrifying as the first. The shocks were worse in the canyon here than elsewhere, but at Newhall and all around this part of the county they have been terrifying.'

Further news will be received from the canyon to-morrow."

Whilst upon the subject of newspapers, I must say I am greatly disappointed with the Californian organs. Americans I find, almost without exception, on introduction, immediately fall into a discussion as to the peculiarities of the two countries. Within a few days I have been asked three times the same question by three different persons. As my questioners were all of the travelled class, and the question asked was a perfectly legitimate one, I regretted I could not assist in deciphering that which seemed to puzzle them all. They had all been in England, and had, at odd times, met scores of English, travelling about the world, and yet, so they said, had never met a Gladstonian, and what they wanted to know was, where does the Home Rule following come from?

I could only tell them that the subject was as great a puzzle to me as it was to them, for amongst the English who travel, a Gladstonian is a *rara avis*. One of my questioners proved to his own satisfaction that Gladstone had completely set class against class, an opinion in which, much to my surprise, the rest of the company concurred.

After the perfection of the checking system has been discussed, the sleeping, drawing and dining-room car are next trotted out. Having duly admired their plan, they proceed to make other comparisons. Men have often said to me, "I cannot understand how Londoners allow their streets to be the disgrace they are after dark." I admit it, they are a disgrace, and the outcome of canting hypocrisy which declines to legislate and keep within proper bounds a necessary evil. However, admitting Brother J. that you strike home there, don't forget the beam, with a very big capital B, in your own eye. Our streets may want purifying, but your newspapers are also a crying scandal and disgrace.

Since I hope Mudie's, and other equally respectable firms, will accept these notes, I dare not jeopardize my chance of their doing so, by re-producing the more disgusting of the advertisments I allude to. Many years ago such advertisements were tolerated in England, but now no respectable paper, or, in fact, any paper, would admit in its columns those appearing daily in the United States. That it should be so is singular, for there is still a strong leaven of the old Puritanism left, and with a purity party who want to drape nude statues, one would have thought some effort would have been made to cleanse the advertising columns of the daily press.

How is it that the "shrieking sisterhood" fail to give the editors a turn? Surely an attempt to purify the press would be as meritorious as offering prayers in a drinking saloon. For my purpose one paper will do as well as another to criticise. After my arrival I read the *San Francisco Examiner.* This journal circulates largely on "the coast," and, like the others, devotes the greater part of its space to the sensational news, so much appreciated by the servant class in England. Its illustrations and reading matter remind one of our *Police News*, and yet it is neither better nor worse than its contemporaries.

To while away the time whilst "on the cars," I amused myself by dissecting the advertising columns of the newspaper mentioned. There must be more credulous fools in the States than in the old country, otherwise it would not suit the purpose of spiritualists, clairvoyants, and astrologers to part with dollars unless they got a fair *quid pro quo*. Here are the advertisements on these subjects for one day:—

SPIRITUALISM.

A. LADY MAGNETIC HEALER; Test Medium; dreams interpreted. 1,203, Market Street, Room 2.

A. MRS. FULTON, SLATE WRITER; Sittings 10 to 4. Seances, Tues. and Fri. eve. 422 Post.

A. M. FRANCIS, REMOVED TO 118, Haigh Street; independent slate writer.

A. MRS. DUPREY, JUST ARRIVED; wonderful trance, trumpet, materializing medium in the world. Circle Sun., Wed. evenings. 1,148 Market.

ATTENTION.—FRED EVANS, THE world renowned slate writer. 1242, McAllister Street.

DR. FRANKS, CELEBRATED LIFE Reader medium; full names given; no test, no pay. 233, O'Farrell Street, Room 1; hours 10 to 8.

DR. J. P. BOILEAU, SYMBOL TEST and Life Reading Medium. 1,346, Market.

DR. NELLIE COLVILLE, CLAIRVOYANT; Card Reader; ladies, 50 cents, gents, 1 dollar. 322, Turk.

MRS. MILLER, TEST AND BUSINESS Medium; cir. Tues. and Thurs., 8 p.m.; Fri. 2.30; 25 cents, reading daily, 1 dollar. 617, Minna, bet. 7th and 8th.

MRS. SEAL, SPIRITUAL BUSINESS Medium; sittings daily, 10 to 6. 1,116, Broadway, Oakland.

MRS. SHAFFER, TEST AND BUSINESS Medium, returned; sittings daily. 949, Howard.

MISS K. LAMPMAN, "STARLIGHT" Trance Medium; cir. Tues., Fri. eves; sittings daily. 121, Turk.

MRS. DR. JOUFFROY, ROOM 32, 850, Market Street; wonderful spirit remedies.

MRS. W. J. X. ROBINSON, CLAIRVOYANT, developing cir. Tues. evening; test cir. Sat. evening and Mon. afternoon. 264, Octavia Street, corner Oak.

MRS. SHRINER, REMOVED 217, Polk Street, cir. Monday and Friday evenings; sittings daily.

MRS. C. WERMOUTH, TRANCE Medium; cir. Mondays and Fridays at 8; Wed., 2; Sittings daily, 28, Birch-ave., off Larkin, near New City Hall.

MRS. J. J. WHITNEY, CLAIRVOYANT, Test Medium and Life Reader. 218, Stockton Street.

CLAIRVOYANTS.

AUGUSTA LEOLA, FORTUNE Teller; magic charms; love tokens; true pictures of future husbands and wives free; teaches fortunes; fee 1 dollar. 2,326, Mission Street, near Twentieth.

A. MRS. DR. NEWTON, ELECTRIC Physician and clairvoyant; without asking a question the doctor will describe your character and occupation, will tell what errand you came upon and will look clairvoyantly into the future; she will tell the condition of every organ in your body, what diseases you have and how to cure them. Men who wish to regain the vigour of twenty can do so by consulting Mrs. Newton, 39, Turk Street.

FORTUNE-TELLING BY CARDS; ladies, 50 cents, gents, 1 dollar. 308, O'Farrell Street, upstairs.

MISS MELVINA—YOUNGEST AND most wonderful clairvoyant on this Coast; don't fail to consult her. 776, Howard Street, room 6.

MME. MOREAU, 73, FOURTH Street, Fortune teller, clairvoyant, and Life Reader; fee 25 cents.

MRS. NORMAND, THE WORLD-renowned clairvoyant, planet reader; reads your whole life; advice on business; lucky numbers; ladies, 1 dollar, gents, 2 dollars; hours 10 to 9. 111, Geary Street, Room 1.

MME. DR. ANNA THOMAS TELLS entire life, past, present, future; fee, 1 dollar.

MME. WALTERS, 317, TEHAMA Street, near 4th.; fortunes told; ladies 25 cents; gents, 50 cents; open Sundays.

ASTROLOGY.

ASTRAL SEER—PROFESSOR Holmes is now at 8, Mason Street, corner market, Room 8.

MRS. L. S. BOWERS, WASHOE Seeress, 105, Stocton Street, cor. O'Farrell, parlours 6 and 7.

PROF. MEAD CASTS YOUR Horoscope by planets; diagnoses diseases; answers questions of life, marriage, journey. 28½ Sixth Street, Room 6.

I do not suppose the London Press would refuse such advertisements as these, but that it does not pay to insert them in England, goes to prove that John Bull and his womenkind are, after all, not to be caught with such nonsense. *En passant*, let me add, that these advertisements are to be found in most of the American newspapers I have seen. Doubtless there are some "high toned" journals which exclude such nonsense, but they are the exceptions which go to prove the rule. The same may be said of the massage advertisements.

". . . There are so called Massage parlours, extensively advertised in some of the daily papers, as employing lady operators, that are nothing more or less than improper resorts in disguise. There have been times when the 'Massage' question has received critical analytical attention from one or more sensational papers, and the disclosures that have been made from time to time have been anything but edifying. From a standpoint of morality, as well as prudence, it is a good plan to let such 'Massage' establishments as brazenly advertise their employment of 'lady operators' severely alone." These comments are not written by a Britisher, but are those of an American citizen.

The following appeared in the *Examiner* columns, and tell their own story, even without the extract I have given above from a guide-book to Chicago :—

MASSAGE.

MRS. WILLIAMS OF AUSTRALIA. 121, Montgomery Street, Room13 ; alcohol baths.

MAY ROBERTS and L. ST. CLARE, alcohol baths, 120, Montgomery Street, Rooms 8 and 9.

BLANCHE DARRAL, MASSAGE, 1,020, Market Street, Room 12, second floor.

VIOLA BURWELL AND ASSISTant ; baths and massage. 106½, Third, rooms 2 and 4.

MAY LEWIS, 15, EDDY STREET, Room 10 ; massage.

MRS. BERNHARD, JUST ARRIVED; alcoholic baths, massage. 124, Sixth Street, Room 3.

AT 1, FIFTH STREET, FLORENCE Anderson, electro-massage. Alcohol sponge baths, Room 4.

MISS THORNTON, MASSAGE. 765, Market Street, Room 16, second floor.

STELLA LEE, ELECTRIC AND vapour baths, 28, Ellis Street, parlour 1.

MISS JOHNSTONE, 27, TAYLOR Street, Room 2 ; massage.

MAY CAMERON, MASSAGE. 116, Grant Avenue, Room 5.

DELA MARVIN, 122, POST STREET, Room 1 ; massage.

EDNA LA PRINCE RETURNED TO 1,203, Market Street, Rooms 8 and 9 ; massage.

EVA EDWARDS, MAGNETIC Treatment and baths. 303½, Sutter Street, Room 3.

MRS. MOORE, 5½, GRANT AVENUE, vapour baths and treatment ; Rooms 7 and 8.

MISS MINNA CONNORS, 207, Eddy Street, Room 10, first floor; massage.

MAY ST. JAMES, FROM RUSSIA, massage and baths. 12, Mason Street, Room 2.

MISS SHELDON RETURNED. 121, Montgomery Street, Room 6; alcohol baths.

MABEL BALDWIN—ALCOHOL baths and massage. 209, Eddy Street, Room 1.

MISS ANDERSON MOVED—CURES headache by magnetic treatment. 143, Third, r. 2.

MISS E. WOODS, MASSAGE AND magnetic treatment. 209, Grant ave., Room 9, second floor.

MISS ROSE WATERS, MASSAGE. 139, Taylor Street, parlours 1 and 2.

MADAME BLINEAU, JUST ARrived—baths and massage. 11, Taylor Street, parlours 2 and 3.

MABEL ARNOLD FROM NEW YORK; 116, Grant Avenue, Room 20; alcohol baths.

MME. DE GREY AND MRS. ROBB, 1,153, Market Street; electric treatment and cabinet baths.

ROSE DE LAFONT AND ASSISTants. 203, Powell Street, parlours 2 and 3; massage.

Z. ROSE CLEVELAND OF NEW York and assistants; massage. 1,020, Market, opp. 5th, Room 2.

317 O'FARRELL—MME. HANSON and assistants; salt water. vapour baths, massage.

The above advertisements are fairly suggestive, but, in the same issue, I counted twenty-seven others on distinctly forbidden subjects, which cannot be reproduced. The quack doctor, to use another Americanism, "gives no chance away," but in plain and direct terms advertises his wares, without fear of being misunderstood. These advertisements take up, in some instances, from a quarter to half a column, and so cleverly are they inserted, that you are often inveigled into reading them.

I think I have at least shown that if we, in England, have a "social evil" question we may deplore, the United States has an unclean Press, unfit for a young girl to touch with a pair of tongs. At least, how can a girl remain pure in mind if she is in the habit of reading daily such demoralizing stuff. We English are a nation of hypocrites, but, by Jove, I think the Americans beat us. They have occasional fits of virtue, quite worthy of the Cromwellian period. A short time ago, on one of the Mississipi boats, a young couple, who were suspected of carrying on a flirtation beyond the conventional limits, were landed on the river's bank, and there left to reach, as best they could, the nearest town. This was adjudged quite the correct thing, though, probably, the very people who indulged in this fit of temporary goodness were not one jot better than the suspected pair.

In America, such an official as the captain of a river boat, is armed with much greater power than he would be with us. In England, the company would have had two actions to defend, and lost them both, whereas, the chances are, that in America the conduct of this most virtuous captain would have been upheld.

Americans are very fond of chaff, and yet, without the slightest wish to offend them, you may inadvertently say something that will put their backs up. On the voyage from Australia, my young English friend remarked to a pleasant American, with whom we had grown intimate, "Well you have got 'em all on to-night," alluding to the fact of his having put on a black coat for dinner. It was said in the purest good nature, but was never forgiven.

Someone, I think, has described America as the working man's paradise, this I can well understand it to be. It certainly would be far from a paradise for the poor gentleman. In England, a bachelor with £300 or £400 a year, belonging to a good club, can enjoy himself and have a certain amount of pleasure out of life, if he is careful. A shilling tip to a guard will ensure him more civility than the millionaire will receive in America. For threepence a civil and obliging English porter will carry his things to a cab, and an Englishman returning home speedily realizes that, though there may be less luxury on our side, there is far more comfort.

In England, the man of small income, provided he is a gentleman, will have the *entrée* into society, and no one will think any the worse of him for being poor. Granted that we English are worshippers of mammon, the only difference I can see is, that we bow the knee to the god of unrighteousness, whereas the American prostrates himself entirely and grovels.

"IS MAMMON THE GOD OF THE AMERICANS?

General Hawkins writes an article in the *North American Review* for June, entitled 'Brutality and Avarice Triumphant,' in which he declares that 'Plunder Made Easy' ought to be the motto of the United States:—

'From the beginning of the Rebellion to the present time insatiable greed, practically uncontrolled by law or by any decent show of regard for morality or rights of property, has swept over our land, a mighty, invisible power for evil.'

A TERRIBLE INDICTMENT.

In support of this terrible indictment he describes, first, the gigantic frauds perpetrated by dishonest contractors during the war. Secondly, the great series of schemes for plunder called the Land Grant Acts, which were bribed through Congress, and which resulted in the handing over to corrupt private corporations large public lands, amounting in the aggregate to a territory larger than France. . . . Thirdly, even worse than this was the granting of public bonds to the civic railroads to the extent of sixty-five million dollars. Fourthly, railway wrecking has become a favourite American Industry, and has been reduced to a fine art. Fifthly, land stealing from the Government is one of the most popular and profitable occupations of a considerable number of citizens. The Starroot thieves stole property in this way to the value of six millions sterling. Sixthly, another favourite industry is stealing standing timber from public lands. Seventhly, stock-watering has been carried to such an extent that three-fifths of the alleged stock of the railroads in the United States represent water, that is to say, purely fictitious capital, of five hundred millions sterling, has been created by this simple expedient. Eighthly, trusts have been formed which have capitals of three times their real value, and are responsible for an unwarrantable and dishonest issue of stocks and bonds to the extent of one thousand million sterling. Ninthly, American officials habitually practise a system of corporate bonds which, if it were initiated in Europe, would lead to the officials being sent to gaol as felons. Tenthly, truck in its worst form in the shape of contractors and contracts flourish everywhere. In addition to these various way of thieving, General Hawkins proceeds to indict American civilisation under many other heads. American hotels are built like match-boxes, as if for the purpose of providing an expeditious crematory furnace for their unfortunate denizens. American theatres are built like inflammable tinder-boxes. Game is being exterminated throughout the whole continent. Three million buffaloes were killed in three years, and now there are said to be in the American continent only 1,091 buffaloes either running wild or in captivity. Singing birds are being exterminated in the most ruthless fashion, the lobster is being killed out, the choice oysters are following, and the salmon will disappear. But the climax of all American iniquity is the ill-treatment of the Indians. It is a black story covering the American people with everlasting shame. All this is due to the fact that the average American worships mammon, and mammon alone :—

'They have established a national standard, and now only one kind of success is acknowledged. Morality has no market value. High character is impracticable, and intellectual achievement pays no dividends. These qualities count for very little in the estimation of the public when compared with the glory of great possessions. The ownership of millions, no matter how obtained, constitutes a theme of almost national admiration; and if they were stolen outright and their possessor is out of prison, the homage would be about the same. The motto is, "We worship the millions in hand, and no questions asked."'"—*Review of Reviews.*

The first question with them is not "what sort of a man is he?" but "what is he worth?" and if the answer is, "next to nothing," then he is not worth cultivating. I say again, that for a gentleman of small means—and, for the matter of that, large, too—England is by far the more comfortable place to live in.

Personally, I, somehow, feel far less at my ease with the Americans I meet travelling than I usually do with other strangers. They are so ridiculously sensitive that they are apt to think one is constantly quizzing them for their peculiarities, whilst the demon of unrest I have already spoken of, makes them the reverse of pleasant companions. It is impossible to feel at home and at ease with a people who bolt their meals, are never happy unless they are on the constant rush, and making, when on pleasure bent, what at least we should consider, martyrs of themselves, in order to secure having "a lovely time."

The press in California never misses a chance of insulting and abusing our Queen and the English generally. At the time the question of the annexation of the Islands was before the public, the San Francisco papers were perfectly rabid. They were full of the question, and came out with their usual vulgar head-lines, such as, "Victoria gnashes her teeth," "We won't suffer any interference from John Bull," "Hands off," and columns of idiotic nonsense. The "Coast" papers completely lost their heads, and imitated the Irishman, by trailing, metaphorically, their coat around, begging someone to tread upon it.

One morning, after a violent diatribe against the bloated and effete John Bull, appeared a paragraph, relegated to a corner of the paper, stating "that we understand no protest has been received by Sir Julian Pauncefoote at Washington, from the Court of St. James', on the Hawaiian matter." Of course this was a bitter disappointment. The attitude of the press reminded me of a cur that had stolen a bone; it knew perfectly well it had no right to what it had purloined, and was growling over it, fearing that every respectable dog must have the same desire to snatch the prize. Fortunately the press is no true clue to the sentiments of the cultured Americans, the papers are written to sell, and, if vulgar and silly abuse of England increases the sale of the paper, it does not matter twopence to the Editor, who merely caters to please his *clientèle*, and probably laughs in his sleeve at his readers for being taken in with such transparent bosh.

The *Los Angeles Times* never lets a day pass without some nasty slap at the English, this is all the more singular since I should have thought it would have been better policy to oil the handle of the pump from which they obtain so good a supply. They could not float half their bogus companies but for our credulity. I have never met the Editor of the paper I allude to, but am quite sure if I were introduced to him casually, and in course of conversation let him think that I took him for a fellow countryman, I should make him as pleased with himself as a pig with two tails. Notwithstanding their abuse of us, and their sneers at our effeteness, I have yet to meet the American who will consider himself insulted at being mistaken for an Englishman; on the other hand, I have never yet met an Englishman "located" out West who was overjoyed at being mistaken for a native.

Let me now follow Max O'Rell's lead. I notice he never administers a powder without following it up with a big spoonful of jam. This, in his case, is only natural, as he is bound not to ride too rough shod over a people from whom he wants to extract dollars. However, as I am not going to lecture through the States, I am free to speak the truth.

In one respect I admit the superiority of the men over us, though, I think, even in this they go too far. I allude to the treatment of their womenkind. No one, who has travelled much in America, could fail to notice what model husbands the men make, at least, from a woman's point of view. They are the most considerate, kind and indulgent beings to be found in any part of the world. With them the wife rules the roost, and her every whim is gratified. I have repeatedly seen men on board ship, break off from cards or whatever they were doing, to see if the wife wanted a pillow, shawl, or book from below. I have often, too, seen the women accept these *petits soins*, without vouchsafing a word of thanks. The American woman is a spoilt creature, and rarely even says "thank you" if you give her your place in a street car. What a metamorphosis it must be when an American girl consents to make one of us the happy man. Why, even the charms of being "My Lady" cannot, I should think, fully compensate her for being mated to a man who will probably expect that she will look after him occasionally.

I was much surprised at noticing in the Californian hotels, the enormous disparity which existed between the sexes. At the Santa Barbara hotel one day, eight persons were seated at each of five tables, and there was not *one* man amongst them. Of the 300 or 400 daily taking meals at the Arlington Hotel, the proportion was four ladies to one man. At table I was fortunate enough to meet an exceedingly agreeable man with his wife and daughter. He came from New York, and with the hospitality for which Americans are so well known, gave me an invitation to go yachting with him, when I went East. He knew of my *Deerhound* and was as well "posted" in her successful career as I was myself. From this gentleman I learned that on the "Raymond Excursion," by which they had come from the East, out of 65 passengers there were but seven men, and of these he was the only one whose hair was not white!!

I speak of this to show the number of women who travel alone, and how kind it is of their men-folks to let them go gallivanting off on a 6,000 mile pleasure jaunt by themselves. The cynic might say it cuts both ways, and that the husband is glad enough to let his wife go away occasionally, so that he can ensure having "a good time" himself during her absence. Of course, it may be so, but I believe, in nine cases out of ten, the husband would much rather she remained with him to cheer his evenings after his return from business, which he is unable to leave for any length of time, and which brings in the dollars she so well knows how to spend. Once gone, however, he would think himself a fool if he did not enjoy himself; and if occasionally he forgot he was a married man, it would be the fault of the wife.

From what I have seen of them, the men are as generous as the women are selfish and exacting. Let me here recount a little episode which occurred to me the last time I crossed from New York to England. I made the acquaintance of a most agreeable and good-looking American of about thirty years of age. He was a member of the two leading yacht clubs in New York city, and was as keen on yacht-racing as I am myself. In due course he presented me to his wife. She was a pleasant enough woman, but what the Americans call "homely." In the course of conversation it transpired that her husband was taking her to London, where he was to leave her for six months, and would himself return to America immediately. She then went on to say, that she had read and heard so much of the wretchedness and misery in the East-end of London that she felt she must go and devote herself to the poor in those parts. There was no question as to her being thoroughly in earnest and perfectly genuine, but she did not realize how ridiculous her conduct must have seemed to an outsider. A few days after the conversation about her call to convert the heathen in Whitechapel, she approached me in the kindest possible way, and read me a lecture on my wasted life, loss of opportunities, &c.; enquired why I did not get married and become a respectable member of society, go to church twice a day, and distribute tea and blankets, and devote more thought to my future? Considering our slight acquaintance, I considered it an unwarrantable liberty, and had it on the point of my tongue to reply: "My dear madam, I certainly am most grateful to you for the interest you take in the future welfare of my soul. Permit me, now that you have opened the ball, to make a few remarks. You have told me you have a strong desire to spend six months in our slums: in carrying this out, you are gratifying a selfish impulse. How can you reconcile to your own sense of right and wrong, the action you are taking? You have a husband any woman might be proud of—a man without an atom of selfishness in his disposition. Well, last night, whilst we were smoking together, he confided to me that this fad of yours (that was not his expression) meant giving up his home, for during your absence he would take up his quarters at the club. Well, madam, all I can say is, if, after the gratification of your whim, you return and find your good-looking husband running another establishment *sub rosa*, it will be no more than you thoroughly deserve. Moreover, if you have a mission to fulfil amongst the poor, you should remember 'charity begins at home,' and you could find plenty of work, and to spare, in the down town portion of New York city, and, at the same time, do the duty towards your husband you swore at the altar to perform." I asked him, "Why, if you don't like it, do you let her go?" to which he replied, "Oh, she's a good little woman, and is dead set on it, and I don't like to thwart her, though I do hate the idea of spending six months by myself." Of course, I did not say to her one word of all this; but listened politely to what she had to say, and changed the subject. No better instance could I give to show the unselfishness of an American husband, for although he admitted it was sorely against his wish she was to remain in London, still he never even let his wife know he was averse to her doing so.

To dress seems to be the one thing the American women live for, and although Santa Barbara is but a little country town, the women wore their imported gowns, and tried to out-dress each other, as they might do in a big city or at a fashionable "Eastern States" watering-place.

If there is one thing an American woman knows thoroughly, it is, how to dress expensively and well. She has good taste without a shadow of question, inasmuch as she understands what to wear, and how to put it on, but what she does not know is *when* to wear it. To an Englishman, it appears ridiculous to sit down to breakfast at 8 o'clock with a batch of ladies with Paris-made silk gowns, thirty dollar hats, and dressed in every way suitable to attend a private view at our Academy, or any swell afternoon function during the London season. One might think they would have been only too glad to throw off all thought of dress, and that a simple gown, till they changed for dinner, would have met the requirements of the case. With the exception of one girl, who wore a tailor-made frock, and some two or three other women, who wore simple cloth skirts and shirts, all were overdressed. One morning we sat down to breakfast with six ladies, all of whom were beautifully dressed, and each one had her separate dish of pork and beans before her!

After they had left, I asked our waiter how it was there was such unanimity of taste amongst them, considering the choice of dishes there was to select from. He replied, "I guess they come from Boston." Pork and beans is a favourite dish in Massachusetts, and when cooked as they know how to cook it in Boston is not to be despised, but in California it is a miserable failure.

As a rule, I hate places when they are crowded to excess, and should not have gone to Santa Barbara, had I not been told that to miss the carnival would be to miss seeing "the most beautiful thing of its kind in the world." Of course I did not believe this for a moment, but wanting to visit Santa Barbara, I thought I might as well do so at that time. No sooner had I arrived than I regretted it, for I was far from being satisfied with the hotel.

The writing paper used at the Arlington Hotel has the following modest lines printed on each sheet: "As there is but one Santa Barbara in the world, so there is but one 'Arlington' in Southern California. The rooms are large and elegantly furnished, corridors broad, grounds ample, four-and-a-half acres in extent, adorned with roses, shrubs, and palms. Here the weary may rest, the sick be healed, the active roam over mountain, hill and valley."

The remark "there is but one Arlington," is inserted, I suppose, to give the tourist new hope and courage, that he may bear in mind he is not likely to meet another; at least it was in this way I tried to view it, as towards the end of my stay I was positively hungry. The head waiter was a treasure, and invaluable. I asked him if it were really true the *chef* was a highly paid Frenchman. He replied that the *chef* was a really good one when he liked, but admitted that the cooking was atrocious and went on to say, "Most of our guests don't care what they do eat, they will rush through their dinner in a few minutes, and they look upon eating as a necessity, whereas, they won't grudge twenty-five minutes for a shave, which they

MONTE CITO
SANTA BARBARA

regard as a luxury." This severe critic told me afterwards he was an Australian.

Apart from the bad cooking, the weather, until the last two days of my stay, was far from agreeable, and my bill was considerably augmented by the number of fires I had to burn to keep my room at a pleasant temperature. To be just to Santa Barbara, I must say its rides and drives are delightful, and its shaded lanes remind one of old England. One day, however, whilst riding, I counted over twenty pieces of wire lying loose in the road, varying from one to three yards in length. No one, however, out there thinks anything of a spill, and our horror of wire seems to be unknown.

The carnival opened with a flower show and some trotting races. The flowers were as poor as any I have seen. In their arrangement no taste whatever was shown. Many of the roses, which were wretched specimens, were jammed into the commonest of cheap coloured vases, and I saw none as fine as those we had daily on the table at St. Gabriel. Neither were the oranges as good as those to be found in the shop windows, and the Americans themselves admitted it was a very poor show indeed. Now let us see what the local press had to say on this disappointing display, and, after reading this rubbish, one will be able to form an idea of the way they write up things. *Ex uno disce omne.*

"The eyelids of the morning never opened upon a lovelier or more beautiful scene than on that which greeted the rising sun yesterday, as it lifted the curtains of night and turned the radiance of its welcome smiles on the flower-embowered city of Santa Barbara, perfumed with the odour of millions of its classified homogeneous flowers that rival in form, profusion, and matchless beauty the floriculture that has for centuries been celebrated the world over.

The enthusiasm of the assembled thousands yesterday at the Pavilion was, without abatement, universal and unbounded. And the praise bestowed upon our queenly matrons and beautiful maidens, who have been the arch-conspirators to plan and carry into execution the plans which only the strategy of woman could devise, to terminate the battle of flowers which to-day is to be fought by the beauty and chivalry as valorous contestants for the prize for which their favourite flowers have been enlisted.

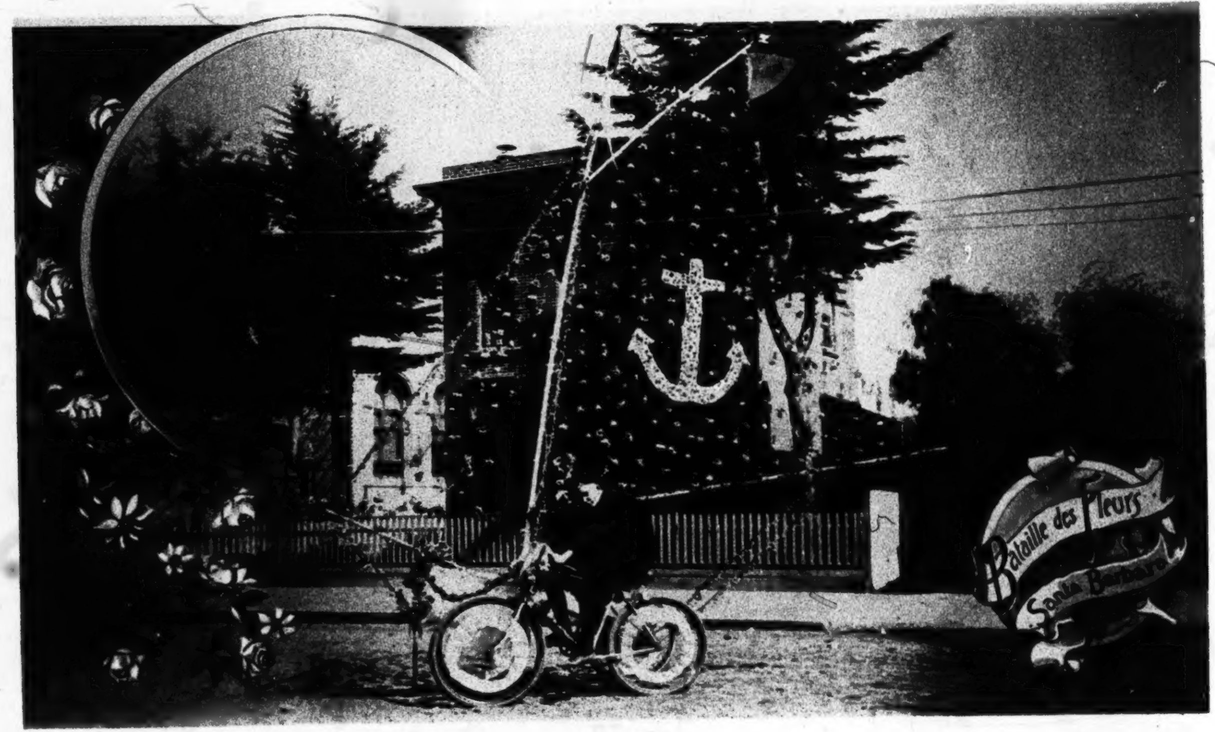
The Pavilion is the central place of exhibition, and the first glimpse of it as one enters from the main entrance is like a peep into an enchanted land where the wands of the nymphs of the forest and flowery glades had been wafted over the face of all creation, and brought out from the rich depths of mother Nature's university the most wonderfully beautiful and dainty of the fabrics woven in green by the deft fingers of little maidens who toil and spin night and day in the world's workshop under the ground."

Occasionally, however, truth slips out, and by reading between the lines, and by keeping one's eyes and ears open, one arrives at it. The mention of "wind" to a Barbarian or Santa Barbarite —I don't know which is correct—is as a red flag to a bull, but the cat comes out of the bag in the following:—

[Special.] SANTA BARBARA, *April 12th.*

"Wednesday dawned clear and bright. The *wind*, which everybody dreaded, did not arise, and everybody who had any pride in Santa Barbara was happy, for a climate that would let the wind blow in the face of a floral procession is a climate that nobody can respect."

Of the battle of flowers I have nothing but unqualified praise to bestow. Some of the carriages and "flats" were most tastefully got up, and there was one beautifully decorated conveyance in the procession that would certainly have taken a first prize at Nice. I remarked to the manager of the hotel that I had seen the battle of flowers there a number of times, and this compared favourably with it. This was, I thought, complimentary enough, but it was not at all taken in that light. "Surely," he replied, "you don't mean to compare this to Nice? Why they couldn't produce such a show if they tried. Why, in the first place, they haven't got the flowers!" I knew he had never been out of the States, and might well have asked him how he was capable of forming an opinion, considering he had never seen the *bataille des fleurs* at Nice; but, *cui bono?* and so held my peace. The following paragraphs afford a good example of the false statements the press foists upon a public only too willing to believe anything that may be said in praise of their State. Notice, too, the characteristic modesty of the concluding lines! As a matter of fact, instead of flowers


Bataille des Fleurs
Santa Barbara

being given away, I found them infinitely dearer than at Nice:—

> "In Grasse, a famous hamlet of Nice, flowers are sold as are the productions of the farm. In Santa Barbara, they are given away by the ton, and go to all parts of the United States as an embassy of beauty and marvellous sweetness from our orchards of roses, gardens of violets, and calla lillies that trail along several hundred miles of coast and bordering lands.
>
> However much one may have wished to leave Santa Barbara, it is not without considerable regret and mental anguish that we are obliged to do it, when it comes to the actual separation. *It certainly is the most favoured place on the earth.*"

How irritating is the self-sufficiency of these people! They remind one of the man who told a story, in which he figured as the hero so often, that, in the end, he really came to believe it was true; and so it is with these Californians, they have so grown into the way of booming everything pertaining to Southern California, that, it is to be hoped, they really believe what they say.

Owing to the town being so very full, we had difficulty in securing good hacks. Why it is I cannot say, but, unlike the average storekeeper, I have always found the American livery stable keeper most willing and anxious to please. I tried about eight animals before I found what I wanted, and my only grief was that I had to leave him behind. He was a quad with plenty of "go" in him, and with an action that was as easy as an arm chair, so that I could canter three miles on the sands without being blown. Though none of the horses are vicious, many are imperfectly broken, and all of them shy.

Two horses which a lady rode at different times were on the point of lying down when I noticed what they were about to do. I think the saddles hurt them, and they wanted to roll. One thing, which is always an eyesore to an Englishman, is the rusty, dirty state of the bits and stirrups, the excuse given being the high price of labour.

I was so unfortunate as to be laid up with a cold for a couple of days towards the end of my stay at Santa Barbara, and never shall I forget the uninviting messes that were sent up to my rooms. I found out afterwards, from my servant, that this was due, in a measure, to my not having tipped enough people. Americans blame the English for having introduced this system into the country. They repeatedly tell me one of the greatest objections to travelling in Europe is the way the servants stand around waiting to be tipped. The difference I find between Europe and America is this, that with us, servants do their work cheerfully and civilly, and probably hope for a tip on departure. In America they will not trust you thus far, and unless you tip in advance, as well as when you leave, you can get nothing done. Even if you follow the custom of the country you purchase only a sort of armed neutrality; but if you do not, you are certain to meet with positively aggressive hostility. The boy who shows you to your room, the bell boy, the iced-water boy, the porter who brings up your luggage, the baggage man, the head waiter, the waiter who serves you at table, and the waiter who brings anything to your room, must all be propitiated in advance if you do not want to be scowled at and indifferently served.

Not long ago, I read a very good article in *Harper's* on the servant question in America. The author admitted their deficiences, and also that good servants, imported from Europe, became quickly as bad as the rest. The reason he gives for this state of affairs is true, but hardly complimentary to the nation. It is to the effect that, in reality the masters and mistresses make or mar servants, and that good servants would not be found till a few more decades had passed over the heads of American masters and mistresses. The easy sort of familiarity with which they are treated is quite sufficient to make them impudent. In America a "gentleman" likes to know the first name of the barman who "fixes" his drinks, or the waiter who serves him at table. "Say, Charlie, I guess I'll try another slice of beef," or, "Fix me another drink, Billy," is the sort of remark one repeatedly hears, and one which establishes a certain friendly feeling between them. Of course, I know perfectly well that the true American gentleman does not behave in this way—but I am not writing of him; for though he exists, and is the most charming of men when met with, one so rarely comes across him in travelling in the States, that I am not taking him into account. I am simply writing of the average run of men one meets at the most frequented hotels. My own man, who is of a taciturn disposition and rarely hazards a remark, asked me one morning, in all innocence, how it was that such a common, second-rate looking lot of people could afford to stay at such an expensive hotel as the one at San Diego. I told him, in America he should not judge by outward appearances, as the man he might think looked more fit for a third rate boarding-house might be a millionaire. I fear I failed to make him understand, for all he remarked in reply was, "Well, sir, it's a rummy country, and I can't see as how ladies and gents can care to travel out here. Money goes like water, and I can't get the least thing done without paying for it. Why, would you believe it, sir, the hotel people, won't even lend me a brush to black my own boots with, but make me pay five-pence for a shine." "Then why don't you use the brushes you clean mine with" I said, "because," he replied, "yours are all brown leather or patent, and mine want blacking."

From the depot to the hotel at Santa Barbara is but a short mile, and I had warned my servant, as most of our pieces were small, to make a bargain with the transfer man. This he looked upon as beneath his dignity, but he got an assurance from the man that a reduction would be made. I told him he would find that we should be again swindled, and so it was, though this time I refused to reimburse the hotel the ridiculous charge of five dollars—a sovereign—which they had paid the Express Company for carriage of luggage for that short distance. I look upon these charges simply as swindles, and calculated to keep the British tourist out of the country. If I ever visited these States again, and it is very unlikely I shall, I will have a Saratoga trunk made, about the size of a small cottage, and put all my satchels, valises, portmanteaus, rugs, and guns, into it, then I shall get to windward of the baggage-man, if he has to carry it all for fifty cents. The only objection would be, that it would take a crane to hoist it upstairs. Of the various places I have visited in Southern California, I like Santa Barbara the best. It alone came up to my expectation, that is to say the scenery did, but not the climate. The air is said to be good for consumptives, and this may be true, for it is very dry, so much so that one's lips and skin become quite parched. Notwithstanding statistics, we all found the weather very treacherous, and at sunset it is chilly all the year round, and unlike the Riviera, where the temperature rises again in an hour or so, it remains cold. The following paragraph from, "California in the South," written by Dr. Bates, of Santa Barbara amused me immensely:

> "In Phthisis this freedom from sudden change tends to decrease hæmorrhage, to lessen also the local pulmonary inflammation. The open air life, possible to the invalid in such a climate only, is also of the greatest benefit. Indeed, during my residence in this place I can recall but one instance of the arrest of pulmonary phthisis, in which the chief means of cure was not attributable to this out of door life. In a marked case, a lady patient of mine lived in her garden, protected merely by a brush shelter, for 18 months. Day and night for the entire period, excepting only nine nights, she remained in the open air. Afterward, while camping out on one of the Channel Islands, she was four months without any protection. In disease of the heart, the even temperature, giving a regular quiet circulation of the blood, is very beneficial. The same is true in kidney affections, where a sudden chill will frequently cause a rapid and fatal advance of the disease."

Of course it does not do to doubt Dr. Bates' statement, but I think he might have done well with the lady he mentions, in a "dime show" exhibition if he had labelled her, "the lady with the iron constitution."

During the three days on which it blew a gale it was horribly cold, and, in fact, I should be sorry to have seen anyone I cared about, sleeping out during any of the time I was there. That it was no fancy of mine, let me cite the fact that, the majority of the elderly ladies at our hotel came to breakfast in fur capes. Dr. Bates also says:—"No matter how sultry the day, the night is never oppressive; one sleeps comfortably under a blanket."

If the Hotels acted on this principle and prov[illegible] only *a* "blanket," there would have been a mutiny amongst [illegible] guests, as two double blankets and an eider down were not only provided, but were highly appreciated, and this in the month of April!

In the rooms next to mine were a young American and his wife, who have wintered for the last six years at Cannes. He told me he couldn't stand the hotel meals, and had arranged with the head cook, to send specially prepared food to his sitting-room. He expressed himself as being very much disappointed with the country generally, and said he much preferred the Riviera.

There was an Englishman in the hotel, who had been in the Scots' Guards, and I asked him how he thought the country compared with the Riviera. He was so down on America and everything American, that his opinion is too prejudiced to be of any value. He said, that he had never had anything decent to eat at the Arlington. Yet, this is a sample dinner at the Arlington: it reads well, but that is all:

MENU.

Scotch Broth Consomme
Baked Smelts au Vin Blanc
Pommes Parisienne
Olives Anchovies
Boiled Ham with Greens
Prime Ribs of Beef, Dish Gravy Leg of Mutton, Currant Jelly
Loin of Pork, Apple Sauce
Chicken Pie Family Style Breast of Veal Saute, Spanish
Carbonade of Lamb, aux Navets Rice Croquettes, Vanilla Flavor
Green Peas Artichokes Stewed Tomatoes Steamed Rice
Mashed Potatoes Boiled New Potatoes Baked Potatoes
Cold Ham Tongue
Lettuce
Blanc Mange Pudding, Fruit Sauce
Raspberry Pie Pumpkin Pie
Banana Cake Currant Cake Cream Puffs
Cafe Ice Cream
Assorted Fruit Walnuts Raisins Figs Dates
Edam, Swiss and Roquefort Cheese Water Crackers Coffee

All the Americans I have met, agree that the Palace Hotel at San Francisco is admirably conducted. This being the case, I would suggest to the Southern Californian hotel keepers to form a syndicate for retaining the services of Captain Percy Smith, of the Palace Hotel, and arrange with him to go about from one hotel to the other, and teach them how a hotel should be conducted. However, why should they trouble if they can fill their houses, and please seventy-five per cent. of their guests?

Lord Erskine once wrote the following lines about his own countrymen, but if, by the absence of taste, he means absence of taste in cooking, it would be better applied to America:—

"The French have taste in all they do,
Which we are quite without;
For nature which to them gave 'gôut'
To us gave only gout."

The most beautiful of Santa Barbara's suburbs I consider is Montecito, of which I give an illustration. The road to the hot springs is a lovely drive, in fact, it would take a long time to use up the beautiful rides in this neighbourhood. The fact that it is so well wooded, makes "horse back riding" very much more enjoyable, for the shady lanes of trees remind one of riding through a Devonshire lane on a summer day. I have put "horse back riding" in inverted commas as it is the custom of the country so to speak of this form of exercise, though, perhaps, "horse-backing" is more often used. These terms are in contradistinction to "car-riding," or "buggy-riding," and, funniest of all, "boat-riding"; for, whoever heard of going for a row *(promenade en bateau)*, being called "boat-riding?" Whilst on Americanisms, the last new expression, which will, I have no doubt, cross the Atlantic, is "don't monkey that." It means don't make a bungle or hash of a job, and is used very widely.

I had an Englishman dining with me one night, who had come out to Southern California when over sixty years of age, and has since become naturalized. He told me, that when some ladies in the neighbourhood came to call on his wife, the conversation turned upon some other people who had called there the previous day. Mrs. S—— remarked to them that she was very much taken with her former visitors, who, she said, struck her as being such nice "homely people." The callers said, "Now that's strange, as we consider them very good-looking," to which Mrs. S—— said, "Yes, so do I, but what has that got to do with their being homely?" In America, "homely" means plain or ugly.

Another term English ladies, and men too, are very fond of using, had better be avoided when talking English in America.

Road to the Hot Springs
Santa Barbara

We have a synonymous term for "over-tired," which will set everybody tittering if an English woman uses it.

The English are beginning to learn that "clever" has quite a different signification in America. No English lady would like to hear her child described as a "cunning little thing," with us it would almost imply it had thieving propensities, yet, in America, a mother will beam if you call her child "real cunning."

CHAPTER X.

MEXICAN BORDERLAND.

I HAD arranged to run back by boat to San Francisco and visit Monterey, where the Hotel del Monte is found. Unfortunately the variable climate of Santa Barbara gave me a cold. The boat usually leaves about midnight, and, as waiting about on the pier at that time of night was not very alluring, I decided to go to the other famous hotel of Southern California, the Coronado Beach Hotel, San Diego. The boat for this place started at a more reasonable hour, and we arrived on board just in time for dinner. Since our luncheon at San Bernardino it was our first palatable meal, and our ex-guardsman was high in praise of the boat. Let me be just, in speaking of the bears of stewards on the *Mariposa*, I fear I tarred all American ships with the same brush. I have travelled in several, but this was the first (except the *Australia*) on which I met with willing and obliging stewards. The table was not, of course, equal to a North German boat, but the food was well cooked—a distinct improvement on the hotel I had just left. We stopped some time at San Pedro, the chief port of Los Angeles country, and taking a conveyance drove round the town to see the damage done by the recent "wash outs." I found the roads in a dreadful state. The previous day had been beautifully warm, whereas on the wharf at San Pedro fur coats were again to the front. I heard an old pilot telling some ladies it was a very trying climate, and that they had a great deal of fog. I also heard two stewards talking outside my cabin about their particular colds. One was advising the other to take hot whisky with a lime in it at night, and his companion replied that that was just what he had done last night, and was in the habit of doing whenever he caught cold. Some Californian ladies were saying what a beautiful climate it would be *but* for the cold winds. I repeat these little fragments of conversation, as they tend to show that Southern California, though undoubtedly possessing a good climate, is a very different place from the country described in the guide-books.

As the end of April approached we naturally looked for fine weather, and it was indeed beautiful. In fact, had I come to Southern California without having read any of the books and pamphlets which lauded the country to the skies, I should, I am sure, have been delighted. On the steamer I met a clear-headed patriotic Californian. He is at the head of the Shipowners' Federation, and thinks before he speaks. He informed me that he, and all the better-class people in the States deplored the system of guide-book "booming." He considers that the lying pamphlets issued about the climate, what can be grown in it, and what profits can be made, have done California a very great amount of harm. Finding I had stumbled across a man willing to speak the truth I went on to ask him, after showing him my "California of the South," which declares that catarrh is almost unknown, how it was that I had noticed such numerous advertisements, in the local press at each place I had visited, for the cure of chronic catarrh? "Why," he replied, "because it is so very prevalent. I should think 75 per cent. of our people have catarrh trouble in some form or other." He then went on to speak of the sea fogs. He said he preferred winter to summer: for in summer, it is so very treacherous. After a hot day they always had fogs, and then a strong N.W. wind which is cold and trying. If I were to mention this gentleman's name, his funeral pyre would be speedily raised by the medicos in these parts.

Taking winter and summer together, Southern California has clearly—in parts—a better and more equable climate than the Riviera. Such a thing as three inches of snow in the streets of Santa Barbara or San Diego is unheard of, and though both places have cold treacherous winds, there is no Mistral. One thing about Southern California, is the fine choice of climate it is said to possess, though it did not suit me, as, except in the San Gabriel Valley, I found it too bracing. The worst of it is that each place considers itself perfection, and proves it by statistics of death-rates and temperatures. Not being able to believe a word you read makes it very annoying. I always understood that the power of gross exaggeration was a peculiarity of Eastern nations, but it would seem that the residents of California are most strongly imbued with this weakness. I copied the following notice which was written up in chalk letters on a black-board outside the Coronado Hotel. It is really an interesting production, as, apart from its grotesqueness, it is difficult to understand how it can pay to put up such trash. One would have thought such an advertisement would defeat its own end. It would spoil it to criticize it, but "genteel" is distinctly good.

"A drive to old Mexico, visit the land of unparalleled exuberance and multiplicity of natural products. Crossing the Ferry, driving through San Diego, National City, the terminus of the great Santa Fé system, the peerless Shula Vista. Through the verdant valley and o'er the laughing waters of the Otay, passing the domains of the Assistant Adjutant-General of the U.S. Also the spring from which flows the crystal waters that are served on the tables of the Hotel Del Coronado, which stands to-day in every respect without a compeer in the world to patricians from every land and every clime. Crossing o'er the Pia Juana valley and arriving on Mexican soil, you will be greeted in a *genteel* manner by the proud descendants of the Montezumas. Returning *via* San Diego, Oucouta, and Coronado heights, thence along the waters which Balboa discovered from drawing his sword and entering there, and took possession of in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella." I am unable to give any idea of the writer's meaning, but the text is verbatim.

San Diego is also a "boom" town, and suddenly sprang from an obscure little locality into a place with 30,000 inhabitants, though it has now sunk back to 15,000. During the excitement some thought it was going to turn out a second San Francisco. The guest I alluded to as having dined with me, came out in 1885, and bought three blocks of land in San Diego. For two blocks he gave, in English money, £100 each, and for the third £120. After eighteen months he sold the first two for £750, and the third for £500. Within less than fifteen months, these same three blocks were sold by the men who bought them from him for 160,000 dollars, or £32,000. There are endless stories of this sort, but I give this, as I believe it is true. I afterwards went to call on Mrs. S—— (my guest's wife), a former member of the London School Board. She told me that her doctors at home said it was impossible for her to winter in England, so, having sons ranching in San Diego County, she and her husband had permanently settled in California. When she first arrived she was a martyr to chronic bronchitis; she is now the picture of health, and is no longer bothered with the complaint. After speaking of chronic catarrh, she told me of a spring near the town which possesses the most extraordinary properties. Had she not herself known four cases which appeared almost miraculous, I should not repeat the story. The spring in question is called "Neale's," and is only a few miles from the town of San Diego. An old man engaged on the property, with a perfectly bald pate, and a fringe of grey hair round it, was in the habit of washing his head daily at this spring. After two months a growth of fluffy young hair appeared, which developed into a fine crop of dark hair. Mrs. S—— saw this man afterwards, and said the contrast between the old iron-grey ring and the new dark hair was most striking. After this, a coloured servant at the Florence Hotel, with a head as bald as a billiard ball, also tried the water, and in two months had a luxuriant head of fine curly wool.

The third case was of a lady with no eyebrows. After six weeks she grew a bushy pair. The fourth case was of a man with polypus, which the doctors pronounced incurable, but which these waters completely took away. All these four cases

Mrs. S—— vouched for, knowing the people, and having seen what happened. She was most anxious I should give the spring a trial, but I have grown sceptical, and though I am sure Mrs. S—— believed what she said, it savoured too much of a miracle.

Mr. S—— was, prior to his departure from the old country, a leading member of the Corporation of London. Although he admits that Southern California is a wonderful country, and admires greatly the way it has shot ahead, he still agreed with me that, to some extent, the self-sufficiency of the people completely spoils them.

If they only were more modest, and did not consider that whatever they possess, or touch, is superior to anything else on earth, one would be full of admiration for their enterprise. But their arrogance and conceit make one fly off on the other tack and endeavour to find out the flaws. Mr. S—— finds much to amuse him in his adopted country. The administration of the criminal law is to him something quite new. That a murderer he knew of should, because he was rich, be able to secure *five* trials, and then buy himself off with only a nominal sentence, seemed to him all wrong. The laxity of the Divorce Laws of the new country also afforded him considerable amusement. Whilst talking, he led me to the window and said: "You see that house over the way. Well, the man who lives there I met a day or two back. In course of conversation, he evidently noticed I was eyeing a large new straw hat he had on. He laughed and said, 'I guess the hat you are looking at must have belonged to my wife's husband, as I found it among her things.' It appears that the man wearing the hat had divorced his wife. She had married the original owner of the hat. The hat-owner died, and she re-married her first husband, with whom she is now living." Here is another case. Two friends in San Diego county married two sisters, and lived in adjoining houses. After sixteen years, husbands and wives became more or less tired of each other, were divorced on the score of incompatibility of temper, and each married his friend's wife and, of course, his own sister-in-law. They all continue the best of friends, and meet frequently.

There were families on both sides, which they divided up to their mutual satisfaction.

The following cutting from a newspaper would make it appear as though divorce was a regular trade:—

> "Easy and quick divorce is evidently to be had in Oklahoma (U.S). An attorney at Kingfisher in that territory has issued a circular which points out that the statutes of Oklahoma specify no fewer than 'ten separate and distinct causes for any one or more of which a divorce may be obtained,' including 'gross neglect of duty;' that the Probate Court of each county, 'which is always in session,' has jurisdiction in actions for divorce, 'which affords litigants an opportunity to obtain relief very speedily and without having to wait the slow process of the District Court;' that the statute requires only three months' residence in the territory; and, finally, that 'persons coming to Oklahoma will find the city of Kingfisher, with its 4,000 inhabitants and all modern improvements, a very pleasant place to live in.'"

The Coronado Hotel is one of the largest in the world. They *can* put up a thousand guests, but I should not care to be one of the number. During my visit, although it was comparatively empty, the season being over, there were some 200 people left. The temperature at noon in the shade was, for the last few days of my stay at the end of April, from 74 degrees to 78 degrees, and the weather all that one could desire. During my five or six weeks' stay in Southern California, we did not have more than ten really beautiful days, and four out of these I experienced in San Diego. Even in this hotel I found artificial heating was required during the winter. It rarely blows a gale, but there is nearly always a breeze, and this we often found very chilly. The hotel is built upon a long, narrow peninsula, and is about two miles from the town of San Diego.

San Diego can also be reached from Panama, as the Pacific Mail Steamship Co. call there on their way to San Francisco; it is therefore possible for delicate persons, wishing to come out to Southern California, to do so without the very fatiguing journey across the Continent. The only bit of railway travel they need do, is from one side of the Isthmus of Panama to the other—say forty miles. The route is by Royal Mail from Southampton, and thence by Pacific Mail up the Mexican Coast. An additional feature in its favour is, that it is cheaper than the land journey.

"These are the principal routes open to the globe-trotter:—

To the West Indies.
" Brazil and River Plate.
" The Cape of Good Hope.
" India, China, &c., by the Suez Canal.
" Australia, &c., by the Suez Canal.
" " by the Pacific route.
" " by the Cape of Good Hope.

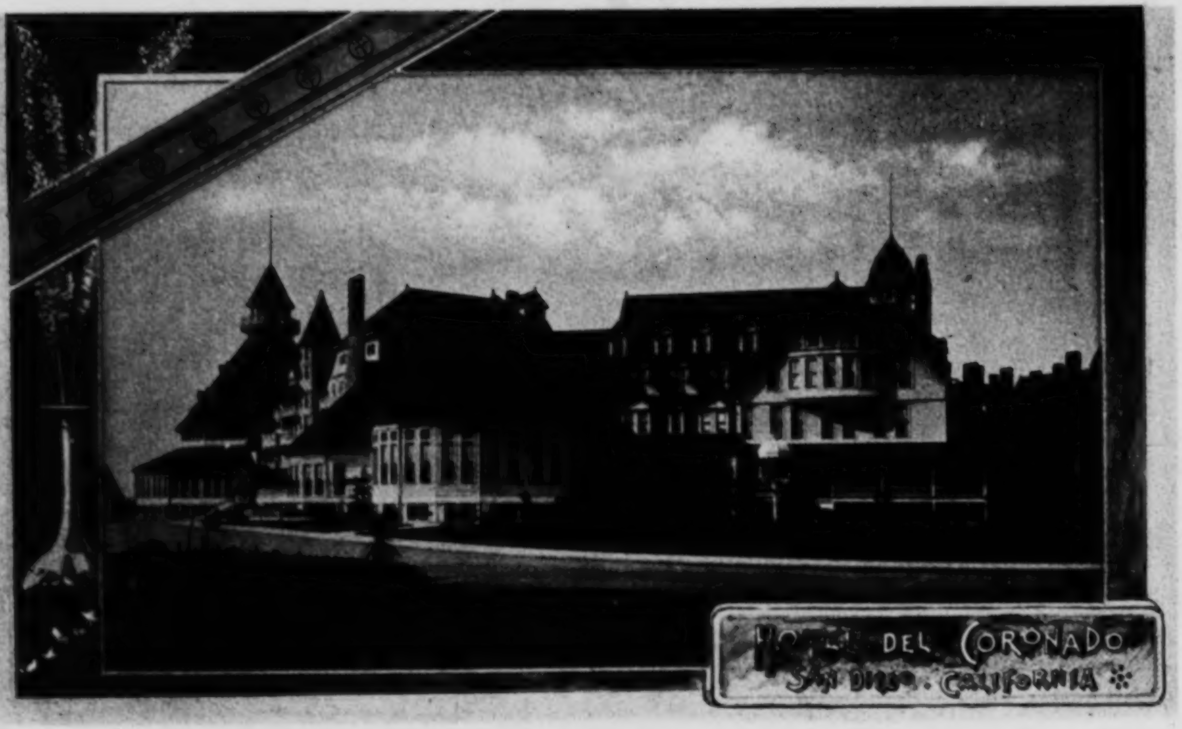
	Miles.	Days.
Liverpool to New York	3,000	7
New York to San Francisco	3,318	6
San Francisco to Honolulu	2,100	8
Honolulu to Auckland	3,879	15
Auckland to Sydney	1,300	4
Total	13,597	40

If, in order to avoid the long railway journey across America, the voyage is made by way of the Isthmus of Panama, the traveller can either proceed in the first instance to New York as before, and from thence take one of the Pacific Mail steamers to Aspinwall; or, preferably, he can sail direct to the latter place from England by one of the Royal Mail steamers.

Avoid taking a cabin in the immediate neighbourhood of the steward's pantry, the storeroom, or the bar, and—in steamers—of the engine-room, and get as near as possible to a skylight or other means of ventilation. It is customary to advise that the cabin should be taken on the windward side of the ship—that is, on that side on which the wind will most often blow during the voyage.

In choosing a berth, do not, if you can help it, take one that is either over or under another berth, for both positions are undesirable, although unfortunately such an arrangement is, from the economy of space so obtained, a very frequent one on steamers. Choose, if possible, a cabin in which the berths are on different sides. Select a berth *opposite* a port if you can, but not *under* one, or you may, when you least expect it, get 'a sea' in, and be exposed for days afterwards to that crowning discomfort of sea life—wet bedding."—*The Ocean as a Health Resort.*

I suppose the administration of the hotel, as the French would would call it, are unable to see how horridly vulgar their style of advertising really is. It is only a remove or two from the "high falutin" nonsense I have given a page or two back. Seeing this


HOTEL DEL CORONADO
SAN DIEGO · CALIFORNIA

common sort of advertisement in all the Californian papers I hesitated about paying the hotel a visit; but I suppose they understand the public they cater for better than I do, and if vulgarity didn't pay they would change their style.

"A UNIQUE CORNER OF THE EARTH!

THAT'S CORONADO BEACH.

DO YOU KNOW WHERE CORONADO BEACH IS?

It is the Paradise of the Pacific, the Mecca of tourists in search of rest, health, sport, and diversion.

'Tis a 'Land of Sunny Days!' where care is a stranger and worry a dead letter. Where dyspeptics forget their ills, and pessimists are born again; where sick people get well, and well people get fat. It is the Utopia for globe-trotters, and the land of Arcadia for lotus-eaters.

COME AND TARRY with us awhile and enjoy the *dolce far niente*, which is attained here to the height of earthly perfection. 'The proof of the pudding is in the eating.' We've got the pudding—come and eat, drink and be merry. One never gets the 'blues' at Coronado Beach."

I had heard such various reports about the hotel that I expected I should be again disappointed. The *cuisine* I must certainly pronounce good, and quite equal to the average hotel on the Riviera. What it is like when eight hundred or nine hundred people are stopping there I cannot say, but, after so much bad cooking, it was indeed a treat to have palatable food again. The kitchens are certainly the finest I have yet seen. The head waiter seemed to be exceptionally civil, but this was afterwards accounted for by his turning out to be an Englishman. The hotel is built wholly of wood, and there will be a fine flare-up some day. There are three billiard tables for ladies just off the hall, an "elegant" ball-room, with one of the best laid floors I have ever seen, and an orchestra which plays both at luncheon and dinner. In fact, it was a great enterprise to build a hotel of this magnitude, on the comparatively cheerless spot where it stands almost alone. At first, I believe, it did not answer, but, like the rest of the Southern Californian hotels, it had a magnificient season in the winter of 1892-3. One misses the people to be found in the European health resorts, as, with some few exceptions, the guests frequenting these hotels are not of the type with which the English would foregather. Why is it, I wonder, that all the pleasantest Americans seem to come abroad or remain in the Eastern States? They really should give Southern California a turn, for it is more accessible than the Riviera, its climate is said to be as good, and they would have the further satisfaction of feeling they were doing their duty and spending their dollars in their own country. Unless going for their health, my advice to my own countrymen is, that it is not worth the long journey. If you are a prejudiced Britisher, and resent not finding everything as you are used to having it at home, then don't dream of undertaking it. If on the other hand you can make yourself at home with a millionaire who eats with his knife; are willing to take a drink with the stage driver, and do not object to being spoken to familiarly by the servants, in fact, are able to accommodate yourself to the ways of the country, then you will probably enjoy yourself. The absence of private servants at the hotels will seem strange to an Englishman. Although there were men and women in the hotel a hundred times better off than I am, still my man was the only private servant there.

In one way I much prefer California to our health resorts, because there is much more to do. There is a land-locked bay suitable for small boat sailing, plenty of shooting and coursing, and excellent riding excursions can be undertaken. In fact, whenever the weather was decently fine, I always found plenty to do. Were it not for its distance from England, I would, for this reason alone, prefer it to the Riviera. If one only met the same delightful people one does at Cairo, then I think Southern California, in an ordinary winter, would repay the extra amount of travelling.

In looking through the game-book kept by the Coronado Hotel, I noticed the name of Col. Hooper, a gentleman with whom I was salmon fishing some years ago. As he would not have entered his bag unless it was *bona fide*, this account of the sport in the neighbourhood can be relied upon:—

NEJI (MEXICO).

December 29th, 1892.
Three Days' Bag—Three Guns:
Col. W. W. Hooper.

442	Quail
5	Rabbits
304	Ducks
56	Snipe
807	

March 1st, 1893.
Three Days' Bag—Three Guns.

462	Quail
58	Rabbits
191	Ducks
136	Snipe
847	

For those in search of health the following statistics may be useful; and I would add that the report of the United States Signal Service is, of course, correct:—

RAINFALL FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.

REPORT FROM THE U. S. SIGNAL SERVICE OFFICE.

	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	April	May	June	July	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Total.
1880	0.61	1.50	1.43	1.34	0.06	0.06	0.09	0.32	0.00	0.53	0.28	4.15	10.37
1881	0.52	0.45	1.88	1.35	0.04	0.06	0.09	0.01	0.04	0.24	0.12	0.30	5.00
1882	4.53	2.55	1.02	0.45	0.18	0.07	0.00	0.00	0.01	0.41	0.39	0.13	9.74
1883	1.09	0.95	0.41	0.31	1.14	0.08	0.00	0.00	0.00	2.01	0.20	1.82	8.01
1884	1.34	9.05	6.23	2.84	2.17	0.31	0.00	0.00	0.07	0.35	0.11	5.12	27.59
1885	0.35	0.02	0.78	1.20	0.61	0.06	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.31	1.56	0.71	5.30
1886	6.95	1.51	3.73	1.95	0.04	0.07	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.05	0.95	0.10	15.35
1887	0.04	4.51	0.02	2.14	0.47	0.04	0.01	*T	*T	*T	2.01	1.14	10.45
1888	1.96	1.48	2.79	0.10	0.22	0.04	0.01	*T	0.04	0.26	1.83	2.84	11.57
1889	1.72	1.80	2.20	0.19	0.03	0.10	*T	0.04	*T	2.12	0.12	X2.02	10.34
1890	1.32	1.04	0.38	0.03	0.04	0.00	0.00	*T	0.37	0.01	0.72	1.22	8.02
1891	1.21	4.84	0.27	0.76	0.35	0.05	*T	0.00	0.08	0.04	0.10	1.29	8.99
1892	1.58	2.96	0.96	0.41	1.15	0.13	0.00	0.05	*T	0.22	0.94	0.69	9.09

*T indicates a trace of rainfall—or less than 0.01.
X approximated.

"OUR TEMPERATURE.

The following figures are also taken from the official records of the United States Signal Service Station at San Diego, and are for the twenty years from 1871 to 1891, both years inclusive.

In a period of seventeen years from 1875 to 1891, covering 6,205 days, there were 6,006 days in which the mercury did not rise above 80 degrees, and only 120 days in which it rose higher than 80 degrees.

During this time there were never more than two days in any one month in which it rose so high as 85 degrees, except June, 1877, four days; September, 1878, five days; June, 1879, two days; September, 1879, four days.

On not a single day during the twenty years did any unusual warmth continue more than a few hours, the highest mean temperature for any day being only 70 degrees. It thus appears that the climate of Coronado is entirely free from what is known in the East as the 'heated term.' In these twenty summers no sweltering heat by night prevented sleep; in fact, there was no night during all the period when a blanket was not necessary for comfort. It has been seen that there is no such thing as a 'heated term' known here. It will now be shown that what is termed a 'cold snap' is equally unknown. During the same seventeen years, containing 6,205 days, there were 6,006 on which the mercury did not fall below 40 degrees. On no day did the mercury remain at 40 degrees more than one or two hours, and this between midnight and daylight, the lowest record for any day being 52 degrees—on four of the 6,205 days.

COMPARED WITH THE NOTED EUROPEAN RESORTS.

	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	April.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
CORONADO	*55·9	58.5	55·0	57.2	60.4	63.1	67.0	70.5	66.6	59.7	56.0	56.0
Naples ...	†46.5	48.5	52.0	57.0	66.5	71.0	75.0	76.5	72.5	65.0	54.5	50.5
Mentone ...	†48.0	48.0	52.0	57.0	63.0	70.0	75.0	75.0	69.0	64.0	54.0	49.0
Rome ...	†47.6	49.4	52.0	56.4	64.5	69.2	73.3	74.0	69.5	63.6	58.8	49.6
Nice ...	†45.8	49.0	51.4	57.0	63.0	69.0	73.6	74.3	69.4	61.8	53.7	48.6
Florence ...	†41.0	45.0	48.0	56.0	64.0	69.0	77.0	76.0	70.0	59.0	53.0	47.0

* Computed from U.S. Signal Service. † Computed by Dr. Bennett.

An inspection of the foregoing table will show that the winter temperature of Coronado is 8 degrees higher than the winter temperature of the most favoured foreign winter resorts and the summer temperature 10 degrees lower, thus making an average of 9 degrees in favour of Coronado as an all-the-year-round resort.

OUR INTER-OCEAN CLIMATE.

Climatologists come here and make a study of the climate and call it the true marine climate. This is misleading. They mean that our climate is the opposite to any marine climate ever discovered in any part of the globe. They recognize its pre-eminence on account of its extreme dryness, and in it they see an *ideal* marine climate and it is forthwith styled the True Marine Climate.

This peculiar dryness in our atmosphere—peculiar from the fact that it exists at such proximity to the sea—is accounted for by scientists.

Mr. T. S. Van Dyke explains the phenomenon in every-day English in his book on Southern California, and we quote him as follows:—

'... It is easy to see whence comes the sea breeze, the great glory of the California climate. It is passing us here, a gentle breeze of six or eight miles an hour. It is flowing over this great ridge directly into the immense basin of the Colorado desert, hundreds of feet deep, where the temperature is probably one hundred degrees. For many leagues on either side of us this current is thus flowing at the same speed, and is probably half a mile or more in depth. About sun-down, when the air over the desert cools and descends, the current will change and come the other way and flood these western slopes with an air as pure as that of the Sahara, and nearly as dry. The air heated on the western slopes by the sun would by rising produce considerable suction, which could be filled only from the sea; but that alone would not make the sea breeze as dry as it is. The principal suction is caused by the rising of heated air from the great desert. This cannot flow over eastward, because a still greater volume equally hot is rising from the fiery furnace of Arizona; nor on the north, for there lies the greater desert of the Mojave; some, doubtless, goes over the Gulf of California, but that is quite narrow, and it is already overworked with cooling off the heated air from Sonora and the eastern slopes of the mountains of Lower California. The greater part, therefore, must flow over in a high stratum upon the west, that being the coolest place surrounding it. It soon reaches the ocean, and once over that its course is easy to determine. It is quickly cooled off and descends to be carried back again by the suction produced by the air rising from the desert and on the western slopes of the county. Hence, instead of being a wind born of the sea, the sea-breeze is here a mere under-tow, a vast returning wave of air, most of which, in its circuit, reaches the desert and mingles with its dry breath. The lowest stratum is, of course, moistened somewhat by its contact with the sea, but after passing a few miles overland, this is mingled with the strata above and there is no more moisture left than comfort and vegetation require. . .'"

If correct, the following will be of advantage to many:—

"Coronado is a haven for hay fever sufferers. Here hay fever is not indigenous, and in imported cases its course is short, the improvement being immediate. In fact, the atmosphere of Coronado is so salutary, so free from irritating dust and noxious vegetable effluvia, that the material on which the disease feeds is wholly lacking; consequently hay fever is here famished, as it were, and dies of inanition, and the salubrious Coronado Mineral Water soon clears away all the dregs of it from the constitution. The lately languid and despondent invalid finds his mind become contented, his spirits buoyant, and his whole body full of health and energy. In such cases, other circumstances here are highly favourable: for instance, the proximity of the surrounding ocean, and the regular alternating breezes, tending to maintain the wondrous equability of the temperature of the air, which temperature varies but little during the twenty-four hours, being nearly the same by night as by day. Owing, also, to the sea breeze, the air is never so dry as to be unpleasant, but is always balmy and soothing to the respiratory organs. A physician of eminence, during three years' residence, took special note of the hay fever invalids who came here in quest of health, and was often amazed at their rapid recovery. The same climatic and other advantages which are here so curative in hay fever, are also highly beneficial in phthisis and other chest complaints, and in ailments of the liver, kidneys, and bladder.

You would not suppose from the above that this hotel requires artificially heating in the winter, but such is the case.

In the following re-print the style is very similar to the high flown language used in the description of the Sandwich Islands, and it really would seem as if they cannot get away from this exuberance of expression.

"While the merits of Coronado Beach and our Hotel del Coronado have enlisted the talents of some of the most gifted writers of our land, and elicited encomiums of praise from the thousands who have been our guests, Coronado must be seen and enjoyed to be thoroughly appreciated. This, with all due respect to the genius of the many who have written glowing accounts of her charms, of the eloquence with which her devotees have extolled her virtues, and despite the cunning with which her enemies have plotted to destroy her growing popularity. For, after all, there is an elusive element in our climate, our sky, our water, and our dreamy landscapes—a witchery, as it were—that successfully eludes capture by the artist-poet's brush or pen. He feels it all, and sees it all, but when it comes to transferring it on canvas or to paper, the task is a baffling one and the sketch-book is closed; the letter remains unfinished; and the lotus-eating continues in an uninterrupted fashion. Care is allowed to go begging for victims. Worry goes curling upwards through the ethereal blue. The musical surf chants a lullaby; and be you poet or peasant, worker or dreamer, Nature here is master, and you are enslaved in the meshes of Content, caring little whether school keeps or not, as long as the big girls are here. And bless 'em, the place is full of them all the year round. We have

The summer girl and the winter girl,
  The girl who loves to row;
The Delsarte girl and the Ibsen girl,
  And the girl who loves to sew.

The decolleté girl and the Blazer girl,
  And the girl with the sailor hat—
The goody girl and the slangy girl,
  And the girl who loves to chat.

There's the sedate girl and the jolly girl,
  And the girl who loves to paint;
The horsey girl and the tennis girl,
  And the girl with gowns so quaint.

There's the suspendered girl and the cycling girl,
  And the girl who loves a ball—
But the fadless girl, don't-know-it-all girl
  Is the sweetest girl of all."

Fine as it had been on the morning of April 23rd, 1893, I found, on going to breakfast, half a dozen people sitting round an open grate in the hall with a blazing wood fire. I do not remember needing a fire in the Riviera, or seeing people wearing great coats at that time of the year. The hotel on one side is actually touched by the sea at high tide, and when the wind is inclined to be cold, one gets the full benefit of it. Had I intended sojourning for any length of time I should have preferred to go a little more inland.

For anyone proposing to spend any considerable time in the country, living would not be found dear. To those who want to live cheaply there are lots of hotels where they can be taken in at £3 a week, inclusive of everything, except boot cleaning. If a long stay is contemplated the terms are less. Personally, nothing would induce me to stay at one of these hotels, and I would far sooner "rent" a cottage and engage a Chinaman-cook than put up with the horrible and pretentious meals these smaller houses affect. During our stay we rode into the city of San Diego and lunched at the leading hotel. As a hotel it was "away ahead" of any to be met with in a town of corresponding size in England. I thought before, as regards poor living, I was down on the "bed-rock," but this convinced me there were deeper depths than I had before struck. It equalled, if it did not surpass, the worst wayside railway station in America, which is saying a good deal, and yet a former member of the corporation of the City of London recommended me to go there, although I believe it had changed hands in the interim.

To return to the question of cost. If you remain stationary, and bring out with you all clothing, &c., you are likely to require, you will not find it more expensive than at home. You can buy a good serviceable horse for from £10 to £15, and its keep won't cost you much. But, as my truthful steamer acquaintance said, "you want in my country now, always to have fifty cents in the palm of your hand ready to tip with."

Amongst the testimonials in the Coronado Hotel is one signed Dr. T. Griswold Cornstock, St. Louis. After the usual rhapsodies all seem bound to indulge in, he concludes with these words, "No hotel like the Coronado is to be found in any part of Europe, and at a hotel in Europe, with anything like its comforts, it would cost about three times as much as at the Coronado. I speak from experience, having quite recently returned from a five months tour over the continent."

I, too, speak from experience, having had twenty-four years knowledge of European hotels, and all I can say is, that I paid, at Coronado Beach, on the reduced tariff for slack season, five dollars a day. At the Prince of Wales Hotel, at Cannes, a hotel patronised annually by the Duke of Cambridge, who knows what comfort and good living are, I pay, on the American system, for one of the best rooms, inclusive, four dollars a day. It is almost superfluous to say this is one of the best hotels in Cannes. Even at Monte Carlo, at the Grand Hotel, if one chooses to feed at regular hours, one can live on the *American* system ranging from three to four dollars a day. On the *European* plan, if you allow two dollars for bed-room, one dollar for *dejeunèr*, two dollars and a-half for dinner, and fifty cents for the morning *café au lait*, it only brings the total to six dollars a day, so Dr. Cornstock's statement is as misleading as these sort of testimonials usually are. I do not find fault, in any way, with the charge of £1 a day at the Coronado Beach Hotel, as we had good value; but I do object to Dr. Cornstock's statement that the same accommodation could not be obtained in Europe for three times that sum.

If Dr. Cornstock had said that the laundry charges at the Coronado Beach Hotel were three times as much as we pay in Europe, he would have been speaking the truth. Twopence-halfpenny each for pocket handkerchiefs, and other things in the same proportion, tend to swell one's bill. At the Arlington at Santa Barbara, and at the Palace at San Francisco, we found no cause to complain about the washing charges, but four pence for a pair of socks is apt to make the unsophisticated Englishman open his eyes; moreover, the things are not a bit better turned out, if as well, as in other hotels at which we have paid a quarter the price.

A word of advice to ordinary horsemen visiting the Western States for the first time. Before mounting, overhaul all the gear—that your bit and stirrups will be rusty goes without saying. Look to your reins, and see that they are not rotten, and also tauten your girths, as the natives usually ride with them slack. In fact, if you go "horsebacking" and don't have anything carry away you are lucky. One day, in the City of San Diego, I had to get down and clear a lot of wire off my mare's fore-legs. A spill is thought nothing of, and old tins were more plentiful there than ever. Another peculiarity of the native gee is that he does not steer like a Christian horse, but is guided entirely by the reins on his neck. You ride with a perfectly slack rein, and if you want to go to your right you incline your hand to the right. The left rein presses on his neck, and he understands what you want and steers beautifully, pull however the right rein without the left touching his neck and he refuses to answer. Owing to most of them having been ridden by cow-boys with cruel Mexican bits, the horses, on the least pressure on their mouth, pull up all standing. The swagger thing with these cow-boys is to ride up at a hand-gallop to a place, and then rein in the horse suddenly till he comes nearly on his haunches. I asked the stable keeper at the hotel to let me have an animal that stopped well, meaning easily. He said the one he was recommending me "would pull up on a dollar piece," exactly the thing I wished to avoid. Mexican saddles are on this account preferable to English, for nearly all these horses pull up thus suddenly, and, till you get used to it, this is apt, on an English saddle, to throw you almost on the animal's neck. On the whole, they are very intelligent, well dispositioned beasts. Of course, if you want a buck-jumper they could oblige you, but, with the exception of the peculiarities I have mentioned, the livery stable horses will be found free from vice.

The Americans sneer at our nobility, but what snobs they repeatedly show themselves to be! Whilst I was in America, I read an account of Lord Craven's marriage in New York. After the ceremony, the spectators in the church clambered over the pews and almost fought for the flowers, those who were unsuccessful snatching them from the others.

Even on the Coast, the captain of the vessel in which the Princess Louise travelled, keeps to this day amongst his greatest treasures the cup which the Princess used when on board his steamer. He has engraved on it in gold letters, "Cup out of which H.R.H. the Princess Louise drank." I have heard it said that, after the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh, people paid fifty cents to sit in the chair in which he had sat! Now, on the Max O'Rell plan, let me tone this down a bit. As I have before said, there are no more delightful people than those Americans who have lived a great deal abroad and have learnt, that, though they are a wonderful nation, it is not quite good taste to be always flaunting this fact in the face of foreigners.

In another respect let me do justice to the Americans generally, to the vulgar crowd as well as the "four hundred," by bearing testimony to the kindness they show to those bringing them proper letters of introduction. In England I fear we often look upon it as rather an infliction, and are apt to say: "What a horrible bore it is! here has Mr. Smith, of New York, given some man or other a letter to me, so I suppose we must ask him to dinner and get it over." This is not the way the American will treat you. He, to any reasonable extent, is willing to neglect his own business, and takes a pleasure in showing you about and doing all he can to conduce to the pleasure of your visit. If he belongs to a club, he straightway puts you down. If he is not so high up as that in the social scale, he introduces you to "the boys." Funniest custom of all is the practice of promiscuous introduction. My name may be a trifle difficult to catch, but I have often been introduced by one person to another, and my introducer had to stop in the middle of the introduction to inquire my name!

There is a sort of stock phrase all through the country. It runs in this way: Assuming that the man introducing you manages to have pulled through his part successfully, it's a hundred to one the person you are introduced to has something to say—somewhat to this effect, "I don't think I have quite got it; did you say, Captain Notting?" On being put right, he next wants to know whether it is spelt with an "n" or a "k," with one "t" or two, and whether you are from London? Then comes the orthodox expression, which is *de rigeur*. He holds out his hand and cordially shakes yours, and remarks that "he is very glad to have the pleasure of making your acquaintance." In the course of a minute or so he repeats this remark as he moves on, on taking his leave. The bar-keeper, the hotel clerk, the stranger at the hotel you may have chatted with, all think it the right thing to introduce you to people you have not the slightest desire to know; but apart from this peculiarity, they certainly set us an example as regards hospitality.

Some years ago my father was of some slight service to John Jacob Astor when he visited London. On my going to New York, my father gave me an introduction to him, and, from both Mr. and Mrs. Astor I received the greatest kindness, and, had I been making a lengthy stay in New York, could through them have had a "lovely time." I remember being much surprised at a dinner party, to which they were good enough to ask me, to notice that no Americanisms at all were made use of, and that there was no trace of a nasal twang amongst any of the guests —in fact, I will engage to say that more American expressive terms are used by the English than by the best class of Americans.

I did not find as great a change in America since my previous visit as I expected. In one paper I saw an account of some lawless proceedings at Fresno which are worthy of the "forty-niners." Two well known desperadoes who are in the habit of "holding up trains," were bent on rescuing some friends from Fresno jail, the Sheriff and a posse waited, armed to the teeth, around the house they were in, and in the end foolishly let them escape. There were shots exchanged, but, though they had committed endless murders, they got off. These men had boldly shown themselves about the town and no one seemed to think of arresting them. Whilst I was in America a negro killed a ticket agent by stabbing, and was sentenced to seven years imprisonment. Well, the townspeople thought the sentence too light, so they caught the poor wretch and strung him up on the nearest tree. These are the people who fancy they set an example to the world and won't bear criticism. The whole system of the administration of the Criminal Law requires altering, and when altered, lynchers must be punished by the United States Courts.

Of the hotel I did not visit, I have heard nothing but good. I allude to the Hotel del Monte, Monterey. It is but four hours from San Francisco and, of course, claims to possess the most equable climate in the State. The scenery near the hotel, all agree, is beautiful, and they have there a finer warm swimming-bath than the hotel at which I stayed can boast.

I shall always regret not having visited del Monte, as I am told it is not only the best hotel outside San Francisco, but the most beautifully situated in California. There is less to do in the way of amusement than at San Diego, for there one can sail, swim, fish, shoot, charter a boat and shoot sea-lions on the neighbouring islands, go "horsebacking," "buggy riding," "motor," and "electric car riding," take camping out trips into Mexico (only fifteen miles away) after quail, visit ranches, hot springs, and various other places within thirty miles or so of the hotel. In fact, if one is only fit, there is plenty of fun to be had if you drop all "English," which is the synonymous term for *side*. The expression used in billiards throughout America for too much or too little side, is too much or too little "English."

I should think three or four men might make a most enjoyable trip by buying a wagon and team, and, either by camping out or fitting it up like a gipsy van, have a regular cruise on wheels. That is, of course, the best way to see the country, and any young fellows having capital to invest, would obtain a spendid insight into the country by this means.

Now that the time has come to close my notes on this part of my journey, I regret that I was not able to see more places. From my visit I have derived no benefit, but I could hardly expect the climate to cure such a disease as Emphysema, in fact I think both that and the chronic catarrh from which I suffer are worse, for, though able to ride a peaceful gee, I am unable to ascend a flight of stairs.

For one thing, however, I must be thankful, and that is, I looked, I am told, at the end of my trip, the picture of health, though still very short-winded. I must apologise for thus introducing my maladies, but I have done so *of malice aforethought.*

Had "In Search of a Climate," been written by someone else, and read by me, I should have been disappointed if the author, through some mistaken sense of good form, had steered clear of what ailed him, for how could I have formed an estimate of whether the place written about would do me good or not, unless the author were frank about himself.

Although there is a charm about the Sandwich Islands that California does not possess, I can quite believe a winter in San Diego would do an invalid more good. Life in those Islands is apt to make one very susceptible to cold after leaving them, and though there is a delicious feeling of absence from care and worry, I doubt whether they are as beneficial for pulmonary disease as the drier and more bracing climate of Southern California.

My notes on this subject must now close, as my next journey was to Chicago, in order to be present at the opening of the World's Fair. Since Chicago does not possess a climate, my visit there will find no place in this book. Apropos of the "Fair," the Californians have been much exercised, for and against a proposition that a statue of a Californian girl should be sent as a specimen of the sort of girl California can produce.

A San Francisco paper thus comments on the suggestion:—

"Even if California were to send a statue to Chicago, which should be a type of feminine loveliness, it might not be the Chicago type. Chicago has already disapproved of our artists; she might disapprove of our art. Those flat faced feminine freaks who abound in the Chicago streets may be the Chicago ideal. It is told of a Chicago lady (name of Raggles), that when in Italy she was very anxious to see the Apollo Belvidere. When at last Mrs. Raggles was shown that stony type of manly beauty, she gazed at it long and silently, and then, levelling a scornful umbrella at it, remarked; 'Well, I've seen the Apollo Belvideer, and I've seen Raggles, and gimme Raggles.'"

ACCIDENT AT

CHAPTER XI.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

ALTHOUGH my notes relating to "In Search of a Climate" may be said to end with the account I have given of San Diego, yet a little more remains to be said. I had always heard that Chicago possessed a stock of samples in the way of weather, even worse than those served out to us in London.

I had remained in Southern California so long, that in order to be back in England in time for my militia training I was compelled to use all haste. As I had to pass through Chicago, I wished to see the opening of the World's Fair and spend a few days at the Exhibition. The Californian newspapers, in their usual mendacious fashion, had been making statements that there was such a rush to Chicago that all the sleeping berths were taken up to the end of June.

I tried to secure, what is called in America, a "Drawing Room," on April the 25th, but found there was none available for that date, so had to take one for the 24th instead. Had I applied a day or two earlier, I should have escaped the railway accident which befell us, and of which I give an illustration. The photograph was taken by a local photographer, within an hour of its occurrence. At the place at which it happened the ground is level on both sides of the line, or the result would have been more disastrous. The cause of the mishap was, fortunately, a very exceptional one, namely, the "bustin' of the engine's biler." The line on which we were travelling was that of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fè. The mechanics on this line had struck, and no repairs could be executed, which possibly accounted for the condition of the boiler.

Our engine, when I saw it after the mishap, looked as though a place should have been found for it in the Transportation building at the World's Fair beside the "John Bull," the first locomotive used in America, built in 1834, and other relics of the past. From what I myself experienced in this accident, and from what I gathered from reading accounts of other mishaps, there is no question that the Pullman Car is by far the safest place to be in in such an event. When our poor old engine blew itself up, we were only travelling between twenty and thirty miles an hour. The carriage in which I was seated was the fourth from the engine, and as at the time of the catastrophe I felt comparatively little shock, on getting out of the train, was greatly surprised to find the magnitude of the disaster.

The two Pullman cars were the only ones uninjured, and left on the track. With the exception of the engine driver, the injuries sustained by those on the train were but slight. The engine which after tearing up the rails, had jumped the track, lay on its side, with the driver pinned underneath it. A physician from San Diego, together with Miss A. and some negroes, helped to get him out. The poor man was one mass of blood and coal dust, a part of his scalp was hanging over his eyes, and he was also badly injured internally. In America, what we should, at home, call bigoted idiots, are called "cranks," and we had some of the most extreme type of cranks as fellow passengers. Hard as it may seem to believe, the sympathy of these true Christians (?) was quite withheld from the dying man because he was seen to drink freely some whisky we gave him to deaden his sufferings, whilst he was being dug out.

The next day, at a station restaurant, I sat near to a lady who had expressed herself most strongly on the iniquity of our trying to relieve the man's agony by giving him some whisky. When the waiter came round to ask us what we had taken, this punctilious beauty deliberately cheated the man, for she said she had only had a cup of tea and a slice of bread and butter, whereas I had seen her make a meal off everything within reach. I was not surprised, as there is generally a weak spot in the armour of the "unco guid." I understand the directors of the swindling Liberator Company always asked God's blessing on their proceedings!

What struck me most about this mishap of ours was the wonderful imperturbability of my fellow passengers. It would really seem as if the Americans have some of the Indian stoicism in their blood. Had this occurred in England we should have seen the women in hysterics, and the men in a great state of excitement. After the driver was placed in one of the Pulman cars, and bandaged by Miss A., who cut up her under-linen for the purpose, no one seemed to express much further concern in the matter, and were quite content to await the clearing and repairing of the line.*

After the accident we were delayed about twelve hours whilst the wreck was being removed and the track repaired. The nearest little town was Los Cerrillos (New Mexico). Here we spent the time as best we could. The city of Los Cerrillos consists of 250 inhabitants, and boasts of thirteen drinking saloons, which advertise in large characters, "We never sleep, come in!"

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* On leaving San Diego, I had a strong altercation with the railway authorities. I had taken through tickets from Sydney to London, and a special privilege attaching to these is that the traveller is given free transport for 250 lb. of baggage across America, instead of the usual 100 lb. which ordinary overland passengers are allowed. This privilege was plainly printed on my tickets, but apparently did not satisfy the baggage clerk, who would not recognize anything beyond the 100 lb. I appealed in vain to the station master, but he supported his subordinate. The excess I was called upon for, just as the train was starting, was nearly £7 in English money. Not expecting I should have a cent to pay, my money was for the greater part in my dressing bag in the sleeper. However, between my servant and myself, we managed to scrape up all but *one dollar*, and this I explained to the insolent brute I would pay on arrival. He vouchsafed no reply, but put his head out of the door and called to the porters, who were placing the luggage in the van, to take it all out again. I never felt more inclined to thrash a man than I did on this occasion, but bottled up my wrath till my arrival in Chicago. Fortunately Miss A. supplied the missing dollar, and the train was allowed to proceed. We had paid £20 extra for a drawing-room on this train; so, had we not been able to satisfy this officious animal, we should either have had to part company with our luggage or have sacrificed the "drawing-room," which would not only have meant the loss of the money, but we should have been unable to secure another one for weeks, owing to the opening of the Fair. Of course, I did not allow the matter to drop, and wrote full particulars of my treatment by these *canaille* to Messrs. Cook, at San Francisco (as it was their tickets I held), and also wrote to the

There are mines in the neighbourhood, and life there is held very cheap, every man carrying a six-shooter on his hip; in fact, only a day or two before our accident two men had been shot in a brawl, an occurrence of which nobody seeemed to think much.

Los Cerrillos is the proud possessor of a newspaper called the *Rustler*. Naturally supposing that a railway accident, almost at its front door, would make splendid "copy" for the next issue of the paper, I ordered three copies to be sent to me at Chicago, expecting to find a very much exaggerated account. In this anticipation I proved as incorrect as I was about the account of the earthquake at Sagus. An English provincial paper would have hailed the accident with joy, and have devoted two or three columns to the subject. In the Western States accidents are, I presume, so common, or of so little interest to their readers, that the *Rustler* only gave it a few lines.

Whether the following account, cut from the same paper, is meant for a joke or not I cannot say, but unless they opened the

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head office of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway, on arriving in Chicago. In justice to this railway, let me add that I received a most courteous reply tendering me the fullest apology, and returning me the money I had been wrongfully charged. They also added that, if I wished, the men should be discharged. I was not, however, revengeful, and replied, I should be quite satisfied if they were both severely reprimanded, which I afterwards heard from a San Diego friend, who came to see me off, had been done with a vengeance, so that I think they will not be in a hurry to insult English travellers at that particular station in future. Although the authorities of the railway behaved well in this matter, it is more than I can say they did in another. In thanking them for their courteous apology, I called their attention to the fact that, after the accident, Miss A., who I have said is an experienced nurse, cut up her underclothes for bandages and spoilt her gown with a mixture of blood and coal dust whilst tending the Company's engineer. So pleased was a physician who was travelling on our train, who took charge of the case, that he offered her a permanent engagement at £5 a week if she would settle in San Diego, and work there for him. Well, as I felt sure the railway company would not wish her to suffer a loss through ministering to their servant, I explained in this letter what had happened, and that 25 dollars would, I thought, pay for her ruined clothes. To this letter, much to my surprise, I received no reply. After a week I wrote again, as I was rather nettled at their indifference. To this, also, no reply was vouchsafed. A third time I wrote, saying that we were about to leave the country I gave them both my address and that of Miss A., in London. Again receiving no reply, I once more wrote them, that, unless I received coffin I fail to understand how the Editor of the *Rustler* could know :—

> "A lady who died in Pasadena, California, of consumption, whose corpse was on the way to Nashville, Tennesee, which was in the wrecked baggage car 643 here last Wednesday, escaped without a scratch."

It's a wonder he didn't go on to say, "and we are glad to add that she sustained no injury notwithstanding the terrible shock to her nervous system."

By way of compensation for this bit of bad luck, caused by our being unable to travel on the day we desired, we escaped another accident between Chicago and New York. We had been hesitating whether to leave on the evening of the 6th or morning of May 7th. Fortunately, we decided on the latter, for the evening train met with a terrible accident in which there were eleven killed and a number injured. This account I re-print because, as in my little accident, the Pullman escaped, so it will be seen in this also the Pullman cars kept the track, notwithstanding the train was travelling at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

an answer by return, a statement of the facts of the case would be given in my book "In Search of a Climate," and that I was sure every English stockholder would blush to hear of the parsimony of the biggest railway in the world. As I have heard nothing from them, it is evidently a matter of indifference whether the public know of their meanness or not. Let me add, it was against Miss A.'s wish I wrote at all, for she wanted no recompense for the loss of her linen and gown. I need hardly say I have made good to her what I think any right-minded person, whether English or American, will say should have come from the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway. Should this book be fortunate enough to run into a second edition, I hope I may be able to add that I have received a reply. Let me suggest this is a way the railway authorities *might* climb down :—

To CHARLES G. NOTTAGE. *From the* A. T. & S. F. RY.

SIR,—We have read your strictures upon our system in your book "In Search of a Climate," and regret exceedingly the delay that has occurred in replying to your letters. This, we find, arose through your writing to us in Chicago, whereas our head office is in Boston. We have much pleasure in forwarding you the very moderate sum claimed, and at the same time offer you our congratulations that you were not killed through the defective locomotive we attached to the train you travelled by.

We would ask you to convey to Miss A. our hearty thanks and full appreciation of the skill and attention she bestowed upon our unfortunate engineer.

We are, Yours, &c.,

A. T. & S. F. RY.

P. S.—We have recently ordered a large number of new locomotives.

"Says the *Reporter*: The trucks of the first day coach were dragged out and the side of the car knocked into fragments, but no passengers in this car were injured. The chair car and two Pullman sleepers remained on the track. The wreck was a most complete one, the engine and cars being torn to pieces and piled up together with their contents. To add to the consternation, fire broke out from the stove in the baggage car, but the fire department rapidly extinguished the flames. A large crowd of citizens gathered very quickly at the scene of the disaster, and a large force of local physicians gave the necessary attention to the wounded. Several victims of the wreck were persons standing in the depot waiting for the train, a hackman, a mail cart driver and passengers.

The damage by property destroyed will be fully 30,000 dollars, while the subsequent losses which will grow out of the disaster will make the total a very large sum. The accident was caused by the failure of the air brakes to work properly. High bluffs rise on the west bank of the Wabash, just opposite the city, and there is a long and steep grade at that point. The ill-fated train must have been a mile up the grade from the river when the engineer discovered that there was something wrong with the air brakes, for he began to shrilly whistle for hand brakes. The speed at that time increased so terrifically, however, that its control was beyond human agency. With almost lightning-like speed the monster engine dashed round the curves and across the long bridge, although the man at the throttle had reversed the machinery, and immense streams of fire were being dashed off from driving wheels running in opposite direction to that of the swiftly flying cars that followed. Just after leaving the east end of the long bridge over the tracks the cars described a semi-circle at the midway point at which the Union Station is located. When the engine struck that sharp curve it left the track, followed by the cars in an awful whirl, and they piled upon each other one hundred feet away, after crashing through train sheds and bringing tons of structural iron to add to the terrors of the situation.

The bystanders went to work at once, and the police and fire departments quickly responded, the latter rendering valuable service in promptly checking the angry flames, which threatened the lives of scores of others, in addition to those killed outright, who were imprisoned in the mountain of debris. Superintendent Bender arrived at an early hour, and under the direction of trained wreckers the tracks were soon cleared and ready for the resumption of traffic."

Side by side with the above short account of eleven persons killed, was another giving particulars of the bursting of the boiler of a Mississipi boat, in which fourteen were killed and a number injured. On the following day I looked through the columns of *The Herald*, in which I had read the account of the two accidents, to see how the wounded were progressing, and for any further details. Not a word could I find—in fact, I hardly expected it, for in America the people live at such a pace they have no time or inclination to look back, and are much more concerned with what may happen to-morrow than about what took place yesterday. On the day I looked in *The Herald*, there was an additional reason for the exclusion of such every-day matter as the death of twenty-five people, and the injuries of seventy others, in such a common business as railway and boat accidents. How could they be expected to bother about such things, when *fifteen columns* were taken up in pandering to the depraved tastes of their readers, by fully reporting, with a realism quite Zolaistic, the execution of a wife murderer named Harris. If these disgusting details were not appreciated by the readers, *The Herald* would not have devoted so much space and prominence to the subject.

That our own press should be permitted to publish the fullest details of divorce suits is a disgrace to the age we live in. But I am glad to say that we are spared fifteen columns in our morning journals of blood-curdling horrors, when a murderer meets his just doom. In the case in point the murderer had been sentenced two years previously, but by appeal and delay the sentence only went into force on May 8th, 1893.

The few extracts I give from the *New York Herald's* account cannot fail to make an Englishman smile, as the whole business is conducted in a way so utterly different to our idea of what is fit and proper.

In the obituary column of the paper there is this formal announcement:—

> "HARRIS.—Carlyle Wentworth, eldest son of Charles L. and Frances McCready Harris. *Judicially murdered* May 8th, 1893."

The fact that the prisoner was a young man with a mother was made the most of, and "*Ma mère*" nearly succeeded in saving him. The mother, oddly enough, does not appear to have been invited to witness her son's death.

In the report of the execution it is said:—

"When that moment came, the mother herself was there. Within gunshot of the prison where they bound and killed her son, and then with prying scalpel delved into his body and sought to track the path of the electric flash, Mrs. Harris was encamped, tearless and defiant, denouncing the work of the law as judicial murder. 'Encamped' truly describes her position, for it was as a fighter that she went to 'Sing Sing.'

'Dare to call my son a murderer!' she exclaimed fiercely to the reporters. 'Dare to speak of him in your newspapers as Murderer Harris! My curse will be on you if you do. He died guiltless of the crime laid at his feet. He was a victim of the rage of Tammany."

To give the American public their full quota of horrors, no detail was kept back.

"Before the body was cool it was taken from the chair and placed upon a table. Doctors with knives and saws rapidly did their work. They took out the brain and found it of goodly size, and they examined carefully the heart and interior organs. When this had been done, the body was patched up again, so that it looked almost as before, and the State had finished with it. It was then turned over to an undertaker, and it went formally under the control of Mrs. Harris, the mother who had failed to recover the possession of her son in life."

The reporter evidently is a bit of a butcher, for he seems to revel in scalpels, knives, lances, and saws, and, probably aware that his readers cannot have too much of a good thing, somewhat repeats himself after an interval of a few columns:—

"Harris' body, lifeless but still warm, was submitted to the dissecting lance ten minutes after the electric shock had avenged the murder of Helen Potts. While the pale faced men who had viewed the electrocution were filing out of the death chamber, glad to escape its horrors, Harris' limp form, freed from the straps which had bound it to the fatal chair, was hastily prepared for the autopsy. A long table was placed in the centre of the execution room, on it was stretched the body, and, in less time than it takes to tell it, the doctors were at work with scalpel and saw. The most interesting thing developed by the autopsy was the unusual size of Harris' brain. Unfortunately, it could not be weighed at the time, owing to the fact that a set of scales or a weighing device of any kind could not be found in the prison. Warden Durston decided early in the day that the autopsy should be viewed by anyone desiring to see it; consequently, at least thirty persons stood around the dissecting table when the operating physicians commenced their ghastly work. Dr. Merritt handled the knife, dissecting the body of the electrocuted subject. Drs. Sheehan and Pryne removed the brain."

Perhaps the strangest part of all is the giving over the body to the relations and allowing them to put on the coffin plate an inscription which is a direct reflection on the authorities and law of the land:—

"'MURDERED MAY 8, 1893.'

THE INSCRIPTION ON THE COFFIN. A PRIVATE FUNERAL IN THE PRISON TO-DAY.

Carlyle Harris' body rested last night in an antique oak casket, on the lid of which a polished silver plate bears this remarkable inscription:—

CARLYLE W. HARRIS.
Aged 23 years, 7 months, and 15 days.
Murdered May 8, 1893.
'We would not if we had known.'—The Jury.

The casket stood in the execution chamber where the dismembered occupant met his gruesome death. Promptly at the conclusion of the autopsy, Mr. Kipp, a local undertaker, took charge of the body, prepared it for burial, placed it in the casket previously ordered by Mrs. Harris, and left it for the night in the gloomy chamber of death.

Full of mystery, and with the seal of silence on his lips as to the final disposition of the body, Undertaker Kipp left the prison at five o'clock in the evening.

I learned that Warden Durston has given his consent to a private funeral service at the prison this morning, which only members of the Harris family will be permitted to attend. The body will be taken North on the train leaving Sing Sing at 10.30 a.m. to-day, for burial, it is supposed at Northfield, Mass.

The talk of Sing Sing last night was the singular inscription on Carlyle Harris' coffin: '*We would not if we had known.—The Jury.*' This is an extract from Harris' historic speech when arraigned for sentence before Recorder Smyth. Buried in the casket with the young man will be the affidavit of Juror Crawford Mason. It will be remembered that Harris, waving this affidavit during his speech before the Recorder, turned to his counsel and said: 'Do not file this here, Mr. Howe, file it in my coffin!'

The document is in Mrs. Harris' possession, and will be dropped into her son's casket at the service."

Sing Sing is the State prison. It would appear that no one there is ever found willing to turn on the switch, so a roundabout way is adopted and each time an execution takes place a convict is employed to turn on the current, and for this service his term of imprisonment is reduced. On this point an American paper states :—

> "Within that closet there was concealed a convict who was to move a switch that would connect the testing apparatus with the electric wire from the great dynamo in the engine-house—100 yards away. Back of him was a frame containing instruments for measuring the force and intensity of the current. Connected with this was a long lever of wood with metallic points for connecting the circuit. This lever was out in full view of everyone in the room. This was to be operated by Electrician 'Davis' whose real name nobody around Sing Sing knows except Warden Durston.
>
> Of course, the object of the two switches is to divide the responsibility of causing the condemned man's death. The hidden convict, after Electrician 'Davis' has set the lever at an angle that will cause a fatal voltage of electricity, completes the connection by one movement of his switch, thereby turning on the electric current. The convict is rewarded for his act by a reduction in his time of imprisonment."

Enough, however, of this ghastly subject, which I have only introduced in order to show the importance given to such matters in America, by the Press.

To have written these notes, without once mounting my own particular hobby-horse is, I think, most praiseworthy (I wonder whether a hunting man could keep clear of hunting). In speaking of the American Press, I must ask to be allowed to digress and take a short ride upon the above patient quadruped. At the time I write, the International Yacht Races between the *Navahoe* and *Britannia* are taking place, and this epoch in yacht racing is marked by the greatest possible apathy of the English Press. Of the daily papers, the *Times* is the only journal which gives a full and accurate account. The *Field* and *Yachtsman* reports are also to be relied upon, while the *Daily Graphic* and some of the Scotch papers are miles ahead of their contemporaries in this respect. With these exceptions, the ordinary yachting reporter betrays utter unfamiliarity with the subject he attempts to describe. Though the *New York Herald* did devote fifteen columns to Harris' electrocution, let me say to their credit that they give their readers the very fullest and best accounts of yacht races, as do all the leading papers in the States. One would think that the inhabitants of these Islands would be quite as keen on this particular form of sport as our American cousins, but, apparently, though a maritime nation, we are but lukewarm compared to those across the Pond. Such indifference did we display, that the one steamer engaged by the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, to follow the matches for their Challenge Cup, was but a quarter full!! Also, so little interest did the London Yacht Clubs take in these events, that neither of them thought it worth their while to arrange for a special wire to be sent up with particulars of the racing. Three or four words, giving the bare result, which came through the "Exchange," was all the news that could be obtained on the evening of the race. Whilst we in London knew nothing of the details of these matches, doubtless, in the New York clubs and evening papers there were columns devoted to the subject. In one of our newspapers the following article appeared:—

> "To-day the great journals of the United States will doubtless devote columns to the International Yacht Race, whose first heat was sailed yesterday, whereas in this, the greatest yachting country in the world, it has excited comparative little interest. The race for the Victoria Yacht Club's Cup, which is the British representation of the American Cup, is to be sailed for in five heats, the winner of the majority to hold the Cup. The interest of the race has doubtless been greatly discounted by the fact that the British representative, the *Britannia*, has every time they have met decisively beaten the American *Navahoe*. It was, however, possible that in very light weather the American, with her great spread of canvas, might have the advantage, but, in spite of the very light wind which prevailed yesterday, the *Britannia* won by fifteen minutes. But even the moral certainty of a British victory would hardly account for the slight attention that the event has received in this country. There are in the United Kingdom considerably over three thousand yachts, a number vastly in excess of the number of racehorses, and of value still more greatly exceeding that of all the horses in training. They employ tens of thousands of sailors, and exceed in number the yachts of the rest of the world together, and yet, while the details of every petty horse race are chronicled in full, even the principal event of

this great national sport is passed over with a few lines by the Press of this country."

These remarks are excellent, and yet the very next day this same paper, together with the rest of the Press (except the *Times*), gave the world an account of a race between these two yachts which was nothing better than a burlesque. In it we learnt that "a terrific gale was blowing," when the strength of the wind was "fresh." That, "*Navahoe* had two reefs in her main sheet"; better still, "*Navahoe* housed her foresail"; but, perhaps, the funniest bit of all was that "*Navahoe* dropped her main sheet, hove to, and gave up"!! We are also informed that *Britannia* "bore away *from the wind* in order to take a reef in her main sheet."

In speaking of the visit of the two American men-of-war, the *Chicago* and *Bennington*, the *Yachtsman* makes these very true comments:—

> "Americans are so proverbially hospitable themselves, and entertain so regally any Englishman of note who crosses the 'herring pond,' that it would have been a poor return on our part to ignore them, especially when they prove themselves such pleasant and appreciative guests.
>
> They are keenly alive to any of our manners and customs that differ from their own, and one of them told me that they were astonished to see what slight interest the general public took in yacht-racing in general, compared to the enthusiasm the same contests would excite in his own country, people journeying hundreds of miles, the banks lined with eager spectators, while the waters themselves would be crowded with steamers, and carrying excited multitudes cheering and encouraging their favourite vessels, while further—and here he alluded to a point that is particularly striking—all the newspapers of note would vie with each other in producing in the shortest time the best-written and most vivid account of the matches.
>
> Surely we in England might take a hint with regard to this. Why should yachting be the *one* sport about which it is permissible to publish articles full of the most egregrious technical blunders, which, if written about hunting, shooting, fishing, or anything else you like, would provoke a storm of angry protest, but which are, nevertheless, year after year, complacently produced by our leading 'dailies' without, apparently, exciting any comment, or calling for any particular remark?"

Let me reiterate one of the above remarks—Why should yachting, which is supposed to be our national sport, receive such scanty recognition, and why should the few paragraphs, with which the Press do favour us, be full of the most glaring inaccuracies? This is an age in which there is a mania for collections of all sorts. A series of cuttings from our papers on yacht races might find a ready sale, if reproduced in the States, and entitled "A Maritime Nation's Reports on the recent Yacht Matches." To keep us from making ourselves ridiculous in future, let me suggest, that Mr. Harry Horne, who so ably reports for the *Times*, should start a class for journalistic novices, and, if they did not learn how to write a good account, they might, at least, be taught what hidden rocks, in the way of nautical terms, there are to which they should give a wide berth. However, enough of one's hobby, and *revenons à nos moutons*.

Everyone knows that now the fastest trains in the world are running in the States, though until a year or so ago, England claimed that distinction. On well-laid tracks like those of the New York Central, and many others, one does not so much object to tearing along at sixty to seventy miles an hour when they are making up time, but on a badly laid track it is risky work. After our accident we were changed from our own number, viz., No. 4 train, into No. 2—the train which was behind us, and whose place we took. In order to keep on time we ran sixty miles an hour on the down grades, and after our recent experience, this rate of progression made even the imperturbable ones rather jumpy. On our arrival at Kansas City, No. 2, in the ordinary way became a slow train, so instructions were given that we were to be made into a special and were to go right through to Chicago; but before we had travelled many miles a wire came disrating us, and we became a sort of nondescript or pariah train, about which nobody cared.

We were shunted repeatedly to let other trains with a clean record pass, and then ordered to tear on with a wild rush to some other place to get out of the way. Eventually, we arrived at Chicago twenty-four hours late, after spending five nights in the cars. Owing to some existing contract the Atchison Company is, at present, unable to run dining-room cars, so one has to eat one's meals in a perpetual scramble at wayside stations. Let me say to their credit, that the quality of the food is excellent, and the cooking all that one could wish for; the waitresses, however, serve you with an under protest air which it pleases them to assume. One thing which surprised me was, that at all these stations, where the restaurants are in the hands of the Company, the coffee is excellent.

After Kansas City a dining-car should have been put on our train, but it was not, and as provision at these stations was only made for emigrants, the food was uneatable, and the coffee tasted like mud with burnt indiarubber introduced to flavour it, so we fell back on our hamper. Let me strongly advise anyone taking the journey across America to secure a drawing-room in the sleeping-car. It will accommodate three, and even if only two occupy it, the extra convenience is well worth the money. After my journey I was less tired than I usually am in going from London to Monte Carlo, which is only about a thirty hours' journey. The day before reaching Chicago the weather was hotter than we had found it in California, but on our arrival in that city it was but little above the freezing point, being raw, wet and cold. Many an invalid might thus make a fatal mistake, for instead of finding the nice warm sunshine I hoped for, we experienced a week of the coldest and most disagreeable weather I ever remember. No sooner was I settled in Chicago than I regretted it, for to find oneself in such a climate was a terrible ordeal. In England, bad as our weather is, we have four seasons, whilst in Chicago they apparently only possess two, winter and summer, the former being still in possession. Of the Exhibition I do not intend to speak, as it is outside the province of these notes. For a week I visited the Fair daily, and do not remember ever spending a more miserable time. From Chicago to New York seemed by contrast a most pleasant journey, for not only had we a dining-room car attached, but a smoking-car with comfortable arm chairs, and everything one could possibly want, including baths and a barber's shop, all the periodicals and a library.

I have the greatest possible respect for the temperance movement, but the length to which it is carried in certain States makes it rather severe on travellers visiting them. In free America, there are States in which the sale of drinks is totally forbidden. Even on the dining-cars whilst passing through these States, they are not allowed to serve a pint of claret at dinner. Of course, people living in Prohibition States know how to evade the law, and they do so, but it does seems ridiculous that a *bona fide* traveller, after being days on the cars, should be debarred from having a glass of wine with his food. It is almost as reasonable to say, fires should be voted contrary to law, because statistics prove that a large number of children annually fall into them and are burnt. There is a certain patent medicine which is advertised both in America and England, which contains 95 per cent. of alcohol. The sale for this has increased enormously since the Prohibition Law came into full force. The following cutting from *The Topeka Call* gives a good idea of the way in which the law is evaded, though the traveller has not the time while the train waits to go through the farce:

"GETTING A DRINK IN KANSAS.

WHISKY AS A 'MEDICINE FOR THE DISEASE OF BATHING.'

Walking down Kansas Avenue, Topeka, the other evening, I passed a large and very brilliantly lighted drug store. Remembering that the Kansas drug store was the home of jim-jams, I entered and watched to see the bacteria of this affair get in its work. I had not long to wait. Soon a seedy looking individual, who looked as though he feared the very sight of water, entered, and, walking up to a little desk in one corner, began to write out his 'application.' When it was finished, the druggist swore him to the truthfulness of the statements made therein, gave him the red liquor, took his money, and the seedy individual departed. I then walked over to the little desk myself, and, pretending to be making an 'application' for myself, I copied his. Here it is:—

State of Kansas, Shawnee County, April 12, No. 11. I, the undersigned, do solemnly swear that my real name is Phil Meyers, and that I reside at Shawnee County, State of Kansas; that whisky of one half pint is necessary and actually needed by me to be used as a medicine for the disease of bathing; that it is not intended for a beverage, nor to sell, nor to give away, and that I am over twenty-one years of age. I make this application to G. W. Flad, druggist, for said liquor.

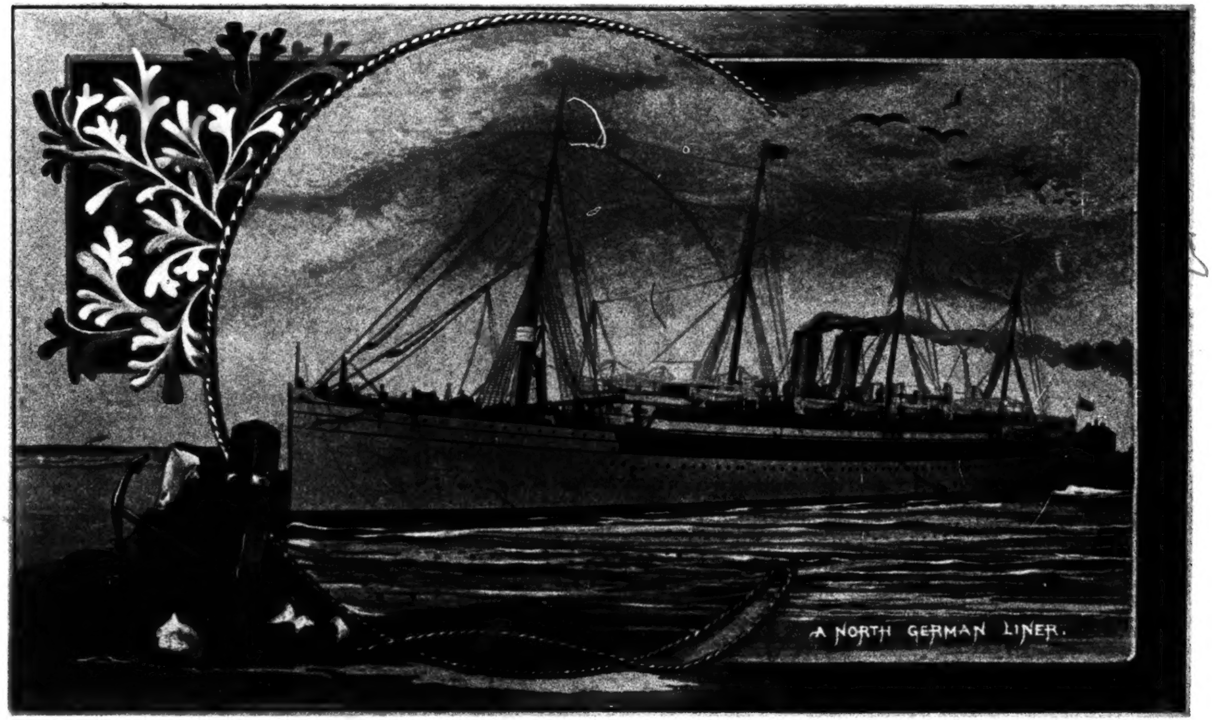
PHIL MEYERS, Applicant.

Subscribed in my presence, and sworn to before me this 12th day of April, 1893. GEORGE W. FLAD, Pharmacist."

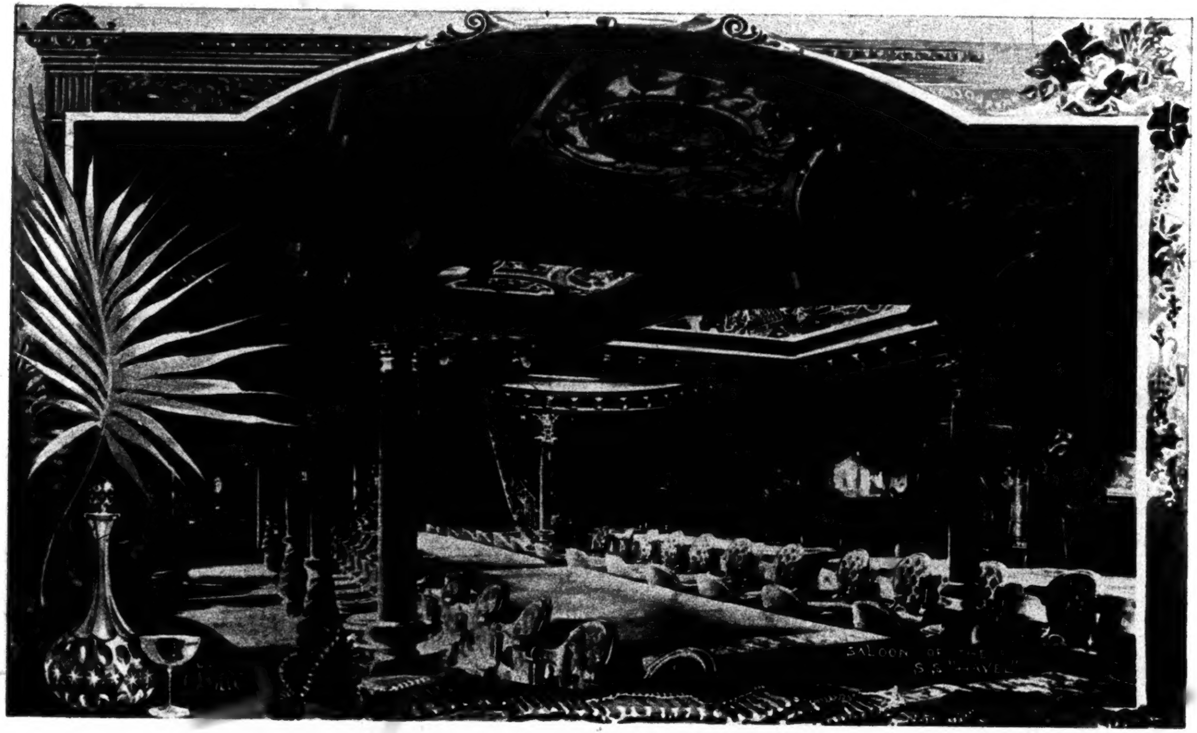
I am told, when you once know the ropes, you can manage to procure what you want from the coloured porter attached to each car.

After my return from America, I stayed at our leading Brighton Hotel, where I was treated in almost as arbitrary a way as in a Prohibition State. I ordered breakfast in my bedroom, and was told it was against the rules to serve meals in one's rooms, except by a doctor's order. A cup of tea or coffee is allowed, but nothing more substantial, unless one has a sitting-room or a medical certificate! How different this is to the treatment I experienced at a San Francisco Hotel (pages 232 and 233), where such an absurd rule would not be tolerated.

I had timed my arrival to reach New York the night before we sailed. The *Havel* was due to leave at 9 a.m., which meant turning out at daybreak, as the North German boats start from New Jersey, and it takes some time to drive down town and cross the ferry. Not liking this prospect, I wired to the agents saying it seemed a pity to go to a hotel for such a short time, and asked if I might go direct on board on my arrival in New York. This was contrary to rule, but they readily gave me the required permission, which saved no end of trouble. Through the express people I chartered an omnibus for £1 to take us and our luggage across to New Jersey. This is about the cheapest bit of transport I have met with, for it was not more than double what it would have cost in London, and, as a rule, the charges are from four to six times what we pay at home for transportation. For once, I met with a pleasant "exceptional" experience, and that was our passage across the Atlantic, which was so smooth that a dinghy could have been rowed the whole way. Although I have crossed the Atlantic several times before, this was my first voyage in a North German boat. Last time I did (I won't mention by what company, beyond stating it is by many considered the safest and best line), I considered I was not treated in a liberal manner, and on my return I wrote to the Chairman telling him it was by treating passengers thus that they were driven to patronize foreign lines, on which the chief object seems to be to try and please the passenger.



A NORTH GERMAN LINER.


SALOON OF THE
S.S. "HAVEL"

My grievance—a trifling one, I grant—was this. The ship was about a quarter full; I had an ordinary £20 ticket, and was given an inside cabin on the lower deck. It was a big, roomy one; but having no port hole, I had to keep the electric light on all day long. I was almost the only passenger on this deck, and there were scores of vacant outside rooms—*i.e.*, cabins with port holes. I asked to be allowed to move into one of these, and was told I could not unless I paid another £5. This I refused to do, as the extra charge seemed to me most illiberal.

Of course, it is perfectly just and fair to charge extra beforehand for superior accommodation; but as the voyage had commenced, with a comparatively empty ship, it would surely have been better policy to please a passenger than risk losing him, as they have done in my case.

On the North German Lloyd ships the chief steward takes the purser's place. If there is any question about a change of cabin, the matter is submitted to the captain, which seems strange to our notions. Their captains have a percentage on the ship's earnings, so they do their best to make everything work smoothly. Perhaps I am too much prejudiced in favour of the officers of our Mercantile Marine to be an impartial judge, but, as a rule, I find the officers on board mail steamers, whether English or German, are a most kindly, agreeable body of men. They are, however, sadly underpaid, and yet, from a feeling of *esprit de corps*, are willing to do all they can to promote the welfare of their Company.

What an out-of-joint sort of world it does appear! On our largest Steamship Company the pay of the officers, roughly, is something of this kind—it may not be exact, but it is near enough:—Captains, from £400 to £600; first officer, £180; second, £150; third, £120; and fourth, £90. Only well-educated men are taken; they must hold a master's certificate, dress properly, and behave as gentlemen. To have a chance of obtaining this billet, hundreds of pounds must have been spent on their education. Of course, when (and it is a long, weary while to wait) they do get command, it's all right in one way, but what a constant sword of Damocles hangs over a captain's head. The loss of his ship may really be through no fault of his, but there are many companies which will not again give a command to a man who has had a mishap.

Compare the lot of an engine-driver on an American railway or the nigger porter of a Pullman car. Both can probably read and write, and that is about all. The driver is, of course, a skilled mechanic, and deserves to be reasonably well-paid. The driver of a mail train receives about £400 a year from the company he works for; the nigger is only paid £48 a year by the company, but his tips on a good line bring his earnings up to as much or more than the driver's. The poor fellow we smashed up in New Mexico was but twenty-seven, and of the usual working-man type. He was earning the above high wages. Had he received a ten times more expensive education and gone to sea in the service of an English company, he would at 27 have been making about £120 a year instead of £400. Unlike the officers on shipboard, who strive to make things pleasant, the clerks in the offices of most of the principal ship companies in London and New York seem to look upon it as the right and proper thing to be as insulting as possible to people making inquiries about passages. If one goes into a shop with a view of making a purchase, one almost invariably meets with the greatest civility in London (not New York), and why should the same rule not apply to booking a passage?

Shortly before I left England we had some Australians dining with us. During dinner they told us that they had intended to return by the X. Y. Z. line, but had been treated with such scant courtesy that they had left the office in disgust, and booked by an opposition line instead. Some friends of theirs had met with the same experience six weeks previously. The two families, with their maids and nurses, numbered sixteen persons, and the loss to the Company was nearly, if not quite, £1,000.

As I was a shareholder in this Company I dropped a line to the Chairman calling his attention to it. I had often heard him speak and admired his clear-headedness. I was a little disappointed, therefore, at getting a polite reply from him, to the effect that what I had stated could not possibly have occurred. This naturally nettled me, and I wrote back, giving every detail connected with the matter. My opinion of that Chairman has gone up, for he did what so few people like to do, admitted he was wrong. Enquiries he had made fully corroborated all I had said, and he thanked me cordially for the trouble I had taken, and assured me that the conceited young gentlemen (of course these are not his words), had received a severe reprimand. Rude as they are in London, their manner is, however, politeness itself, compared to New York. If you want to be thoroughly humiliated, pay a visit to a New York shipping office. Before you have left you will think so meanly of yourself that you will wonder if it is not a steerage ticket you require.

Comfortable as the *Havel* was, except that she was larger, I found her no better than the best of the Australian boats of the N. G. L. Line. The dietary on all is the same, no matter where they run. Much of the superior comfort one will find in these boats over other lines, lies in the fact that the stewards are well-drilled, respectful, and obliging. There is only one thing I did not like, and that was the *personnel* of my fellow-passengers, who were mostly German Jews. Personally, what with writing letters, reading, and navigation, I can always find plenty to do; but if I preferred good company to comfort, I should probably travel under the English flag.

I have not made a passage in either the *Teutonic* or *Majestic;* but, apart from their being magnificient ships, I hear that they are really *comfortable.* The boats with the roomiest cabins, and best designed for the comfort of passengers, are the Nile Steamers of Messrs. Cook & Sons. I allude, of course, to their new boats. Those cabins which are on the lower deck are the largest and airiest I have yet seen, and with no end of drawers, wardrobes, &c., to stow away one's belongings. My yacht steward was as much impressed with the size and comfort of these state-rooms as he had been by the enormous loads carried by the Arab porters.

With the exception of a fresh gale which blew all along the Australian coast and around Hawaii, and one dirty night on leaving

Sydney, we had smooth water all the many thousands of miles we journeyed. Many people long to travel but are deterred from doing so by fear of the sea. For my own part, I am far more nervous in a railway train when making up lost time, than in a well-found ship in a gale. Only twice, in the last twenty years, have I been in what a sailor would call really *bad* weather. Once, I was in the S.S. *Gallia* (Cunard), when we made but 72 miles in 24 hours with a heavy gale in our teeth—though she made lovely weather of it—and again in a steam yacht called the *Norseman*. It was in the month of February, in the Bay of Biscay, and we lay on our beam ends, expecting to go down every minute—but there, that is another yarn. Bad weather is really almost a myth, and you may go round the world and not get half as much knocking about as in crossing the Straits of Dover in a fresh breeze and weather-going tide. In summing up this, my latest bit of globe-trotting, I must, however, say—

1st. Never had it been known to be so hot, so damp, or the hornets and mosquitoes[*] so abundant as they were when we made our visit to Egypt.

2nd. Never—so, at least, all the oldest inhabitants said—had such cold weather been known in Midsummer, as when we were in Australia.

3rd. Never, and this time it was not on the O. I.'s statement but founded on the meteorological reports, had so much rain fallen as during our stay in Honolulu.

4th. Never, which statistics proved, had Southern California experienced such a winter as when we were there.

5th. Never, said the O. I., had he known such cold weather in Chicago in May before; but that particular O. I. I consider an

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[*] There are scores of remedies advertised for mosquito bites; I have not, as yet, found one of any real use. Whilst in Honolulu, I discovered a powder called "Buhac." If this is burnt in the room it makes a dense smoke, which causes the mosquitoes to fall down in a state of stupefaction, when they can be readily despatched. If left to themselves they, however, recover in the course of an hour. The drawback to the use of this powder is, that one becomes nearly asphyxiated oneself. (A good remedy for that troublesome complaint, prickly heat, is the following:—Make a saturated solution of powdered borax, pour the water boiling on the borax, and, when cold, keep all the parts wetted with it, not by rags, but merely dabbing on and left wet.)

Ananias, as Chicago is equal to anything in the way of weather surprises.

It may, from the above, be gathered that we did not have the best of luck. Whilst endeavouring to escape the severity of the English winter, it was a little annoying, when shivering in Chicago, to read in the cablegrams from London—

"To-day is the sixty-third day without rain, and the weather is more like August than May!"

After reading this announcement we quite expected, on our return to England, to come in for a long spell of wet. Instead of anything of the kind, I discovered—in the last country I should have expected to find it—that which I had been so far to seek, viz., a perfect climate. I am not at all prejudiced in favour of my own country; for, as a rule, our summers are very little better than the proverbial three fine days and a thunder-storm, and are often cold, wet and disappointing. However, the glorious summer of 1893 will long be remembered, and will be talked about for years to come. Up to the time of writing this (the end of September) we have had less rain for the nine months than we had in one month (February) in Honolulu, and in March in Southern California. To enjoy in England, day after day of bright continuous sunshine, is as pleasant as it is novel, and who would want to leave our shores if we could rely upon its continuance. Not only have we been blessed with many months of the most perfect climate, but we, in this country, are free from all those smaller worries and abominations which usually are to be found where the weather is as warm as we have had it in England this year. Only those who have lived in the tropics will know what a boon it is, on a hot night, to be able to sleep without mosquito curtains—what a pleasure it is to be able to sit out in the verandah after dinner, without being maddened by mosquitoes and other pests; in fact, *when*—and, unfortunately, it is of rare occurrence—we *do* have a long spell of beautiful weather, no country in the world is so delightful as England. As the reader will have remarked, there are but few descriptions of scenery given in these Notes. I do not readily "enthuse" in this direction, but I never remember being more impressed with anything, than by the beautiful early summer landscape through which we passed on our journey up from Southampton to London. After the days of uninteresting travel we had so recently passed through in crossing the States, it was like a drink to a man parched with thirst, for our eyes to rest upon such a verdant scene; and, although I have travelled over the same ground scores of times before, I watched it again with a new-born interest. The weather, to us English, is such a standing dish in the way of conversation that I have deemed it of sufficient interest to collect some official notes upon this most exceptional summer, which will be found in the Appendix, for the delectation of those interested in the subject.

A few words, in conclusion, as to the state of affairs in Honolulu since my visit. There is no doubt that the Treaty of Annexation, with which the Islands were threatened during the Harrison administration, was only entertained by the States under the erroneous impression, conveyed by the Hawaiian Commissioners, that it was the wish of the Hawaiians themselves to be annexed. As soon as the real facts became known, an American Commission was appointed, and the whole truth laid bare. At the time of writing this, the self-appointed amateur Government remains in power, and the islands are still independent. The cablegrams which have from time to time appeared in our newspapers, as to the various attempts, made by the Queen's party, to blow up government property, have usually been contradicted on the following day, and have only originated in the fertile minds of the Queen's enemies with a view of injuring her in the eyes of the world. This self-created Government is now in somewhat of a fix. After dethroning the Queen and stealing her property, it has recently offered to convey the Islands and the sequestrated State property to the United States—an honour that Government has refused.

The *New York Times*, after reciting the terms of the new treaty, by which the Provisional Government of Hawaii proposes to cede to the United States all rights of sovereignty, and to transfer "the absolute fee of all Government and Crown-lands, public buildings, ports and harbours, fortifications, military or naval equipments, and all other public property," the article proceeds as follows:—

> "It is doubtful whether it would be advisable for the Government of the United States to accept this munificent offer, with all the responsibility that its acceptance would involve, if it came from the owners of the sovereignty and public property in question. But, in point of fact, it is a proposition to convey and make over to the United States *a stolen Kingdom*, and the Government of this Republic cannot afford to put itself in the position of *a receiver of stolen goods*, even if the value to it of the acquisition were beyond question. The so-called Provisional Government has no right to dispose of the sovereignty and public property of the Hawaiian Islands. It can only acquire that right from the people, from whom alone all 'just powers' of government are to be derived. When it shows title in 'the consent of the governed' it will be time enough for the United States to negotiate with it. Until then it is in the attitude of offering to dispose of stolen goods. We cannot honourably consider the question of receiving them."

Mr. Lyons, an old inhabitant and recognised authority on Hawaiian affairs, writes:—

> "'Hawaii offers to forego her sovereignty, and to merge it in that of the greater power.' *Now nothing is more certain than that Hawaii has made no such offer.* What, or who is Hawaii? Hawaii has never spoken by either her Electors, her Legislators, or her People; and the general belief is that the annexationists dare not ask her to speak. I am not questioning the motives which actuated those who did speak, but the result is unquestionable. The present Government is not the Government of the people, nor of the Constitution. I need not say what it is, but it will remain what it is until Hawaii is made to speak."

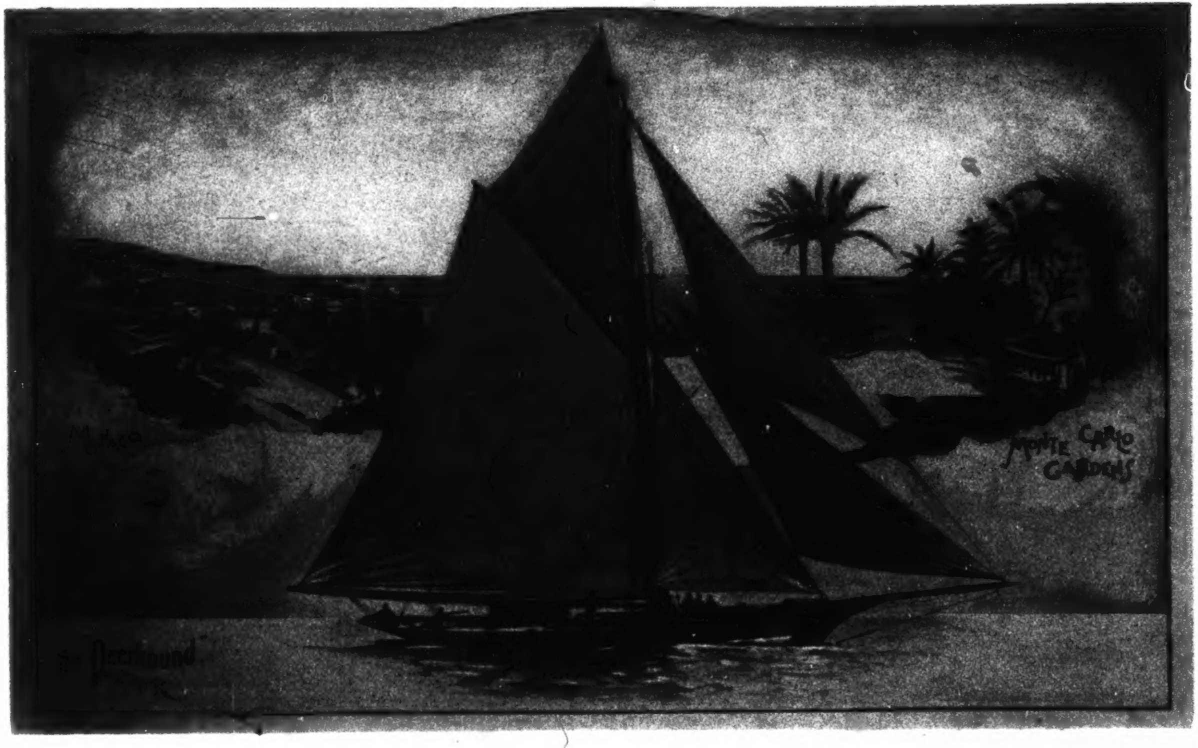
One singular feature in the constitution of this band of filibusters—to wit, the Provisional Government—is, that the man they chose for their President should be a gentleman. Mr. Dole is admitted on all hands to be a man of good breeding, with a fondness for art, and in every way of quite a different kidney from the self-seeking, hypocritical crowd of which he is the acknowledged head. But for their perspicuity in electing such a man, the party would have been unable to hold together so long. Mr. Dole is, of course, the descendant of a missionary, or he would not have found favour in the eyes of the party; at the same time, he, being a man of superior education, is free from those narrow and bigoted views common to the majority of his followers. The President being the superior man I have described him, I am the more surprised to find that justice is still denied to the Queen and Princess Kaiulani.

It is bad enough to knock a man down; but it is worse when you rob him as well!

Not only have they deposed the Queen, but they have stolen her property (giving her an annual sum equivalent to one-tenth of the income they have taken from her), and this they are now offering to any Nation that will accept it. Unless it is, that, instead of the dog wagging the tail, the tail wags the dog, I am at a loss to understand how a man of Mr. Dole's alleged high principles can stand by and sanction robbery.

Many Americans admit that the Indian Question is a sad stain upon their National escutcheon. Let it not be written hereafter that they remained passive and allowed the Hawaiian Queen to be dispoiled by a party who only crept into power through the support given by the American forces—which support, it has since been acknowledged, should never have been rendered. Queen Liliuokalani has all through this crisis relied upon the United States to see that justice is done, and every lover of fair-play must hope that she may not find she has been leaning on a broken reed.

THE END


MONTE CARLO
GARDENS
Monaco
The "Deerhound"

APPENDIX.

"In Search of a Climate" would be incomplete without some data upon the health resorts nearer home. Close at hand, as the Riviera is, there are many who still cherish most erroneous notions about its climate. For people who have only run down in health, or want to escape the fogs and dreary winter months at home, the South of France is an excellent place to winter in, but for those with pronounced disease upon them the Riviera is not warm enough, and is too liable to sudden changes. I will give you an instance of this. When racing at Cannes in the *Deerhound*, in 1890, I was awakened one morning by a scraping noise over my head, to which I was unaccustomed. Slipping on an ulster, I put my head out of the companion hatch, and found the men busy scraping away and sweeping off the snow, which was flush with the rail. Only once before had I ever felt such a piercingly cold north-east wind as we raced in that day, and that was in a Fiord whilst yachting in Norway. One may well ask how I came to be out at all in such inclement weather. Everyone knows Dr. X. of Harley Street, the leading lung specialist; well, before I left England, in '89, I consulted him and he told me he would not answer for my life if I remained in London. "What am I to do?" I asked, and he replied, be out in the fresh air as much as possible, and advised me that yachting in the Mediterranean was the one thing of all others best suited for my complaint.

This advice suited me capitally, as, not having laid the boat up, all that was necessary for me to do was to send her out to Nice and get a second season's racing.

Of course I do not for a moment mean to set myself up above the medical profession. All I can say is, that I have been sent to places where, but for a good constitution, I must have been killed. To recommend to a man a yachting trip in the Mediterranean in a cold winter is only one remove from breaking the ice and bathing in the Serpentine. Some years ago, when I was not compelled to spend eight months of the year out of England, I used to wonder how it was that people with sufficient means to get away could possibly stay at home; but such is the perverseness of human nature, that, now I am obliged to winter abroad, I would willingly remain in my own home and country.

As Dr. Madden truly says:—"He who would attempt to supply the want of a comprehensive and reliable guide-book to the various foreign health-resorts should have extensive personal experience of many climes and places, and himself be a physician,—

'qui multorum providus urbes,
Et mores hominum inspexit.'"

A very excellent little book, giving a lot of useful information, is "Mediterranean Winter Resorts," by E. A. Reynolds Ball. In speaking of the various climates found in the Riviera the author cannot be accused of attempting to depict each place as an earthly Paradise.

In 1890, I read a pamphlet giving a most glowing account of Hyères, Costabelle (worthy of a real estate agent in California), so I thought I would give it a trial. For a month I patiently did so. It is indeed a beautiful spot, and one can live there wonderfully cheap, and fairly well. I loathe and detest strong winds above everything else and these prevailed during the month I spent there. On two days only—Christmas day and the day following—did it *not* blow a gale! Each day I thought to myself, Well, it must sooner or later blow itself out; but after a month I gave it up in despair and returned to my first love, beautiful Monte Carlo. Of all the places in the Riviera, I consider Monte Carlo not only the most beautiful, but the most healthy. Perhaps I should have said I *considered* it the most beautiful, since by the erection of that hideous museum they have done their best to spoil the place. If people were to try their constitution elsewhere as much as they do in this favoured spot, the death-rate would show a large increase. For invalids to go from the hot rooms into the cold air outside, is little short of madness; and yet this is what many do, myself amongst the number. If people visiting Monte Carlo, for the benefit of their health, would abjure the Casino, I am fully convinced they would find it the healthiest place along the coast. I have tried them all and enjoyed better health at Monte Carlo than in any other of the Riviera resorts. After Monte Carlo, I should give Cannes the preference. Mentone is too depressing; Beaulieu is beautiful, but too small; and Bordighera is the most sunny, but too primitive. Although I consider Monte Carlo the best of them all, it is, to my mind, too cold during January, February, and March to be perfect. November and December are usually delightful; whilst the latter part of April and May, when everyone foolishly leaves, is the most beautiful season in the Riviera. Anyone wishing to pass the winter abroad could not do better than spend November and the early part of December in the Riviera, and then flit either from Naples, Genoa, or Marseilles to Egypt for the next three months, returning to the Riviera for April.

HYÈRES

"possesses one serious drawback in the prevalence of the Mistral, during the months of February, March, and April, though, it is well sheltered from all other winds." Thus writes Mr. Ball, in "Winter Resorts," and with him I quite agree, but another authority I find states there is no Mistral in Hyères!

Dr. Griffiths says :—"The rain mostly falls at night, so that there is rarely a day when the invalid may not go out for some little time. The 'Mistral' (N.W. wind), as described in 'Murray,' is almost *never felt* in Hyères ; and when it does prevail, is not to be compared, for dust and discomfort, to the 'Terral' in Malaga."

"The rainfall is slight, and the records that have been kept show that the average number of rainy days during the six months from November to April, is only 37. Snow is rare ; but, on the other hand, fogs, which are almost unknown at most of the other health resorts are occasionally seen. . . . Hyères being the only winter station in the Riviera, except Grasse, which is not actually on the coast, the climate is particularly mild and sedative, and much less bracing than that of Cannes or Nice."

CANNES.

"Cannes is not so warm as Mentone, but slightly milder than Nice. The mean annual temperature from November to April, is 50 degrees. . . . With regard to the Mistral, or N.W. wind, the shelter afforded by the Esterel Mountains is not so good as one would expect from the position of these hills ; this much dreaded wind blows through gaps in the chain. Carefully compiled statistics prove that from fifty to fifty-five rainy days may be expected during these six months."—*Mediterranean Winter Resorts.*

NICE.

From 1885 to 1892 I have visited the South of France each year, and, during the winter months, I look upon Nice as one of the most treacherous places I know. On a bright winter's day, on one side of the Avenue de la Gare you are in a pleasantly warm sun, but if you cross the road to the shady side, you feel as though you had suddenly left the tropics for the arctic regions, and before you have crossed the square are half frozen, and only thaw again in the full strength of the sun on the Promenade des Anglais. The inhabitants ought to be a healthy lot, as they might well demonstrate the theory of the survival of the fittest, for sickly people would succumb under such sudden changes of temperature. Apart from this, owing to some drainage defect, sore throats are very prevalent, and many people will not live on the Promenade on that account.

"Nice is a remarkably sunny place, and the atmosphere is usually clear and bracing. Clouds are rare, and fogs unknown. In mid-winter, however, there is occasionally a continuous drizzling rain, which lasts for several days, accompanied by a raw and biting east wind, stimulating, perhaps, to strong constitutions, but most hurtful to invalids. Nice is a windy place, and the winds shift so rapidly that it is difficult to get continuous shelter."—*Ball.*

I have always found amongst those people who do not know the South of France, an idea that the weather met with at the Riviera health resorts is much the same as we usually have in England at mid-summer. The following statistics taken over a period of twenty years will tend to dispel this fallacy :—

MEAN TEMPERATURE, (NICE).

November, 53.8. January, 47.1. March, 51.8.
December, 48.5. February, 46.2. April, 58.1.

Dr. Farr says—"Independently of the 'Mistral,' the easterly wind sets in with the first moon in March. I besought those whom I attended, and many whom I did not, to quit Nice before the birth of this fatal moon; but they heeded not my counsel, and thought that I had over-rated the danger. They remained, and the day after this easterly wind began; of the thirty, I only met one afterwards, and him I had often previously pronounced to have no disease of the lungs."*

Monsieur Champouillon, in writing of Nice, asks this *naïve* question :—"*Voulez vous savoir ce que deviennent les tuberculeux à Nice? Allez au cimetière.*"

A resident physician, Dr. Wahu, states that—"It would be the greatest mistake to assert that Nice, on account of its climate and hygienic conditions, is the locality which agrees with phthisical patients."†

The late Sir James Clark says—"Indeed, sending patients labouring under confirmed phthisis to Nice will, in a great majority of cases, prove more frequently injurious than beneficial."

Of Monte Carlo the author of "Winter Resorts," thinks much the same as I do, that it is the best of all the Riviera stations. If it were not for the tables and the defective ventilation of the "rooms," it would undoubtedly be the favourite resort of invalids. The mountains behind Monte Carlo protect it from the N. and N.W. winds, and Monaco takes the brunt of W. and S.W. winds.

"The mean annual temperature is two degrees higher than that of Mentone. The great mildness and equability of the climate is proved by the fact that, during an exceptionally severe winter, when at Cannes and Nice, a number of plants recently acclimatized were destroyed by the frost, the same plants at Monte Carlo were not injured at all, although in the open air."

MENTONE,

as everyone knows, is the favourite place for invalids. I have only stayed there for a short time on two or three occasions, and have invariably found it depressing and enervating. There are two climates available. That of the East Bay is the warmer, and those living on this spot are sheltered from the Mistral. Those who choose the west side of the town find a climate some degrees colder, but are less tempted to commit suicide.

In Bordighera I have never stayed, but I should think the town has more sunshine than any other neighbouring health resort. I have repeatedly noticed, when it has been cloudy at Mentone and Monte Carlo, that Bordighera has been bathed in sunshine.

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*"On the Climate of Nice," p. 16.

†Le Dr. A. Wahu, "Conseiller Medical de l'Etranger à Nice," p. 17.

TANGIER.

Of this place Mr. Ball remarks :—"As a health resort for delicate persons it cannot be denied that Tangier has many drawbacks. . . The sanitary arrangements of the town are most defective. . . Besides bad drainage—roads unworthy of the name—there is the further drawback of being unable to buy all those little comforts which in the Riviera can be purchased as readily as in London." It is a pity that these numerous drawbacks should exist, since the climate is singularly equable; but it is no good going to a place for a climate if one is to be thoroughly uncomfortable in every other respect. Except that it is not so warm, statistics show it to be nearly as equable during the winter months as Honolulu. The greatest extreme, between November and April, is said not to exceed 16 degrees Fahrenheit. The average temperature for the winter months is 60 degrees, and the mean annual temperature is 67 degrees. According to Sir Drummond Hay, the lowest recorded temperature is 49 degrees. What the highest may be I do not know, but nothing unpleasant would be likely to be touched between November and March.

ALGIERS.

"What do you think of Algiers?" I am often asked. I once spent three weeks there. It was, I think, in the early part of 1888, and a more miserable experience I never underwent. The reader will, by this time, have found that I am one of those unfortunate people who are always meeting with the exceptional, or, at least, that which the "oldest inhabitant" assures one is so. On the occasion I allude to, we began by encountering the most extraordinary weather. The appearance of the carriage, on arriving at Marseilles, was what one might expect in Russia. Icicles as thick as one's arm reached from the roof to the foot-boards, and the roads were almost impassable with snow; yet this is where doctors send delicate patients! To make it more cheerful, it was blowing a fresh gale, and our steamer rolled in the inner harbour so heavily that we parted our warps. Tunis was our destination, and a miserably uncomfortable passage it was. Taking another boat, we went on to Algiers. It was horribly cold all along the coast, and at Bona we had a fall of snow—an occurrence which, of course, the oldest inhabitant could not remember before. Arriving in Algiers, we went to Kirsch's Hotel, in Mustapha Superieur. Owing to the place being full, we were put into a *dépendance* about 200 yards away from the hotel itself. This cottage had brick floors, and was most uncomfortable. To get to the hotel after dark, one had to grope one's way through mud reaching over one's ankles; and thus risk catching cold. With the exception of two days, it rained or snowed during the whole time I was there, and, being thoroughly disgusted, I started for Monte Carlo, *via* Marseilles, and dropped in for one of the worst Mistrals, the captain said he had ever encountered. Of course, my experience in Algiers was peculiar, but it is worth mentioning. I do not wish to give a wrong impression about Algiers. Such weather as we had there was undoubtedly exceptional; but that it *can* be now and again as I have stated, makes it a dangerous place for invalids. The author of "Winter Resorts" finds the faculty disagree as much over the climate of Algiers as I have found them disagree over my own case.

There is, unfortunately, considerable difference of opinion among medical men with regard to the character of the climate. Dr. Yeo considers it is not so damp and relaxing as Madeira, though less stimulating than the French Riviera. Dr. Bennett, comparing Algiers with his beloved Mentone, considers it nearly as humid and relaxing as Madeira. Dr. Jackson, who is generally regarded as the best authority, considers the climate "not relaxing, but dry and bracing."!! "For who shall decide when doctors disagree." Algiers is said to possess a wonderfully equable climate, probably it does, but during my stay it was uniformly horrid, so I am no authority. Statistics prove it to have a winter temperature of fifty-seven degrees, it ranges from fifty-four degrees in January, to sixty-five degrees in April. The lowest recorded temperature I am unable to give, but I have rarely felt the cold more than I have in Malta* and Algiers during a spell of cold weather; one advantage Algiers has together with Tangier and Tunis, is, that the sunset chill is not felt as severely as in the Riviera.

CAIRO.

Cairo, there is no doubt, is becoming more popular every year. Bright, cheerful, and delightful as it is universally voted, it has at least, to my mind, one drawback during December, January, and February, though the days may be beautiful the nights are often cold. Granting that Madeira is more relaxing, to me there is a charm in being able to sit out in a verandah after dinner without an overcoat and with no risk of chill, this one can do at Funchal, but it would be risky in Cairo, and more so on a cold evening on the Nile itself, where the night breeze is often cold. After sunset in Honolulu, the temperature is delightful, but the mosquitoes spoil one's enjoyment. If Cairo had such nights as Honolulu or Madeira can boast, it would, I think, be perfection.

The same authority from whom I have previously quoted writes as follows:—"Cairo, as far as climate is concerned, is almost unrivalled. It is delightfully mild, and, the atmosphere being very dry and clear, is extremely exhilarating. Cairo being remarkably free from rain, persons suffering from pulmonary consumption are able to take constant exercise in the bright sunshine. During the winter months

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* The following year I was in Malta for five days, and it was so cold that everyone was wrapped up. We all had fires in our bed-rooms and the people looked pictures of misery. This was a new experience to me, as though I had been there three times before, I had never met with what in America is called "a cold snap."

(from November to May) there are not usually more than three or four wet days. The only fault detractors of this winter station are able to find with the climate is, that it is *wanting in equability*. A difference of 40 degrees between the extremes of day and night temperature is occasionally recorded.* The mean average temperature for the five months of the season is 62 degrees, and of the three coldest months 59 degrees."

Dr. Patterson, who is well up on the subject, having made the climate of Cairo his special study, writes:—"The climate has the favourable condition of being milder than at any other Mediterranean resort, and yet bracing. In fact, it is as warm as Madeira, without its terribly relaxing influence. . . Even the cases of phthisis in an advanced stage which the Riviera and Algiers do not suit, are much benefited by a residence at Cairo. . . The bright, sunny sky is in itself an incentive to cheerfulness and pleasure, which, combined with the healthy open-air exercise which sight-seeing induces, cannot fail to produce favourable results whenever that is possible. Indeed, in all cases where a dry and bracing climate, bright sunshine, freedom from rain and atmospheric impurities are the desiderata, the Egyptian climate claims an important, if not the most important, place." This extract is taken from a book entitled "Egypt and the Nile," by Dr. Patterson, which should be purchased by those visiting the country.

Doctor Madden, in "Health Resorts of Europe and Africa," writes as follows:—"*But Cairo should be particularly shunned by those who are suffering from pulmonary disease*, accompanied by a hard dry cough, a tendency to congestion of the lungs, and, above all, by those disposed to hœmoptysis. In every part of Egypt the invalid traveller *should avoid the night air as he would poison;* for there is, immediately after sunset, generally a sudden and dangerous transition from the hot atmosphere of the day to a chill night air, generally accompanied with a fall of dew so profuse as to supply the want of rain."

MALTA.

The statistics go to prove that one of the advantages Malta possesses as a health resort is its equability. This may be so, but it was bitterly cold for five days when I last visited the island. There is said to be during the winter only a difference of 20 degrees between the extremes of heat and cold at any period of the day or night. In one way it is like Hyères, it is a horribly windy place. There is a glare, too, which is most trying to the eyes.

TENERIFFE.

In the preceding pages I have, almost without exception, commented upon Health Resorts with which I am personally familiar. Like scores of other places, Orotava, in the Island of Teneriffe, is said to possess the most perfect climate in the world. I have not been there, so am unable to say whether it is as delightful as it claims to be. It is admitted that the climate is superior to Madeira, whilst Madeira is far warmer and more equable than any of the winter resorts of Southern Europe or North Africa. Such being the case, Orotava has probably the most perfect climate within easy reach of Europe. It seems to possess almost as even a temperature as Honolulu, and is less relaxing. At the latter spot the thermometer never goes over 90 degrees, and the lowest recorded temperature is 54 degrees, whilst the mean temperature for the year is 75 degrees. Orotava claims that, owing to the N.E. winds, the summer temperature never exceeds 86 degrees. In winter the thermometer never goes below 50 degrees, whilst the mean temperature during the three coldest months is 62½ degrees, and for the whole twelve months it is only 68½ degrees. Its rainfall, again, is but small, the annual average being 14 inches only, whilst 30 inches is Honolulu's share. The humidity of Madeira, to which so many object, is not to be found in Orotava. Formerly the objection to the place was the absence of proper accommodation, but this disadvantage has now been removed, for an English Company has opened a large and comfortable hotel containing 117 bedrooms. There is no difficulty in reaching Teneriffe, the Shaw-Savill, the New Zealand Shipping Co., the Castle and Union lines, as well as several other less well known companies' vessels call there. One small objection to Orotava is that it is a six hours' drive from Santa Cruz—the Port the steamers touch at—to the Orotava Valley, where the "Taoro Hotel" is to be found. I cannot devote the space to the tables of statistics in which Orotava proves itself to be the most perfect spot on earth, but for those in search of a climate I should think it well worth a trial. What follows may be true, but it makes me rub my eyes and ask whether I am not back in Southern California, for the Americans make Heaven pale into insignificance in belauding the particular Health Resort in which they have sunk their dollars. This glowing extract is from a pamphlet issued by the Taoro Hotel Company, and is a summary of Dr. George Perez remarks:—

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* Of all the climates described in this work, that of Madeira is unquestionably the most equable. Thus, during winter and spring, the mean range of temperature observed at Funchal was only 15 degrees in the twenty-four hours, whilst in Upper Egypt there is an average range of 40 degrees during these seasons.—*Madden's Health Resorts.*

"'How is it,' he asks, 'that in this island there is evidence of such incessant and universal vitality both of plants and animals?' From one year's end to the other the variation of temperature does not exceed 18 degrees, and this within the limits which are most favourable to life. That is the whole magic of this climate. There is no excessive heat in summer, no cold in winter. Very small rainfall, and that chiefly at night. No chill at sunset, no heavy dews, no frosts, no sirocco. It is a climate full of geniality with neither bite nor burn. A garden of flowers which bloom perennially. It has the charm of temperate zones, without their fluctuations and their drawbacks; the delights of southern continents *without* their pests, such as *mosquitoes*, venomous beasts, and insects, their excessive heats, their miasmas, or their heavy rainfall. We take first the temperature: the mean temperature of the year is 68.5 degrees; the mean temperature of London is 50 degrees; that of Pau, 55.9 degrees; that of Nice, 59.3 degrees; and of Madeira, 66 degrees. In this mild climate the temperature oscillates between averages of which the lowest is very clement; and the remarkable uniformity of temperature throughout the year is shown in the following table:—

January ...	62.2 degrees F.	July	76.1 degrees F.
February ...	62.1 „ „	August ...	73.2 „ „
March ...	64.2 „ „	September...	71.8 „ „
April	64.6 „ „	October ...	69.3 „ „
May	69.2 „ „	November...	68.0 „ „
June	73.1 „ „	December...	65.7 „ „

Thus between the hottest month and the coldest month the temperature does not vary more than 14 degrees, while in London the variation in temperature between the extreme temperatures of summer and winter amounts to 26.1 degrees; in Pau, to 35.8 degrees; in Rome, 28.2 degrees; in Nice, 29.9 degrees; in Algiers, 23.5 degrees; Madeira, 14.9 degrees. Again, if a comparison be made of the winter temperature—that is to say, of the temperature of the months of November, December, January, February, and March—the mean temperature in London is 41.7 degrees; of Nice, 49.6 degrees; of Rome, 51.1 degrees; of Algiers, 58.3 degrees; Madeira, 61.7 degrees; and Orotava, 63.8 degrees. So that between the winter of Nice and of Rome, and the winter of Orotava, there is a difference much greater than between Nice and London; and Orotava is as far superior in winter temperature to Nice, both in equality and in mildness, as Nice is to London, moreover, it is not a mere lessening of temperature, but quite another world. Neither at Nice, at Rome, at Naples, nor anywhere in France or Italy can you dispense in the winter with fires at given periods of the day. I have felt it colder in going out after sunset along the Promenade des Anglais at Nice than almost anywhere else. I have shivered in a great coat in crossing the Lybian Desert in March, and twice I have passed through heavy hailstorms. On a dahabeah on the Nile, ice will form on deck sometimes at night, so great is the fall of temperature after sunset."

There is so much truth in the concluding lines that I see no reason why the whole account of the perfections of this favoured spot should not be equally true. A gambler is said to be unable to withstand the temptations of the green cloth, and the same may be said of the climate-seeker. Although I have been taken in so many times, I still rise to the fly as readily as if I had not been repeatedly hooked. One advantage of Orotava is that it is only 53 miles distant from Las Palmas, where the Santa Catalina Hotel is "located." For those climate-seekers who want further particulars, let me refer them for details of Orotava to Messrs. Sinclair Hamilton, Great St. Helens, E.C.; for information of the Santa Catalina Hotel, Las Palmas, to The Canary Islands Company, 1, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.

GIBRALTAR.

Dr. Madden, from whom I quote, is rather severe on the "Rock":—

"The climate is characterized by the tendency to sudden variations of temperature, which is common to most of the southern cities of Spain, though in very few of them is this so marked as in Seville.

We shall often find in Gibraltar that when the sun is most powerful, and the thermometer consequently stands highest, at the same time a cold, searching, easterly wind prevails, and even in the warmest weather the shady sides of the streets are often felt to be unpleasantly chilly.

From the preceding details it will be seen, that the climate of Gibraltar is prejudical to all invalids, and more especially so to consumptive patients. The combination of an intensely hot sun and cold wind, the great variation of temperature between the sun and shade, the badness of the water, and the evils peculiar to a small garrison town, all conduce to a state of things hurtful alike to the moral tone and physical condition of the inhabitants."

MALAGA.

The same authority I quote in speaking of Gibraltar is more favourably inclined to Malaga than any other of the easily get-at-able Health Resorts:—

"The climate of Malaga is of a dry, warm, and equable character, the thermometer varying little during the day, except when the 'terral,' or 'levante' winds prevail, both of which produce great and rapid changes in the temperature. With this exception the mean daily variation is very slight, amounting according to my observations to about three degrees per diem during the winter months. Immediately after sunset, however, there is a sudden fall of temperature, accompanied, especially during certain winds, by so profuse a fall of dew as to render it unsafe for the invalid to venture out of doors at this time."

PAU.

According to the various accounts published, this is a veritable "pull devil pull baker" health resort. According to Dr. Madden, it (except, perhaps, for asthma) is a climatic fraud. He shows, by statistics, it is but little warmer than London. In his summing up he remarks:—

"And, therefore, though the books that have been written on Pau have answered their purpose most successfully, by annually bringing crowds of invalid travellers to spend the winter months in a locality in favour of which they have read such strong and circumstantial statements, still the climate remains what it was before the books were written—essentially cold, variable, damp, and dreary during the winter.

With regard to asthmatic patients I must, however, modify what I said in my first work on this subject, as further experience has convinced me that in many cases of spasmodic asthma, Pau agrees better than any other climate."

Enough, however, of the Mediterranean Resorts; in fact, I have only introduced these few paragraphs as an antidote to the *couleur de rose* accounts published by interested parties.

En passant, I might add, that this same authority is equally severe on Sydney, and, as I, some years back, spent some months there, I think his summary a fair one:—

"The climate of Sydney, though more equable than that of

Melbourne or Tasmania, and not liable to hot winds to so great an extent as the former, is, as has been already seen, more humid than either. Although the temperature seldom rises above ninety degrees, the *sensation* of heat is sometimes very great, and the comparative dampness of the atmosphere, not allowing of the free evaporation of moisture from the skin, sometimes produced the unpleasant sensation of being in 'a bath of perspiration.' Often, when the heat is at its greatest, the wind will suddenly veer to the south, and there comes up, with little warning, a great storm, often accompanied by hail, rain, and lightning, familiarly known to the colonists as a 'southerly burster.' The temperature at once falls some twenty or thirty degrees with most refreshing effects, but with some little danger as regards those who are susceptible to sudden changes."

As I have not visited the Cape I do not propose to write about it, except to say that accounts seem as conflicting as ever. There is no doubt the hotels there are far from being up to date, and even if one did find a good climate it is not much account if one has to live in discomfort. The Cape evidently does not find favour with all doctors, for this is what one writes :—

"The Cape Colony is subject to sudden atmospheric vicissitudes, rapid changes of temperature, and violent storms, which must render it ineligible for most invalids."

GOONIES ON THE LAYSON ISLANDS.

Shortly before my departure from Honolulu, I called upon the local photographer to purchase some Hawaiian Views. I found that he was absent, and that his staff were much exercised in their minds as to what had become of their chief. It transpired, in course of conversation, that Williams (the photographer) had, some weeks previously, sailed for the Layson Islands, in one of the small schooners which trade amongst the group. Of these Islands but little is known, except that they are inhabited by myriads of Goonies (a species of Booby bird), and by about twenty people engaged in the guano trade. It appears that the party arrived safely at the group, which is distant about 200 miles from Honolulu ; but whilst they were ashore the wind freshened, and the schooner dragging her anchor became a total wreck, so they had to wait there some weeks before an opportunity arose for them to return to Honolulu. During the time Williams was perforce compelled to remain, he secured a most interesting series of negatives, from one of which the illustration is taken.

WEATHER REPORT.

For the following I am indebted to Mr. Ellis, of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich :—

In England the character of the weather is proverbially a first subject of conversation. What it has been, what it will be, whether it will continue fine, or whether a change will occur: to these and other possibilities and probabilities attention becomes, often of necessity, drawn, owing to the frequently variable condition of our atmosphere. But although British weather may be uncertain, and correspondingly disappointing, yet it has also a bright side, even as compared with the more uniform climates of many foreign lands. Unfavourable, indeed, as were the summers of 1860 and 1879, and disastrous also as regards agricultural operations, there is compensation in the remembrance of such summers as, amongst others, those of 1868 and 1887. Most people will remember the latter year—that of the Queen's jubilee—with its nearly continuous sunshine in June and July, and small amount of rain (there being, from June 9 to July 13, a period of 35 days, only two days with rain, amounting in all but to 0.05 inch). And when our weather is bright and fine, it is enjoyable usually in a high degree. Granted that there is an element of uncertainty in our climate, there is yet one circumstance that the more careful observer of meteorological aspects will probably not unfrequently have had forced upon his attention, and that is a tendency to persistance in types of weather, both good and bad—sometimes it may be a succession of cyclonic or stormy periods, bringing cloud and rain; anticyclonic conditions at other times prevailing, accompanied in summer usually by prolonged fine weather. A notable case of the kind has been experienced during the present year 1893—one palpable to the most ordinary observer—the nearly continuous fine, bright, and, in general, dry weather that has prevailed during the spring and summer being an example of long-continued type of weather of one character that is in a great degree exceptional.

The characteristics that will have especially impressed people this year are three—the unusual amount of sunshine, the high temperature, and the, in general, dry weather. Some particulars concerning these matters derived from the records of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, may therefore prove interesting. As regards sunshine, it is only in recent years that registration of this meteorological element has been possible, by means of the ingenious instrument contrived by the late Mr. J. F. Campbell, of which the Campbell-Stokes adaptation is that in general use. It consists of a glass sphere or ball, 4 inches in diameter, mounted in such a position that at all times of the year the sun's rays, from sunrise to sunset, may fall thereon. A metal holder carries a strip of cardboard so adjusted to the focus of the ball that the image of the sun falls when it shines always on the surface of the card, and, moving forward on it as the sun travels through the sky, burns away the material of the card at the points at which the image successively falls, recording in this way the duration of sunshine, the card being removed in the evening, and a new one placed in position for the following day. During March of the present year there were 155 hours of bright sunshine registered, the average value for the preceding sixteen years being but 93 hours, and the greatest previous value in March, 141 hours, in 1880. In April, 231 hours were registered, the average being 126 hours, and the greatest previous April value, 196 hours, in 1892. Or in March and April, taken together, there were 386 hours of sunshine, as against an average of 219 hours. Indeed, both months beat the record as compared with the corresponding months of the preceding sixteen years. But further, it will be understood that increased sunshine indicates diminished cloud. Now, it happens that a register of the amount of cloud at the Observatory has existed since the year 1818, with which comparison may be made. In March of the year 1893, 40 per cent. of the month was cloudy; in April, 31 per cent. The least values in previous years since 1818 were, in March, 50 per cent. in 1841, and in April, 37 per cent. in 1840; so that, judged by the amount of cloud, the months of March and April were each finer than any March or April during the preceding seventy-five years. That two months in succession should be thus so comparatively cloudless is very remarkable. In May, the sunshine was 187 hours, average 177 hours; in June, 198 hours, average 176 hours; in July, 140 hours, average 165 hours; and in August, 188 hours, average 154 hours. Thus, in the six months March to August, only in one month (July) was the sunshine below the average. The effect of this increased sunshine was especially marked in the spring—the lilac and laburnum, the hawthorn and horse chestnut, being all in flower at the end of the month of May, some weeks before the usual period. The various weather prophets, who predict for long periods in advance, gave us no indication of this unusual spring, which was so free from wind and storm and rough weather.

Turning now to temperature, there is again an unusual record. The period from 1857 to 1884, although containing two unprecedentedly cold years (1860 and 1879), included, on the whole, many warm years, notably 1857, 1859, 1868, and others. This was followed by a series of cold years (1885 to 1892), in each one of which the mean temperature, on the whole, was below the average—in some of the years, considerably so. With 1893, however, there came a great change. The month of January was cold, but all the months since have been warm—March, April, May, and August especially, the mean temperature in each one of these months having been 4 degrees above the average. Temperatures above 80 degrees in the shade were frequently registered—on twenty-eight days, indeed, during the five months April to August, on four of which days the temperature rose above 90 degrees, being above 90 degrees on three days in succession, August 16, 17, and 18. This is unusual, and since the year 1841 has occurred only twice before—in 1868, on July 20, 21, and 22; and in 1876, on August 13, 14, and 15. The thermometer in 1893 registered 80 degrees on April 20: there is no previous occasion since 1841 of so high a reading so early in the year, the earliest being 81.5 on April 27, 1865. Other years in which the temperature rose many times above 80 degrees in the months from April to August were—1846, 29 times; in 1847, 26 times; in 1857, 34 times; in 1859, 33 times; in 1868, 35 times; in 1870, 27 times; in 1876, 28 times; in 1884, 25 times; and in 1887, 27 times. It happened that the summer of 1887 was warm, but all other parts of the year were cold; so that, taking the year as a whole, there was a preponderance of cold, as before mentioned. In the disastrous year 1860 the temperature was never once above 80 degrees, the highest recorded reading being 76.5 degrees on May 23; in 1879 it was only once above 80 degrees, on July 30, being

80.6 degrees. The highest recorded reading on any day since 1841 was 97.1 degrees, on July 15, 1881; the next highest, 96.6 degrees, on July 22 of the same year; and the next highest, 95.1 degrees, on August 18 of the present year 1893. With all the hot weather, thunderstorms—at least, about London—have not been particularly frequent in 1893, or very serious in character.

So much for high temperatures. As regards low temperature, the latest night temperature below the freezing-point in 1893 was 30.2 degrees, on April 13 (as registered by a thermometer 4 feet above the ground, the usual position), and there is no other case of temperature below freezing in April; in March there were only five cases, and none at all in May. But it is by no means unusual to experience temperatures below freezing in the latter part of April and early in May. The latest night temperature below freezing registered since 1841 was 31.9 degrees on May 24, 1867. The ground temperature (by a thermometer placed on the ground) was twenty times below freezing in March of this year 1893, ten times in April, three times in May, and twice in June, the latest occasion being 31.1 degrees on June 3.

The effect of the remarkably high day temperature of 1893, combined with the unusual amount of sunshine, has been seen in the acceleration and abundance of some of our fruit crops, although vegetables have suffered from the excessive drought that at one time prevailed. The rainfall in January and February, taken together, was a little in excess of the average. But in the month of March, April, May, and June only 1.90 inches in all were recorded, the average being 7.15 inches. March 18 to April 16, a period of thirty days, was without rain; from April 17 to 20, 0.10 inch was registered; and from April 21 to May 15, only 0.03 inch. Thus, from March 18 to May 15, a period of fifty-nine days, only 0.13 inch was recorded, the average being about 3.3 inches. In July the rainfall was a little in excess, and in August somewhat in defect.

The brilliant weather early in the year brought vegetation very rapidly on, the trees being early in leaf; but the drought from March to May proved detrimental to the grass, which, in Greenwich Park, became much burned, until again freshened up by the rains of July. But, what was worse, agriculturists suffered so severely in the loss of the hay crop.

The three meteorological elements above dealt with—sunshine, temperature, and rain—are those which are the most generally interesting. The barometer has been usually steady throughout the spring and summer, showing, as might be expected in a period of this character, no great fluctuation. In March and April it ranged high, increased sunshine being, indeed, found to be a usual accompaniment of high barometer. There was a good deal of easterly wind in April, and easterly wind to a certain extent also in May and June, which tempered in a very pleasant way the excessive heat of early summer. The August heat was, owing to the westerly wind, much more oppressive to the feelings. For once, however, the holiday people have enjoyed, in the same year, a brilliant Easter, a fine Whitsuntide, and a no less charming Autumn Bank holiday, added to which the exodus to the sea-side throughout the season, by those fortunate enough to be able to take a longer holiday, has probably been unprecedented.

In our remarks we have treated the weather of the year to the end of August, up to which point the continued fine weather had been sufficiently remarkable, and it is hoped that what has been said may give the reader some general idea, not only of the weather of the year in question, but also how it compares with previous records. At the time of writing (middle of September) the fine weather still continues, with no present appearance of change.

LYNCHING STATISTICS.

Since my return to England a friend has sent me the following statistics which show how prevalent lynching still is in America, and that instead of decreasing with the spread of civilization the contrary is the case.

Years.	Murders.	Hangings.	Lynchings.
1882	1,467	121	117
1883	1,697	107	135
1884	1,465	123	195
1885	1,808	108	181
1886	1,499	83	133
1887	2,335	79	123
1888	2,184	97	144
1889	3,567	98	175
1890	4,290	102	126
1891	5,906	123	195
Totals	26,218	1,041	1,524

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ERRATA.

Page 1, line 16, for "Œdima" read *Œdema.*
„ 9, „ 27, for „ read „
„ 18, „ 33, for "Lewin" read *Leeuwin.*
„ 26, „ 6, for "h'apporth" read *ha'p'orth.*
„ 26, „ 36, for "Maories" read *Maoris.*
„ 30, „ 37, for "further west" read *farther north.*
„ 63, „ 23, for "en Voitures!" read *En voiture!*
„ 78, „ 33, for "exhilerating" read *exhilarating.*
„ 82, „ 35, place *only* before "Englishwoman."
„ 84, „ 15, for "horse" read *horses.*
„ 100, „ 7, for "of" read *in.*
„ 102, „ 12, for "Oceanica" read *Oceania.*
„ 104, „ 24, insert *prohibitory* before "law."
„ 121, „ 20, for "Egyptology" read *Ancient Egypt.*
„ 125, „ 3, for "occuring" read *occurring.*
„ 125, „ 11, for "Cantons of Beern" read *cantons of Bearn.*
„ 126, „ 20, for "Physical" read *Psychical.*
„ 136, „ 11, for "drunkeness" read *drunkenness.*
„ 136, „ 29, for "autre pays, autre mœurs" read *autres pays, autres mœurs.*
„ 149, „ 16, for "Calvanistic" read *Calvinistic.*
„ 160, „ 15, for "Phillipine" read *Philippine.*
„ 168, „ 14, for "and" read *who.*
„ 175, „ 20, for "which" read *who.*
„ 177, „ 18, for "at" read *of.*
„ 182, „ 17, insert *so* after "was."
„ 186, „ 36, „ „ „ „
„ 198, „ 6, insert *be* after "will."
„ 205, „ 20, for "Columbia" read *District of Columbia.*
„ 221, „ 7, for "l'apetit" read *l'appétit.*
„ 222, „ 22, insert *as* after "morality."
„ 222, „ 23 *et passim*, for "women-kind" read *womankind.*
„ 229, „ 7, for "supposed" read *suppose.*
„ 264, „ 31, for "unparallelled" read *unparalleled.*
„ 277, „ 35, for "Pauncefoote" read *Pauncefote.*
„ 283, „ 24, for "omne" read *omnes.*
„ 284, „ 19, for "of" read *on.*
„ 292, „ 20, for "country" read *County.*
„ 309, „ 14, for "rigeur" read *rigueur.*
„ 318, last line, for "Mississipi" read *Mississippi.*
„ 331, line 26, for "magnificient" read *magnificent.*